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THE ALDINE EDITION
OF THE BRITISH
POETS

THE POEMS OF THOMAS CHATTERTON
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL II

LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS
PORTUGAL ST. LINCOLN'S INN, W.C.
CAMBRIDGE: DEIGHTON, BELL & CO.
NEW YORK: THE MACMILLAN CO.
BOMBAY: A. H. WHEELER & CO.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS CHATTERTON

WITH AN ESSAY ON THE ROWLEY POEMS BY THE

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AND A MEMOIR BY EDWARD BELL, M.A.

TRIN. COLL. CAMBRIDGE

VOL. II.

LONDON
GEORGE BELL AND SONS
1905

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1905
V.2

CHISWICK PRESS: CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

STEPHENS COLLEGE
COLUMBIA, MISSOURI

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ESSAY ON THE ROWLEY POEMS;

WITH AN EXPLANATION OF THE PLAN OF THE PRESENT EDITION.

BY THE REV. WALTER W. SKEAT, M.A.

SYNOPSIS.—§ 1. Design of the Essay. § 2. Statement of the question. § 3. The metre of the Poems. § 4. The rimes. § 5. The syllables; final *ed*, *es*, and *e*. § 6. Coinage of words. § 7. Anachronisms. § 8. Plagiarisms. § 9. Analysis of the language; Speght's Chaucer. § 10. Chatterton's knowledge of Anglo-Saxon. § 11. Kersey's and Bailey's Dictionaries. § 12. Chatterton's letter to Mr. W. Smith. § 13. Editions of the Rowley Poems. § 14. Chatterton's four methods of word-formation. § 15. Plan of the present edition. § 16. The Rowleian dialect. § 17. Chatterton as compared with Rowley. § 18. Chatterton's genius. § 19. Arrangement of the Rowley Poems. § 20. Arrangement of Chatterton's Acknowledged Poems. § 21. Sources of information.

§ 1.

THE following Essay is designed to put the reader in possession of the true facts of the case as regards the Rowley Poems. The results contained in it have been obtained mainly by a laborious and exhaustive investigation of the poems themselves, and by an analysis of the language.

Many writers have employed themselves to small purpose in ridiculing each other's notions, and in wasting time in the investigation of a few isolated words, instead of setting steadily to work to analyse the whole of them. The question is one which can only be decided if the solution offered is tolerably complete, and I hope to be able to indicate how nearly a complete solution is possible. It will be necessary to point out many very natural mistakes into which Chatterton fell, but it is by no means intended to depreciate the genius which unfortunately made use of inferior materials. A critical knowledge of his vocabulary need not diminish our sympathy with the poet; and it is fortunately possible, after the lapse of a century, to discuss the question with strict fairness and impartiality.

§ 2. The celebrated Rowley controversy may be said to be practically ended, as few now contend that the so-called Rowley Poems had any other origin than in the brain of Thomas Chatterton. There will, however, probably always be a few writers who will fruitlessly endeavour to maintain that there may have been *some slight*, yet *genuine*, foundation upon which he raised the existing superstructure; the latest attempt to shew this being the Essay by Dr. Maitland, published in 1857. Upon the whole, the books which have most contributed to a settlement of the question are those which appeared in the year 1782, when the controversy was raging most fiercely. Foremost amongst these are Warton's Enquiry, and Tyrwhitt's Vindication

of his Appendix. Nothing has more contributed to prolong and embitter the strife than the very slender knowledge of the subject which many of the disputants possessed. Anything like accurate information about the forms of words occurring in our old authors seems, with one exception, to have been possessed by none of them. The consequence is, that the works of Bryant and Milles abound with passages which only serve to prove their most complete ignorance and the absolute worthlessness of their opinions. When, for example, Bryant actually lighted upon a genuine MS. of the fourteenth century, (viz. the Alliterative Romance of William of Palerne, or William and the Werwolf, edited by Sir F. Madden for the Roxburghe Club, and re-edited by myself for the Early English Text Society,) he was incapable of reading it correctly or of interpreting the words; for which incapacity he was deservedly rebuked by Sir F. Madden in his preface to the Roxburghe Club edition. Even Warton, wide as was his reading, and extensively acquainted though he was with the subject-matter of our early writers, has made some singular mistakes as regards the meanings of certain words; and it is not too much to say that Tyrwhitt is the only writer among those that have hitherto handled the subject who had a real critical knowledge of the language of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and who, in fact, had on that account a real claim to be heard. The true secret of Chatterton's success, such as it was, was the existing destitution of philological knowledge at the period in which his compositions appeared. Just as amongst the blind the one-eyed

man is king, so, in the eyes of Milles and Bryant, a farrago of old words of all periods and dialects so strung together as to make (in general) excellent sense, was an undoubted product of the fifteenth century. Indeed, even to this day few things are more surprising than the unscholarly mistakes which Englishmen make concerning their own language, and their want of critical acumen in dealing with it. Whilst in critical questions concerning Latin and Greek particles or metres, the strictest accuracy is expected and any slip is subject to unmerciful ridicule, the most stupid assertions and the wildest guesses concerning English are occasionally tolerated in our leading periodicals, as might easily be shown. These remarks are absolutely necessary, because this is precisely the point upon which the whole question turns. If the language of the Rowley Poems really bore some resemblance to that of the fifteenth century, it might then be contended, as it has been by Dr. Maitland and by Mathias, that Chatterton really discovered some poems of that age, which he transcribed with such ignorance and with so many alterations that they now appear in a form considerably different from that in which they were composed. But such is not the case. The poems exhibit a phraseology such as no human ingenuity can translate into fifteenth-century English without completely re-casting them. The metres are mostly wrong, the rimes[1] are sometimes faulty,

[1] The present orthography of this word is so absurd, (as will appear to any one investigating the etymology of it,)

the words are wrongly coined or have the wrong number of syllables, and the phrases often involve anachronisms or, occasionally, plagiarisms. Yet, for all this, Chatterton coined a language which he so far mastered as to be able to employ it with considerable ease and skill, whilst at the same time it was sufficiently archaic in its general appearance to delude the great mass of readers at the period at which he wrote, and a good many since that time. Indeed, I do not suppose that occasional believers in Rowley will ever cease to arise. Yet I cannot find the slightest indication that Chatterton had ever seen a MS. of early date; on the contrary, he never uses the common contractions, and he was singularly addicted to the use of capital letters, which in old MSS. are rather scarce. See the facsimile of his alphabets in Mr. Pryce's Memorials of the Canynges, p. 298. Before considering the nature of his language and shewing precisely what it is, I will give a few curious instances of error from amongst the many that might be cited.

§ 3. And first, as to the *metres*. It is by no means necessary to discuss the metres of our older writers. Whoever wishes to see what they were like may find the whole question critically treated in Dr. Guest's History of English Rhythms; or, the mere examination of the numerous genuine texts published by the Early English Text, the

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that I decline to use it; yet, as a rule, it is best to conform to fashion in spelling, from the hopelessness of amending it.

Camden, or the Percy Societies, &c., will soon enable a reader to judge for himself. But surely we should consider the following specimen as not particularly unsuited to comic poetry, and at any rate sufficiently modern.

> She said; and Lord Thomas came over the lea,
> As he the fat deerkins was chasing,
> She put up her knitting, and to him went she;
> So we leave them both kindly embracing.
> ÆLLA, st. 42.

But the most remarkable metre in the Rowley Poems is the ten-line stanza, which, as far as I know of, occurs nowhere else. In this metre are written nearly the whole of Ælla, both the copies of the Battle of Hastings, and many other poems. It is, in fact, *the* Rowley stanza, *par excellence*. When Walpole objected to its use, Chatterton replied—"The stanza Rowley writes in, instead of being introduced by Spenser, was in use 300 years before,"—of which statement there is not the least proof. The truth is, that Chatterton ought to have the full credit of inventing this stanza, and it is only one of the proofs of his originality. An examination of it shews at once whence he derived it. It is really the Spenserian stanza, with an alteration. If we denote the rimes of that stanza by the letters *a*, *b*, *c*, we get the following formula to express it, viz. *a*, *b*, *a*, *b*, *b*, *c*, *b*, *c*, *c*. But the Rowley stanza is expressed by *a*, *b*, *a*, *b*, *b*, *c*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *d*. The reason for the alteration is clear, viz. to save trouble. A stanza originally compact and difficult is, by this ingenious device, rendered loose and easy, and the trouble of finding rimes much

diminished. If only one double-pair of rimes can be thought of, the rest are easily disposed of. Mechanical labour is thus saved, rapidity of composition increased, and diffuseness encouraged. But whilst giving Chatterton full credit for his thought, I suppose that a fine ear will much prefer the music of Spenser. One glaring instance of anachronism also occurs, and it is natural enough that it should do so. Not being aware that blank verse was first used by Lord Surrey, Chatterton ventured to use it twice in the tragedy of Ælla. See stanzas 74 and 76. It is hardly necessary to pursue the subject further.

§ 4. Secondly, as regards the *rimes*. Our knowledge of the pronunciation of early English is still uncertain, but some advance has been at length made, and the whole problem has been resolutely and ably handled in the masterly work on Early English Pronunciation by Mr. Alexander J. Ellis. Professor Child has thoroughly examined the rimes employed by Chaucer, and tests have even been deduced by means of which the probable genuineness of some of the works ascribed to him may be examined. But in dealing with the Rowley Poems, we need not resort to any of these. The rimes are in general correct, but they are chiefly modern. Indeed, one striking result of modernizing the spelling is that the rimes are thereby considerably improved. Chatterton could hardly have been expected to know how strictly rimes are in general observed by our older writers, and hence he naturally employed rimes that, to *his* ear, seemed

sufficiently correct. Only thus can we account for such rimes as *now, go, trow*, p. 36 ; *feast, jest*, p. 41 ; *gone, run*, p. 41 ; *foot, about*, p. 43 ; *herself', fell*, p. 43 ; *coast, toss'd*, p. 52 ; *isle, soil*, p. 59 ; *fair, clear*, p. 79 ; *fair, fear*, p. 89 ; *lost, boast*, p. 90 ; *hung, along*, p. 106 ; *pours, showers*, p. 113 ; *went, quaint*, p. 117 ; *fourth, worth*, p. 131 ; and many others. In fact, the assumption of archaic spelling is of great assistance in finding rimes. Even Spenser has made use of the licence thus afforded, and it could hardly be expected that Chatterton should have refrained from it. Hence it is that we find in one and the same stanza (Ælla, st. 45) the word *run* riming with *gone*, and the *same word*, but spelt *ryne*, riming with *twine*. So also the word *night* rimes with *sight*, p. 79 ; but if spelt *nete*, as at p. 105, it can conveniently be rimed with *feet*. The phrase *in twain* rimes with *train*, p. 66, but when altered to *in twaie*, it rimes with *away*, p. 48. Similarly, by the license of disregarding grammar, *be goe* is put for *be gone* to rime with *woe*, p. 54 ; *what of she* is put for *what of her* to rime with *me*, p. 85 ; and *wove* for *woven*, to rime with *love*, p. 78. Or again, words can be so altered as to secure a rime, as in *herself'* for *herself*, p. 43 ; *tyngue* for *tongue*, p. 47 ; *blynge* (an impossible form) for *blynne*, p. 46 ; *gloure* for *glory*, p. 115 ; and so on.

The worst instance of this license is in the lines on p. 119, where we are actually requested to believe that Lydgate miswrote *elocation* for *elocution*, to secure a rime with *inspiration*, both of which words, by the way, were considered in those days

to contain *five* syllables. In fact, the argument from the rimes employed is alone conclusive. It might be strengthened tenfold, so as to demonstrate the spuriousness of the poems with almost mathematical certainty; but it is hardly necessary to pursue it. No amount of argument would ever convince a true Rowleian, whilst to an unprejudiced reader it is enough to indicate the line of proof, without elaborating it to tediousness. After all, my object is rather to shew Chatterton's method of composition, than to pile up superfluous arguments.

§ 5. Closely connected with the question of rhythm is the number of syllables assigned to the words used. It has been roundly asserted, that there are no instances in the Rowley Poems, in which *e* final forms a distinct syllable, as it so frequently does in Chaucer. This is nearly but not strictly correct. Chatterton found it convenient to consider the ending *ed* as equivalent to a syllable or not, at pleasure. Thus in Ælla, st. 70, we find *cursèd* in the first line of the stanza, and *curs'd* in the last; or to express it in Rowleian phrase, *banèd* in th former place, and *bante* in the latter; and such is his usual custom. For a similar reason, he occasionally writes the *es* of the old genitive case or of the old plural at length, so as to gain a syllable by it, as in the genitives *Goddès*, *breastès*, pp. 97, 80, and the plurals *wordès* used twice at least, pp. 8 and 53. In the latter instance, *words* and *wordès* occur in the same stanza. But of this licence Chatterton availed himself but seldom; he would have done so much more fre-

quently, perhaps, had he known that the full pronunciation of the final *es* might have been easily justified. Similarly I believe a *very few* instances of the full final *e* may be found, though the search for them is tedious. Perhaps *cuishè* (p. 169) is an instance; so also is *sweetè* (p. 184) which is misspelt *swotie*, though the Old English form is *swote* or *sote*. Here, however, Chatterton failed to make use of a very convenient and useful final syllable, for the use of which there is sufficient authority. He sometimes resorts to far more objectionable methods of regulating the syllables, as when, e. g. he puts *heafod* for *head* (note 4, p. 199), whilst in the same stanza *head* occurs at the end of a line. Still worse is his employment of contracted words. We certainly should never find in Old English such a rime as that of *ken't* to *lament* (p. 174), or such clippings as *'pear* for *appear*, (p. 197), *I've* (p. 196), *'t is* (p. 27, note 1), *he's* (p. 48), *'t was* (p. 46), *'nointed* for *anointed* (p. 105), *'formance* for *performance*, (p. 116), *'tone* for *atone* (p. 163), and the like. An error of the reverse kind is in the phrase *So haveth I* (p. 201); for it is certain that *haveth* could never have been employed in the first person in any dialect of English at any period whatever. This error is repeated at p. 288.

§ 6. As regards the wrong coinage of words, I will give two instances first of all, shewing the manner of tracing errors. I may perhaps observe in passing that, *after* having discovered the solution of the former of these, I found that Tyrwhitt had discovered it also; see his Vindication, p. 201.

The clearest way of telling the story is to begin at the beginning, and to proceed in chronological order. From an old interjection, which appears in Suio-Gothic as *hut!* in Welsh as *hwt!* and is familiar to many in its Scottish form *hoot!* (the signification of it being *get out*, or *go away*,) is formed the old provincial French *hueter*, the Old English *howten* and the modern English *hoot*. The Old English word occurs in a piece called the Plowman's Tale, wrongly ascribed to Chaucer, in the line

"Hoppen and *howten* with heve and hale,"

where *hoppen and howten* means *they hop or dance about and they hoot*. Speght inserted this in his edition of Chaucer, and in his glossary gives the explanations; "*Hoppen*, leape;" "*Howten*, hallow;" both of which are correct; for he intended *hallow* to signify *to halloo out*. But Phillips, who copied largely from Speght, by a singular mistake misprinted this in the form "*Houton*, hollow;" in which he was carefully followed by Kersey and Bailey, who mark it, moreover, with the letter *O*, to denote that it is an *old word*. Chatterton, who (as will soon appear) was specially attracted by words thus marked, naturally concluded that *Houton* was the old word for *hollow*, and so used it twice; once in the English Metamorphosis, st. 10, l. 3 (p. 108), and once in the Epitaph on Robert Canynge (p. 274, note 1). In the first instance, he wrote *hollow* in a footnote; in the second, he left it unexplained. It is, perhaps, needless to add that there is no such adjective in early English. But it is as well that the reader should be

informed at once that nearly all of the numerous words wrongly used by Chatterton, can be accounted for in a similar fashion, and that nothing but patience is required to unravel every riddle which the Rowley Poems present.

The second instance shall be one equally curious, though I am not aware that it has ever before been pointed out. In the description of Saint Warburgh's crossing the river, p. 262, we have the line

Till he gaynde the distaunt *hecke*.

The word *hecke* has never yet been rightly explained. Milles, by a guess, suggested *height*; but the real Rowleian meaning is *rock*. This is suggested by the explanation "*Heck*, a rock" in Kersey. If confirmation of this is required, we have merely to turn to p. 285, where Rowley recounts how a storm of wind hurled a *battayle* (that is, a little boat) against "an Heck," (that is, against a *rock*.) No other meaning will suit both passages. But perhaps the reader may be curious to know *why* "heck" means a rock. The answer is, that it means something very slightly different in spelling but very widely different in signification, viz. a *rack*. It is a provincial English word, meaning a rack for hay, as explained by Halliwell and Jamieson, and is merely another spelling of the standard word *hatch*. By a simple misprint of a letter, Kersey turned *rack* into *rock*; but, as Chatterton had no means of discovering the error and probably no suspicion of it, he adopted the word and its explanation as he found them, with singular results. The errors of this kind are rather nu-

merous, but the recital of them might be tedious, moreover, they would fill a volume. *Ex pede Herculem.*[1]

§ 7. As regards the anachronisms, many have been observed and exposed by Warton and Malone; but they have by no means exhausted the subject. When, e. g. we find, in Ælla, st. 30, the expression:

"*Around* the ale-stake minstrels sing the song;"

the very use of the preposition *around* shews that the line was written long after *ale-stakes* had ceased to exist, by a person who had never seen one. It is true that Speght wrongly explains an *ale-stake* by a May-pole, in which he is, as usual, carefully copied by Kersey and Bailey; but it is, in reality, nothing of the sort, nor would minstrels be able to gather *around* it unless they possessed the unusual qualification of being able to walk like flies up and down the side of a house. The position of it was such that it did not stand upright, but projected horizontally from the outside of a tavern at some height from the ground, as shewn in Larwood and Hotten's Book of Signboards. Hence the enactments made that it should never extend above the roadway for more than seven feet; see Liber Albus, ed. H. T. Riley, 1861, pp. 292,

[1] An analysis of the Glossary in Milles's edition, shews that the *genuine* old English words, correctly used, occurring in the Rowleian dialect, amount to only about *seven* per cent. of all the old words employed.

389. This may seem at first sight a cavil, for it may be said that men could still stand *around* it. But I think it is certainly not the expression which a genuine Rowley would naturally have used; for if we turn to the original line in Chaucer, we find that the right expression is "*at* this alestake;" Canterbury Tales, 12255. It appears to me that in a matter like this, a person who saw such things daily would express himself with the minutest exactitude. Similarly, such a phrase as "a *deft* head," i. e. a clean, well-trimmed head (as it is explained), when used with reference to the head of a labourer in the fifteenth century strikes a reader of fifteenth-century literature as singularly unsuitable. Such an epithet is the very last which a Rowley would have thought of. An equally unlucky expression is that wherein Rowley, speaking of matters that had happened a few years previously, says:

> "Straight was I carried back *to times of yore*."
> P. 216, note 7.

And again, when Lydgate has occasion to mention Chaucer, he speaks of him as having lived in *Norman times*, p. 119. But all these are small matters. Things look much more serious when we discover how much of "The Battle of Hastings" is borrowed from Homer, and, in particular, from Pope's translation of it. Dean Milles stoutly contended that this is only because Rowley read Homer in the original Greek. This is out of the question. Greek was an unknown tongue in England at that date; and even if we allow that Rowley was an

exception, we still find a difficulty in guessing what could have induced him to read Homer,[1] when the fashion was to set Homer aside, and to believe in no other history of Troy than that set forth by Dares and Dictys and Guido di Colonna. There are, however, sufficient instances of plagiarism from the very words of Pope to explain the whole matter. Wider search would probably reveal many more parallelisms between the Rowley poems and such authors as Shakespeare, Spenser, Dryden, Pope, and Gray than have ever yet been noticed. The work has not been done thoroughly. No one, for instance, has ever before, I believe, observed that the piece entitled "English Metamorphosis" is simply borrowed from Spenser's Faerie Queene, bk. ii. c. x. st. 5-19; whilst the question which has puzzled so many inquirers as to whence Chatterton derived his notion about the treachery of Hengist at Stonehenge (Battle of Hastings, i. st. 32) is solved at once by a reference to bk. ii. c. x. st. 66 of the same great poem. The reader will observe that in both cases Chatterton was indebted to the *same canto*, which, from its peculiar contents, had doubtless a special attraction for him.

§ 8. This brings me to the question of direct plagiarisms. The most striking instance is in the song in Ælla, st. 105-113, which agrees very closely with one of Ophelia's songs in Hamlet:

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[1] Chatterton mentions Homer by name; see p. 175.

And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy death-bed:
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll;
He is gone, he is gone, &c.

But the champions of Rowley tell us that this is *so old a ballad* as to have been common in Rowley's time; and, therefore Rowley had as good a right to quote it as Shakespeare; of which there is not, by the way, the least proof. Let the excuse pass; and then let the reader consider the following, in which extracts from the Rowley Poems are printed in italics.

1. *And tears began to flow;* p. 5.
And tears began to flow.—Dryden, Alexander's Feast.

2. *Why art thou all that pencil can bewreene;* p. 29.
Is she not more than painting can express?
Rowe's Fair Penitent.

3. *Drooried cats will after kind;* p. 35.
If the cat will after kind.—As You Like It, iii. 2.

4. *And there in ale and wine shall drown'd be every woe;* p. 41.
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Pope's Homer's Iliad, bk. xxii.

5. *Oh! honour! honour! what is by thee hanne?* p. 50.
What is honour? a word, &c. &c.—1 Henry IV. v. 1.

6. *Fen-vapours blast thy every manly power;* p. 55.
You fen-suck'd bogs, drawn by the powerful sun
To fall and blast her pride.—King Lear, ii. 4.

7. *Be your names blasted from the roll of doom!* p. 56.
My name be blotted from the book of life!
Richard II. i. 3.

8. *Oh! for a soul all fire!* p. 66.
Oh! for a muse of fire!—Henry V. prologue.

9. *Unburled, undelievre, unespryte;* p. 95; cf. 145, note 2.
Unhouseled, unappointed,[1] unaneled.—Hamlet, i. 5.

10. *O Christ! it is a grief for me to tell;* p. 134.
O Christ! it was a grief to see.
Chevy Chase, later version.

11. *That he the sleave unravels, &c.;* p. 141.
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleave of care.
Macbeth, ii. 2.

12. *The gray-goose pinion, that thereon was set,*
Eftsoons with smoking crimson blood was wet; p. 142.
The grey-goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.
Chevy Chase, later version.

13. *His noble soul came rushing from the wound;* p. 149.
And the disdainful soul came rushing through the wound.—Dryden's Virgil; *last line.*

14. *Like clouds of carnage full;* p. 169.
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.—Gray, Fatal Sisters.

15. *He closed his eyes in everlasting night;* p. 170.
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Gray, Progress of Poesy, iii. 2.

16. *Ah! what availed the lions on his crest;* ibid.
Ah! what avail his glossy varying dyes,
His purple crest.—Pope's Windsor Forest.

Other instances might be cited, and have been cited (see Miscellanies by Chatterton, ed. 1778, p. xxiv.); but these may suffice. It will hardly be pretended that all these parallelisms are accidental. If Rowley could have been so fortunate as to hear

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[1] So in some editions; the true reading is *disappointed.*

Chevy Chase, he would hardly have heard it in the later version; and I cannot see how the plagiarisms from Dryden, Gray, and Pope can be explained away. Compare the Battle of Hastings in both forms with Pope's Homer's Iliad, especially books iv. v. and xi.

§ 9. Enough has been said to throw serious doubt upon the authenticity of the Rowley Poems; yet all these considerations weigh but little in comparison with the results obtained from an actual analysis of the language. I now proceed to shew the precise nature of that language; whence it is derived, and how employed.

And here I must caution the reader, at the outset, against a very natural mistake. From the fact that a very few quotations from Chaucer still exist in Chatterton's handwriting in the British Museum, many have been led to suppose that he had some acquaintance with Chaucer, and to a certain extent copied him. But the internal evidence goes to disprove this almost wholly. Upon reading in Professor Wilson's Life of Chatterton, at p. 36, the following statement—"Ere long, also, the elder poets were lovingly studied. Chaucer was his special favourite. The motto to his 'Epistle to Mastre Canynge' is taken from Barbour's 'Bruce;' his MSS. in the British Museum include an extract from 'Piers Ploughman,' though elsewhere he ascribes its authorship to Chaucer"—it at once occurred to me that the biographer must have been misled by some remarks in Southey's edition. To say the very least, this opinion re-

quires to be considerably modified. That Chatterton read a little, a *very* little, of Chaucer, we may grant; but the statements about the Bruce and Piers the Ploughman can be proved to be wholly wrong. There certainly is an extract from "The Bruce" at the end of the Epistle to Canynge as it stands in Southey's edition, but this extract is not in Tyrwhitt's edition; neither is it cited *by*, but *against* Chatterton. The extract is from Pinkerton's edition, which was printed in 1790, twenty years after Chatterton's death! Chatterton could not possibly have seen "The Bruce," because it only existed, in his days, in two MSS. and a few extremely rare black-letter copies. For a similar reason, it is hard to see how he could ever have seen a copy of Piers the Plowman, and I do not believe he ever did so. He made an extract from the Plowman's Tale in Speght's Chaucer, but this is a totally different poem. The similarity of the names has doubtless occasioned the error, which is one of extremely common occurrence. Few readers or critics are aware that The Vision of Piers the Plowman, The Ploughman's Crede, and The Plowman's Tale are distinct productions, the two latter being by the same hand. There is then no proof that he ever saw any old poems except such as are contained in Speght's Chaucer. This book he is known to have had in his possession for a time. The use he made of it was this. He made an attempt to read it, and probably succeeded in making out a little of the Prologue. From the eighth line of it, he took a hint for his line,

Whann ynn the heavn full half hys course was runn; p. 272.

Lines 387 and 388 he quotes in his Extracts; see p. 307. Line 270 is imitated in the line,

Like to the silver moon in frosty neet; p. 213.

Beyond this, there is hardly a trace of Chaucer in the Rowley Poems. His impatience did not permit him to read Chaucer with any attention, and he probably could not make out several of the hard words, especially in the curious form in which Speght sometimes presents them. He hastily made a few extracts, two of which he used in his paper on the Antiquity of the Christmas Games, and then came to the conclusion that the shortest way of learning the dialect was to copy out words from the glossary, which he at once proceeded to do; and certainly Speght's singular spellings and curious explanations must have misled him in a way which he never would have suspected. It very much strengthens the supposition that Chatterton read very little of this excellent old author, to observe that his extracts from the Wife of Bath's Prologue, Sir Thopas, the Plowman's Tale, and the "Third Book of Fame" are tolerably well-known, and generally have the honour of being quoted in company, whenever the question of miracle-plays and minstrels is discussed; for which reason it is tolerably certain that he took them at second-hand. The two leading principles of his workmanship—the remark is an important one—were these; to take the shortest cut to showy knowledge, and to make very slender materials go a very long way. If he had really taken pains to

read and *study* Chaucer, or Lydgate, or any old author earlier than the age of Spenser, the Rowley Poems would have been very different. They would then have borne some resemblance to the language of the fifteenth century, whereas they are rather less like the literature of that period than of any other. The spelling of the words is frequently far too late or too bizarre, whilst many of the words themselves are too archaic or too uncommon. In accordance with this principle, when we find him (as at page 134) quoting a big-sounding phrase like "fructuous entendement" from Occleve's De Regimine Principum, we are not to conclude that he had ever seen Occleve, but that he borrowed the words at second-hand from the oft-quoted passage known as Occleve's Lament for Chaucer, to be found in Speght's edition, which we know Chatterton to have made use of.

§ 10. How a little knowledge, if dexterously employed, may be made the most of, will best appear from an examination of the question, how far was Chatterton acquainted with Anglo-Saxon? The answer is this. In his first letter to Walpole, containing Rowley's "Ryse of Peyncteynge in Englande" (p. 282), we find several Saxon words employed, though by no means correctly used. If these be collected, and arranged in alphabetical order, they are (with the one exception of the word *heofnas*) as follows:—*Aad*, *adronct*, *adrifene*, *æcced-fet*, *æsc* (miswritten *asce*). *æthellice*, *afægrod*, *afgod*, *agrafen*, *ahrered*; so that we are able to say with tolerable certainty, that Chatterton learnt a

few words out of a glossary, but not much further than from the beginning down to *ah*. Not contented, however, with this, he again employed his slight knowledge in his letter on Saxon Achievements, dated May 15, 1769, or less than two months after the former letter, in which he once more cites *aadod* and *afgod*, with the addition of *afraten* and *amezz* (miswritten for *amett*). Once more also, he cites but one word *thunder-flægod* (wrongly formed from *thunder-slæge*, by mistake of *s* for *f*) which goes beyond this range. One further exception is where (at p. 286) we find that water was "whylome called eae." This may have been taken from Somner's "*æa*, waters," but it is more likely from Somner's "*Ea*, water," which is peculiarly conspicuous from its being the first word entered under *E*, and being accordingly spelt with two large-sized capital letters. Beyond this, Chatterton shews hardly a trace of any knowledge of Anglo-Saxon. It is perhaps, superfluous to remark that Rowley could have known nothing about it, or at any rate could not have studied it with the assistance of Somner's Dictionary, which was not printed till 1659, and to which I beg leave to refer the reader, as the corrections of all Chatterton's assertions in this matter are not worth the space which they would occupy.

But meagre as was Chatterton's knowledge of Anglo-Saxon, he had to deal with those who knew still less about it. He even seems to have thought this himself, as he gives explanations of nearly all the words which he quotes. Walpole's reply deserves to be preserved amongst the "Curiosities of

Literature." It contains this remarkable sentence—"What you have already sent me is very valuable, and full of information; but instead of correcting you, Sir, you are far more able to correct me. I have not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language, and without your learned notes, should not have been able to comprehend Rowley's text." The plain meaning of which is, that a distinguished writer like Walpole knew less about the older forms of *his own language* than could have been (and was) picked up by a schoolboy, in the course probably of a single half-holiday. The point is of considerable importance on another account; for Walpole, quite forgetting how much he had admitted, and that these remarks of his could *only* relate to Rowley's Rise of Painting, and to no other writing whatever (for it is the sole piece wherein Rowley uses Saxon words which Chatterton explains) afterwards had the hardihood to deny that he ever received the piece in question. In this falsehood he stands self-convicted; and such has been the opinion of nearly every writer upon the subject, with the exception of Professor Wilson, who, from most worthy motives, takes the opposite view. But it is clearly untenable.[1] My own conviction is that Walpole received *both* letters, for he ventured to criticize the word *glum*, in the first line of the poem on "Warre" (see p. 292, note 3),

[1] About the first letter there can be *no* doubt. It was duly addressed and fastened with a wafer, and the address, wafer, and postmarks can be seen still, in the British Museum.

in the *second* one. As to the mutilation of the second letter, hitherto unaccounted for, it seems to me most probable that it was done by Walpole, for the convenience of showing Rowley's production to some friend; see note on p. 346. He no doubt thought that posterity would be sure to take his part as against Chatterton; but I fail to see why it should be expected to do so. That Chatterton formed most unreasonable expectations as to what such a patron ought to do for him, we may, however, readily admit.

§ 11. The Rowley Poems owe but little, after all, to Speght's Chaucer. I suspect that Chatterton soon tired of copying out words from Speght's Glossary, and ere long discovered that there was a still shorter cut to a ready knowledge of (supposed) old English. As he occasionally peered into Kersey's Dictionary, his quick eye would soon discover that Kersey had copied from Speght largely, and that to possess Kersey was to possess Speght, and a great deal more. But how to tell the old words from modern? This Kersey, by a singular accident, had done for him, by marking all the (supposed) old words with the letter *O*, denoting *old;* in which he was carefully followed by Bailey. In fact, Kersey's and Bailey's Dictionaries are almost one and the same thing; the differences are trifling and the general resemblances close. In the notes to this edition I have used Bailey throughout, having a copy of my own always at hand; but certain indications show that he mostly drew from Kersey, though I strongly suspect he possessed both.

He might have bought them for no great sum. I shall now shew how very intimately Chatterton was acquainted with Kersey's volume, taking first of all into consideration a specimen from one of his *undoubted and acknowledged* compositions.

§ 12. The letter from Chatterton to his friend Mr. William Smith, furnished to Mr. Cottle by Mr. Catcott, and printed in Cottle's edition, vol. iii. p. 409, is full of misprints, and the true text can only be restored by conjecture. This text I shall now proceed to restore, entirely by the help of Kersey's Dictionary, and this will at once shew how much Chatterton was indebted to that work.

" Infallible Doctor,

" Let this apologize for long silence. Your request would have been long since granted, but I know not what it is best to compose: a Hendecasyllabum carmen, Hexastichon, Ogdastich, Tetrametrum, or Septenarius. You must know I have been long troubled with a Poetical Cephalophonia, for I no sooner begin an Acrostick, but I wander into a Threnodia. The poem ran thus: the first line, an Acatalectos; the second, an Ætiologia of the first; the third, an Acyrologia; the fourth, an Epanalepsis of the third; fifth, a Diatyposis of beauty; sixth, a Diaporesis of success; seventh, a Brachycatalecton; eighth, an Ecphonesis of Ecplexis. In short, an Emporium could not contain a greater Synchysis of such accidents without Syzygia. I am resolved to forsake the Parnassian Mount, and would advise you to do so too,

and attain the mystery of composing Smegma. Think not I make a Mycterismus in mentioning Smegma. No; my Mnemosyne will let me see (unless I have an Amblyopia) your great services, which shall always be remembered by

HASMOT ETCHAORNTT."

The explanations of the hard words above are thus given in Kersey's Dictionary, printed in 1708. "*Hendecasyllabum Carmen*, a Greek or Latin verse consisting of eleven syllables," &c. "*Hexastichon*, an epigram consisting of six verses." "*Ogdastich*, an epigram consisting of eight verses." "*Tetrametrum*, a measure in verse, consisting of four metres, or eight feet." "*Septenarius*, a verse of seven feet." "*Cephalophonia*, a pain or heaviness in the head." (Chatterton follows Kersey's spelling; Bailey has it correctly, "*Cephaloponia*.") "*Acrostick*, a poem so ordered," &c. "*Threnodia*, a mournful or funeral song," &c. "*Acatalectos*, a verse exactly perfect," &c. "*Ætiologia*, a shewing of a cause or reason." "*Acyrologia*, an improper way of speaking; a bull." "*Epanalepsis*, i. e. repetition," &c. "*Diatyposis*, an information, a description," &c. "*Diaporesis*, a doubting." "*Brachycatalecton*, a verse that has a syllable wanting in the end." "*Ecphonesis*, an exclamation." "*Ecplexis*, astonishment." "*Emporium*, a martown; in anatomy, the common sensory in the brain" [hence used here for the brain]. "*Synchysis*, confusion." "*Syzygia*, a joyning together." "*Smegma*, soap, or anything that scours, a washball," [hence *composing Smegma* is *soap-boiling*].

"*Mycterismus*, a disdainful gibe or scoff." "*Mnemosyne*, memory." "*Amblyopia*, dulness or dimness of sight." The signature (misprinted *Flasmot Eychaoritt*, by Cottle) is simply *Thomas Chatterton* transposed. Who can now doubt that Chatterton was fond of picking out hard words from Kersey? Of the two dozen long words employed by Chatterton in the course of this short letter, Kersey has *every one*. Here, in short, is THE KEY to the "Rowley Poems." Chatterton has there employed *no old words whatever but such as are contained in Kersey or Speght;* the only exceptions to this rule occurring in the case of a few words which he *modified or invented*. If we take Rowley to be a mere pseudonym for Kersey or Bailey, we shall hardly ever err. And further, we may lay down the broad general statement, that the language of the Rowley Poems bears no closer resemblance to the language of the fifteenth century than the language of the letter above quoted bears to modern English. How close a resemblance that is, can be readily appreciated.

§ 13. The importance of this remark it is hardly possible to over-estimate. The truth was suspected and in some measure pointed out, long ago, by Tyrwhitt; and the editor of the Cambridge edition of 1842 rightly resorted to Kersey for some words which had not then been explained. But no one else seems to have taken any trouble about the matter, and hence the *whole* truth has never till now been ascertained. Chatterton's editors have, in fact, done but little for him. The only really good

edition is Tyrwhitt's. This exhibits a careful and, I believe, extremely accurate text, with notes which are, *every one of them*, Chatterton's own, and therefore of the first importance. To this text Tyrwhitt prefixed an excellent account of the MSS. and transcripts from which it was derived. It is surely a very fortunate circumstance that the first editor was so thoroughly competent. The next edition, by Dean Milles, is at once the most elaborate and, from a philological point of view only, the most worthless. The third important edition, by Southey and Cottle, is merely copied and compiled from the preceding ones, but rendered much more complete by the addition of many stray pieces and acknowledged poems, gathered together with much industry; but once more the explanations of words are of little moment. The edition (by Willcox) printed at Cambridge in 1842, contains a few more old pieces, but omits some of the most inferior of Chatterton's prose works, which is no great loss. There is much parade of "critical" accuracy about this edition, which wofully breaks down upon investigation. It is a very unequal performance, showing a good deal of research at one time, and much carelessness at another. The explanations of words are mostly right, but little was done towards *verifying* Chatterton's statements. The net result has been that I have had to begin the whole work of verification *de novo*, and anticipated that it would be a still more serious task than it has proved to be. The value of my copy of Bailey became daily more apparent as I went on, and when once I had acquired confidence in the

principle that nearly all Chatterton's words can be found, either *exactly*, or *slightly varied in spelling*, or *slightly altered in formation*, it was an easy matter. Again and again Bailey befriended me, and when he broke down, as in the case of *Heck* (which he explains *correctly*), a mere reference to Kersey or Speght commonly settled the question. The number of words not settled by this process amount to a mere handful, and are such that we may very reasonably suppose that Chatterton, being hard put to it for a rime or wishing to astonish us more than usual, invented them. Even in Spenser some line-ending words are curiously modified; but Chatterton far surpasses him. Thus, at p. 129, he makes the four words *scath*, *bleed*, *eath* (easily), and *smoke* rime together by the simple device of spelling them *scethe*, *blethe*, *ethe*, and *smethe*. And again, at p. 152, he writes *seck* for *suck* in order to rime with *neck*.

§ 14. Chatterton had four methods of forming words, which are these.

(1.) He copies words from Kersey or Bailey with slavish exactness, employing them with the meaning which those writers assign. Example; in the Introduction to Ælla, p. 27, first line, he puts *cherisaunei* in his text, and *comfort* in his footnote. This is copied exactly from Kersey's "*Cherisaunei* (*O.*), comfort;" where *O.* means *old word*, as has been explained. Bailey alters the position of the two last letters, as explained in p. 27, note 1. Chatterton has here followed Kersey, not Bailey. Both are wrong; for the right word is *cherisaunce*.

(2.) He takes the groundwork of his word from Kersey, but alters the termination. Example; see p. 22, note 3.

(3.) He alters the spelling of a word capriciously. Example; *anere* for *another;* see p. 30, note 3.

(4.) He coins words at pleasure; either (*a*) from some intelligible root, or (*b*) from pure imagination. Examples; (*a*) *hopelen* for *hopelessness;* p. 49, note 3; (*b*) *bayre* for *brow;* p. 202, note 8.[1] Authority for some of Chatterton's words may sometimes be discovered by a little thought. For example, the word *perpled*, scattered (p. 217, note 1), is merely shortened from Bailey's or Kersey's "Disparpled or Disperpled, scattered loosely."

As might be expected, mistakes abound. Chatterton's probable method of proceeding was this. He obtained a copy of Kersey, ticked off all the words marked *O.* (old) that took his fancy, and then entered them, for convenience, in *reverse order* in a note-book; thus, "*Comfort*, cherisaunei," and so on.[2] The great weakness of this system is that haste or forgetfulness may lead to curious results. For example, Kersey has "To *gare*[3] (O.), to cause." If this be hastily entered as "*Cause*,

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[1] Concerning words of this class it is impossible to be quite certain; some sort or show of authority for them may at any time be found. I merely mean that they look very suspicious.

[2] The existence of this MS. glossary is proved. When he went to London, he left it behind, and anxiously wrote for it to be sent to him. I suppose it was among the last of the papers which he destroyed.

[3] The familiar Scottish *gar*.

gare," it is not quite easy to tell whether *cause* is a verb or a substantive. This accounts for a mistake which Chatterton actually made, and that not once only; see p. 21, note 2, and p. 61, note 3. One more example of this may be instructive. Kersey has "*Lissed* (O.), bounded;" by which he means bounded or encircled by a list. But suppose this entered as "*Bounded*, lissed." It is then left ambiguous; for to *bound* might mean to leap or jump about. Accordingly, Chatterton so uses it, more than once; see p. 124, note 1, and p. 105, note 3.

The reader will now see the true principles on which the words are to be explained, viz. by unflagging reference to Kersey and Bailey, whose authority is to be set above Chatterton's own; and he will find further examples of singularly formed words in the notes, quite as curious as any that have been here mentioned. It can hardly be wondered at that Dean Milles, not being in the right track, wrote the most surprising trash in the way of notes that has ever perhaps been penned. Equally amusing are the remarks of Dr. Sherwin; for which see Price's note in Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. ii. p. 339; ed. 1840. The classical scholar will enjoy Tyrwhitt's note printed at p. 254.

§ 15. The plan of the present edition will now be explained, and can be readily understood. Given the problem, how to edit the Rowley Poems to the most advantage? what must be the answer?

Four methods were open; viz. these following:

1. To reprint the old text, with old notes, merely compiling them from former editions. There has been far too much of this already. The indiscriminate way in which Milles has borrowed from Tyrwhitt without acknowledgment, in which Cottle has borrowed from both Milles and Tyrwhitt often without acknowledgment, and in which Willcox has borrowed from all three either without acknowledgment or by giving the vaguest possible references, seems to me most reprehensible. It frequently requires a careful search throughout all the editions before any paragraph can be referred to its right author. The simplest clue is to refer all the more sensible remarks to Tyrwhitt, and all the fittest explanations to Chatterton's own notes.

2. To reprint the old text, with sound critical notes, fully explaining every error. To do this fully would take up far too much space, and inflict upon the reader more than that much-enduring but kindly person could be expected to bear.

3. To do away with the needless disguises in the spelling, and, on the supposition of the genuineness of the poems, to reduce them to the usual *sufficiently* uniform spelling of some good MS. of the fifteenth century.[1] Had the poems been genuine, this might have been effected, and it would have been very interesting work. But it is one proof of their spuriousness that such an attempt must have broken down utterly in all but one or two poems,

[1] Uniform spelling is, of course, never found in old MSS.; but several exist in which the spelling is much more so than a hasty glance at them suggests.

viz. those which are (like the Bristowe Tragedy) *practically* written in *modern* English.

4. To do away with the needless disguises, and, on the supposition of their *not* being genuine, to give them as far as possible in modern English.

The last of these methods has been adopted, and the reader has now a chance, *for the first time*, of judging what the poems are really like, without being continually pulled up, sometimes three times in a line, by hard words which no amount of acquaintance with early MSS. will enable him to solve. The process of thus re-writing the greater part of the poems has been rendered easier by frequently substituting Chatterton's words in his *footnotes* for his words in the *text*. Thus, at p. 29, the second line in the original stands thus;

Throwe halfe hys joornie, dyghte in *gites* of goulde;

but Chatterton's footnote explains *gites* by *robes*. It is therefore quite justifiable to substitute *robes;* indeed, we really thus approximate more closely to the true original text, viz. to the text as first conceived in the poet's brain before it was translated into the Rowleian dialect. Chatterton's notes are extremely copious, and when he fails, we have Kersey to fall back upon, with whom he, in general, agrees very closely indeed, as has been explained. It is a most significant fact that the words thus substituted from the notes frequently suit the scansion of the line better than the old words actually employed; a result which might reasonably have been expected. But many words, especially at the end of the lines, had to be left. These

are spelt as in the old editions, though occasionally made to look a little less bizarre. The footnotes are mostly new, or have been newly verified. In them, the letter "B." means Bailey, and the letter "C." means Chatterton. Words in the footnotes enclosed between marks of quotation are from Rowley's text. Thus, at p. 34, note 1, C. means Chatterton, *i. e.* Rowley; and the same thing is expressed in note 2 by printing "Lecturnyes" between marks of quotation. The great object aimed at in the notes is to supply the reader with a running critical commentary, but as briefly expressed as possible. A few of the less important poems, such as the songs of Seyncte Baldwynne and Seyncte Warburghe have been left in the old spelling, for the purpose of exemplifying it. The success of the undertaking is, in a measure, incomplete, solely because Chatterton has sometimes crowded his pages with hard words so mercilessly and unsparingly as seriously to increase the labour of perceiving his first thoughts. It is rather singular that these hard words often come in clotted masses, as if he at times resolved to make a special effort, whilst intervening passages are tolerably simple.

§ 16. The actual language of these poems may be conveniently called the Rowleian dialect.[1] It is a thing *per se;* but it is quite an error to suppose that it must have cost him much time to learn, or

[1] Rowley, be it remembered, is only *one* of the authors who used it; for a list of the rest of them, see p. 119, note 4.

that it is difficult to compose in. It can be learnt, by a careful study of Kersey, in a few weeks; whilst the spelling is of that debased kind which prevails in Chevy Chace and The Battle of Otterbourn in Percy's Reliques, only a little more disguised. A capital example of composition in this dialect is exhibited in an anonymous "Archæological Epistle to Jeremiah Milles, D.D." 2nd ed. London, J. Nichols, 1782; in the preface to which Milton's Paradise Lost is thus paraphrased:—

> Offe mannes fyrste bykrous volunde wolle I singe,
> And offe the fruicte off yatte caltysned tre,
> Whose lethal taste into thys worlde dydde brynge
> Both morthe and tene to all posteritie, &c.

In this specimen, all the uncommon words are taken from Milles's Glossary. The real difficulty is to supply the matter; and this is where we at last, after the removal of all impediments, really perceive how great, though immature, was Chatterton's wonderful originality, and how he combined with this originality a special faculty of reproducing all that he had learnt so as to set it off to the best advantage. In the Battle of Hastings, for example, of which he produced two versions, he spins stanza after stanza with such facility, that we can readily believe he could have gone on in the same manner to any length; and in neither case does he half finish the story or at all approach the death of Harold.

§ 17. The favourite argument of all Rowleians has always been that the poems must be genuine,

because they are too good for Chatterton. They have, perhaps, owing to the difficulty of really *reading* them, been over-praised, but the touches of genius in them are obvious. By exaggerating their merits and depreciating those of the acknowledged poems, the attempt has been made to set a gulf between the two sets; but the attempt is an unfair one, and will not finally succeed. It is clear that he threw his whole strength into the Rowley Poems, and this accounts for their general superiority. But the "African Poems" give the true solution of the difficulty; since we find in them many lines which are quite on a level with the Rowley standard. Malone was quite correct in saying that, had the African Poems been written in the Rowleian dialect, and Rowley's Eclogues in modern English, no critic could possibly have put a difference between Chatterton and Rowley.

§ 18. What is the exact amount of merit to which Chatterton's genius attained, the reader can, in this edition, at last judge for himself. I only wish to say here that I have faithfully striven so to discharge my task as to protect the reader, on the one hand, from being misled by false old English, whilst endeavouring, on the other, to set forth Chatterton's thoughts to the best advantage; carefully using all hints supplied by himself or by his authority, Kersey, and with equal care repressing the intrusion of ideas of my own. That the public does not want *me* but *Chatterton*, is the fact I have endeavoured to keep steadily before me; and I have never lost sight of the responsibility of such an at-

tempt as the present, or forgotten my duty of faithfulness to the fame of a brilliant and original poet, whom I cannot but admire, and of whose superiority in poetical genius I entertain the most profound consciousness. In the present case, moreover, the feeling of respectful and regretful sympathy has been deepened by reflection upon the gifted poet's sad career and its melancholy ending.

§ 19. The order in which the Rowley Poems are here arranged follows closely that of Willcox's edition. I am by no means sure that it is the *best* order, but it seemed desirable to avoid making a new arrangement, as four different arrangements have been made already by previous editors, and this gives a good deal of trouble to those who wish to collate the various editions. In order to give the exact history of each poem, when it was first printed, and its position in the former editions, I have subjoined some "Additional Notes" (beginning at p. 327) in which the editions by Tyrwhitt, Milles, Cottle, and Willcox, are denoted by the letters A, B, C, and D, respectively. I have consulted all these, but have preferred Tyrwhitt's as far as it goes, as the others are merely reprinted from it. Constant reference to Bailey proves that his edition is, in the main, fairly correct, and I do not think he made the text any worse than he found it. The MSS. in the British Museum have been made use of, as far as they extend, and I have verified every statement I have made as far as I could; especially in the footnotes, which are seldom copied from those in former editions, but have

mostly been re-written, and give the results of new and independent investigations.

§ 20. As regards Chatterton's Acknowledged Poems, I have but little to say, though an important improvement has been made in their arrangement. The order in which they have been set forth has hitherto been no order, but a mere chaos; they have simply been pitchforked together, as they happened to turn up. But in a case like the present, where everything that elucidates the actual career of the poet is of interest, it is evident that they ought to be arranged in chronological order, as far as possible. From the singular fact that many of them are dated, this becomes to a certain extent easy. Internal evidence settles a few more and, on the whole, the present arrangement is, I hope, a much more rational one than any to be found in former editions. In some cases, perhaps, the dates refer to the periods at which certain poems were partly re-written or were published; but the general result is to throw a new light upon the poet's employment of his time, and to add distinctness to our knowledge of his biography. The remarkable hiatus, in his Acknowledged Poems, between the months of February and July, 1769, tells us at what period many of the Rowley Poems were written. The "Romaunte of the Cnyghte" belongs, however, to 1767, and the "Bristowe Tragedy" was also an early production. The "Balade of Charitie" was nearly his last poem, and belongs to the year 1770.

§ 21. For further information the reader should first consult Tyrwhitt's Vindication of his Appendix, the Cursory Observations by Malone, Warton's Enquiry, and § 26 in vol. ii. of Warton's History of English Poetry, ed. 1840. Far more has been written on the subject than is worth reading; see the list of works in Bohn's edition of Lowndes's Bibliographer's Manual. A most complete history of the whole controversy will be found in Kippis's Biographia Britannica, 1789, vol. iv. p. 573. See also the Classical Journal, vol. xvi. p. 136. The most complete collection of the whole works of Chatterton is that by Southey and Cottle, 3 vols. 1803. This edition also contains a list of works relating to Chatterton published up to that date (vol. iii. p. 526), and some account of the Rowley MSS. in the British Museum (vol. iii. p. 497). Another brief account of the British Museum MSS. is given in the Appendix to the first volume of the present edition. By the kindness of Sir Thomas Phillipps, I am enabled to state that he possesses amongst his valuable collection of MSS. a "Pedigree of the descendants of Thomas Rowley," which ends in the family of Twvniho.

I wish to express my thanks to Mr. Edward Bell (the writer of the Memoir in this edition) for much valuable help, especially in the collation of proof-sheets with the MSS. in the British Museum; to Sir Thomas Phillipps; and to Mr. T. Dixon, of Sunderland, for his loan of the edition of Chatterton's Miscellanies, edited by J. B. in 1778, a book

which he has since presented to the Cambridge University Library. I must also acknowledge the assistance I have derived from former editors and biographers, and, in particular, from the biography by Professor Wilson.

ROWLEY POEMS.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE;

OR, THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

I.

THE feathered songster Chanticleer
Has wound his bugle horn,
And told the early villager
The coming of the morn:

II.

King Edward saw the ruddy streaks
Of light eclipse the gray;
And heard the raven's croaking throat
Proclaim the fated day.

III.

"Thou'rt right," quoth he, "for, by the God
That sits enthroned on high!
Charles Bawdin, and his fellows twain,
Today shall surely die."

IV.

Then with a jug of nappy ale
His knights did on him wait;
"Go tell the traitor, that today
He leaves this mortal state."

V.

Sir Canterlone then bended low,
With heart brimful of woe;
He journeyed to the castle-gate,
And to Sir Charles did go.

VI.

But when he came, his children twain,
And eke his loving wife,
With briny tears did wet the floor,
For good Sir Charles's life.

VII.

"O good Sir Charles!" said Canterlone,
"Bad tidings I do bring."
"Speak boldly, man," said brave Sir Charles,
"What says thy traitor king?"

VIII.

"I grieve to tell, before yon sun
Does from the welkin fly,
He hath upon his honour sworn,
That thou shalt surely die."

IX.

"We all must die," quoth brave Sir Charles,
"Of that I'm not afeared;
What boots to live a little space?
Thank Jesu, I'm prepared;

X.

But tell thy king, for mine he's not,
I'd sooner die today
Than live his slave, as many are,
Tho' I should live for aye."

XI.

Then Canterlone he did go out,
To tell the mayör straight
To get all things in readiness
For good Sir Charles's fate.

XII.

Then Master Canynge sought the king,
And fell down on his knee;
" I'm come," quoth he, " unto your grace
To move your clemency."

XIII.

Then quoth the king, " your tale speak out.
You have been much our friend;
Whatever your request may be,
We will to it attend."

XIV.

" My noble liege! all my request
Is for a noble knight,
Who tho' mayhap he has done wrong,
He thought it still was right:

XV.

He has a spouse and children twain,
All ruined are for aye;
If that you are resolved to let
Charles Bawdin die today."

XVI.

" Speak not of such a traitor vile,"
The king in fury said;
" Before the evening star doth shine,
Bawdin shall lose his head:

XVII.

Justice does loudly for him call,
And he shall have his meed:
Speak, Master Canynge! What thing else
At present do you need?"

XVIII.

" My noble liege," good Canynge said,
" Leave justice to our God,
And lay the iron rule aside;
Be thine the olive rod.

XIX.

Was God to search our hearts and reins,
The best were sinners great;
Christ's vicar only knows no sin,
In all this mortal state.

XX.

Let mercy rule thine infant reign,
'Twill fast thy crown full sure;
From race to race thy family
All sovereigns shall endure:

XXI.

But if with blood and slaughter thou
Begin thy infant reign,
Thy crown upon thy children's brows
Will never long remain."

XXII.

" Canynge, away! this traitor vile
Has scorned my power and me:
How canst thou then for such a man
Entreat my clemency?"

XXIII.

" My noble liege! the truly brave
Will valourous actions prize;
Respect a brave and noble mind
Although in enemies."

XXIV.

" Canynge, away! By God in Heaven
That did me being give,
I will not taste a bit of bread
Whilst this Sir Charles doth live.

XXV.

By Mary, and all Saints in Heaven,
This sun shall be his last;"
Then Canynge dropped a briny tear,
And from the presence past.

XXVI.

With heart brimful of gnawing grief,
He to Sir Charles did go,
And sat him down upon a stool,
And tears began to flow.

XXVII.

" We all must die," quoth brave Sir Charles;
" What boots it how or when;
Death is the sure, the certain fate
Of all we mortal men.

XXVIII.

Say why, my friend, thy honest soul
Runs over at thine eye;
Is it for my most welcome doom
That thou dost child-like cry?"

XXIX.

Quoth godly Canynge, "I do weep,
That thou so soon must die,
And leave thy sons and helpless wife;
'Tis this that wets mine eye."

XXX.

"Then dry the tears that out thine eye
From godly fountains spring;
Death I despise, and all the power
Of Edward, traitor king.

XXXI.

When through the tyrant's welcome means
I shall resign my life,
The God I serve will soon provide
For both my sons and wife.

XXXII.

Before I saw the lightsome sun,
This was appointed me;
Shall mortal man repine or grudge
What God ordains to be?

XXXIII.

How oft in battle have I stood,
When thousands died around;
When smoking streams of crimson blood
Imbrued the fattened ground:

XXXIV.

How did I know that every dart,
That cut the airy way,
Might not find passage to my heart,
And close mine eyes for aye?

XXXV.

And shall I now, for fear of death,
Look wan and be dismayed?
Nay! from my heart fly childish fear,
Be all the man displayed.

XXXVI.

Ah! godlike Henry! God forfend,
And guard thee and thy son,
If 'tis his will; but if 'tis not,
Why then, his will be done.

XXXVII.

My honest friend, my fault has been
To serve God and my prince;
And that I no time-server am,
My death will soon convince.

XXXVIII.

In London city was I born,
Of parents of great note;
My father did a noble arms
Emblazon on his coat:

XXXIX.

I make no doubt but he is gone
Where soon I hope to go;
Where we for ever shall be blest,
From out the reach of woe:

XL.

He taught me justice and the laws
With pity to unite;
And eke he taught me how to know
The wrong cause from the right:

XLI.

He taught me with a prudent hand
To feed the hungry poor,
Nor let my servants drive away
The hungry from my door:

XLII.

And none can say but all my life
I have his wordès kept;
And summed the actions of the day
Each night before I slept.

XLIII.

I have a spouse, go ask of her,
If I defiled her bed?
I have a king, and none can lay
Black treason on my head.

XLIV.

In Lent, and on the holy eve,
From flesh I did refrain;
Why should I then appear dismayed
To leave this world of pain?

XLV.

No! hapless Henry! I rejoice,
I shall not see thy death;
Most willingly in thy just cause
Do I resign my breath.

XLVI.

Oh, fickle people! ruined land!
Thou wilt know peace no moe;
While Richard's sons exalt themselves,
Thy brooks with blood will flow.

XLVII.

Say, were ye tired of godly peace,
And godly Henry's reign,
That you did chop your easy days
For those of blood and pain?

XLVIII.

What tho' I on a sledge be drawn,
And mangled by a hind,
I do defy the traitor's power,
He can not harm my mind;

XLIX.

What tho', uphoisted on a pole,
My limbs shall rot in air,
And no rich monument of brass
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

L.

Yet in the holy book above,
Which time can't eat away,
There with the servants of the Lord
My name shall live for aye.

LI.

Then welcome death! for life eterne
I leave this mortal life:
Farewell, vain world, and all that's dear,
My sons and loving wife!

LII.

Now death as welcome to me comes,
As e'er the month of May;
Nor would I even wish to live,
With my dear wife to stay."

LIII.

Quoth Canynge, " 'Tis a goodly thing
To be prepared to die;
And from this world of pain and grief
To God in Heaven to fly."

LIV.

And now the bell began to toll,
And clarions to sound;
Sir Charles he heard the horses' feet
A-prancing on the ground:

LV.

And just before the officers
His loving wife came in,
Weeping unfeigned tears of woe,
With loud and dismal din.

LVI.

" Sweet Florence! now I pray forbear,
In quiet let me die;
Pray God that every Christian soul
May look on death as I.

LVII.

Sweet Florence! why these briny tears?
They wash my soul away,
And almost make me wish for life,
With thee, sweet dame, to stay.

LVIII.

'Tis but a journey I shall go
Unto the land of bliss;
Now, as a proof of husband's love,
Receive this holy kiss."

LIX.

Then Florence, faltering in her say,
Trembling these wordès spoke,
" Ah, cruel Edward! bloody king!
My heart is well nigh broke:

LX.

Ah, sweet Sir Charles! why wilt thou go,
Without thy loving wife?
The cruel axe that cuts thy neck,
It eke shall end my life."

LXI.

And now the officers came in
To bring Sir Charles away,
Who turnèd to his loving wife,
And thus to her did say:

LXII.

" I go to life, and not to death;
Trust thou in God above,
And teach thy sons to fear the Lord,
And in their hearts him love:

LXIII.

Teach them to run the noble race
That I their father run;
Florence! should death thee take—adieu!
Ye officers, lead on."

LXIV.

Then Florence raved as any mad,
And did her tresses tear;
"Oh! stay, my husband! lord! and life!"—
Sir Charles then dropped a tear.

LXV.

Till, tired out with raving loud,
She fell upon the floor;
Sir Charles exerted all his might,
And marched from out the door.

LXVI.

Upon a sledge he mounted then
With looks full brave and sweet;
Looks, that displayed[1] no more concern
Than any in the street.

LXVII.

Before him went the council-men,
In scarlet robes and gold,
And tassels spangling in the sun,
Much glorious to behold:

LXVIII.

The Friars of Saint Augustine next
Appearèd to the sight,
All clad in homely russet weeds
Of godly monkish plight:

---

[1] Chatterton has *enshone*, wrongly; but his meaning is obvious.

LXIX.

In different parts a godly psalm
Most sweetly they did chant;
Behind their backs six minstrels came,
Who tuned the strung bataunt.[1]

LXX.

Then five-and-twenty archers came;
Each one the bow did bend,
From rescue of King Henry's friends
Sir Charles for to defend.

LXXI.

Bold as a lion came Sir Charles,
Drawn on a cloth-laid sledde,[2]
By two black steeds in trappings white,
With plumes upon their head:

LXXII.

Behind him five-and-twenty more
Of archers strong and stout,
With bended bow each one in hand,
Marchèd in goodly rout:

LXXIII.

Saint James's Friars marchèd next,
Each one his part did chant;
Behind their backs six minstrels came,
Who tuned the strung bataunt:

---

[1] Evidently intended to mean a musical instrument. I know of no authority for it. The old Fr. *battant* means a fuller's mallet (Roquefort).

[2] Sledge.

LXXIV.

Then came the mayor and aldermen,
In cloth of scarlet deck't;
And their attending men each one,
Like Eastern princes trick't:

LXXV.

And after them a multitude
Of citizens did throng;
The windows were all full of heads,
As he did pass along.

LXXVI.

And when he came to the high cross,
Sir Charles did turn and say,
"O Thou, that savest man from sin,
Wash my soul clean this day!"

LXXVII.

At the great minster window sat
The king in mickle state,
To see Charles Bawdin go along
To his most welcome fate.

LXXVIII.

Soon as the sledge drew nigh enough,
That Edward he might hear,
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up
And thus his words declare:

LXXIX.

"Thou seest me, Edward! traitor vile!
Exposed to infamy;
But be assured, disloyal man!
I'm greater now than thee.

LXXX.

By foul proceedings, murder, blood,
Thou wearest now a crown;
And hast appointed me to die,
By power not thine own.

LXXXI.

Thou thinkest I shall die today;
I have been dead till now,
And soon shall live to wear a crown
For aye upon my brow;

LXXXII.

Whilst thou, perhaps, for some few years,
Shalt rule this fickle land,
To let them know how wide the rule
'Twixt king and tyrant hand:

LXXXIII.

Thy power unjust, thou traitor slave!
Shall fall on thy own head—"
From out of hearing of the king
Departed then the sledde.

LXXXIV.

King Edward's soul rushed to his face,
He turned his head away,
And to his brother Gloucester
He thus did speak and say:

LXXXV.

"To him that so-much-dreaded death
No ghastly terrors bring,
Behold the man! he spake the truth,
He's greater than a king!"

LXXXVI.

" So let him die!" Duke Richard said;
" And may each one our foes
Bend down their necks to bloody axe,
And feed the carrion crows."

LXXXVII.

And now the horses gently drew
Sir Charles up the high hill;
The axe did glister in the sun,
His precious blood to spill.

LXXXVIII.

Sir Charles did up the scaffold go,
As up a gilded car
Of victory by valourous chiefs
Gained in the bloody war:

LXXXIX.

And to the people he did say,
" Behold, you see me die
For serving loyally my king,
My king most rightfully.

XC.

As long as Edward rules this land,
No quiet you will know;
Your sons and husbands shall be slain,
And brooks with blood shall flow.

XCI.

You leave your good and lawful king
When in adversity;
Like me, unto the true cause stick;
And for the true cause die."

XCII.

Then he, with priests, upon his knees,
A prayer to God did make,
Beseeching him unto himself
His parting soul to take.

XCIII.

Then, kneeling down, he laid his head
Most seemly on the block;
Which from his body fair at once
The able headsman struck;

XCIV.

And out the blood began to flow,
And round the scaffold twine;
And tears, enough to wash't away,
Did flow from each man's eyne.

XCV.

The bloody axe his body fair
Into four parties cut;
And every part, and eke his head,
Upon a pole was put.

XCVI.

One part did rot on Kynwulph hill,
One on the minster tower,
And one from off the castle gate
The crowèn did devour;

XCVII.

The other on Saint Paul's good gate,
A dreary spectacle;
His head was placed on the high cross,
In High-street most noble.

XCVIII.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate:
God prosper long our king,
And grant he may, with Bawdin's soul,
In heaven God's mercy sing![1]

---

[1] In a letter from Chatterton's sister, first published in Southey's edition of his works in 1803 (vol. iii. p. 524), we learn that he privately acknowledged to his mother that he was the author of this poem.

ÆLLA,

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE, OR DISCOORSEYNGE

TRAGEDIE, WROTENN BIE

THOMAS ROWLEIE;

PLAIEDD BEFORE MASTRE CANYNGE, ATTE

HYS HOWSE NEMPTE THE

RODDE LODGE;

ALSOE BEFORE THE DUKE OF NORFOLCK,

JOHAN HOWARD.

Chatterton's own opinion of his Tragedy appears from the following letter, written by him to Dodsley, the bookseller:—

"*Bristol, Feb.* 15, 1769.

"Sir,

"Having intelligence that the Tragedy of Ælla was in being, after a long and laborious search, I was so happy as to obtain a sight of it. Struck with the beauties of it, I endeavoured to obtain a copy of it to send to you; but the present possessor absolutely denies to give me one, unless I give him a Guinea for a consideration. As I am unable to procure such a sum I made search for another copy, but unsuccessfully. Unwilling such a beauteous Piece should be lost, I have made bold to apply to you; several Gentlemen of learning, who have seen it, join with me in praising it. I am far from having any mercenary views for myself in this affair, and, was I able, would print it on my own risque. It is a perfect Tragedy; the plot clear, the language spirited, and the Songs (interspersed in it) are flowing, poetical, and elegantly simple; the similes judiciously applied, and though wrote in the reign of Henry VI., not inferior to many of the present age. If I can procure a copy, with or without the gratification, it shall immediately be sent to you. The motive that actuates me to do this is, to convince the world that the Monks (of whom some have so despicable an opinion) were not such blockheads as generally thought, and that good poetry might be wrote in the dark days of superstition, as well as in these more enlightened ages. An immediate answer will oblige me. I shall not receive your favour as for myself, but as your agent.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient Servant,

"Thomas Chatterton."

Mr. Dix says, "The recommendatory letter of Chatterton failed to impress the matter-of-fact bookseller with the importance of giving this Tragedy to the world, and the poor poet's offer was rejected, although he only asked the modest sum of *one guinea* for the copy."

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON ÆLLA.

I.

THIS sung by minstrels, that in ancient time,
When Reason hid herself in clouds of night,
The priest delivered all the law in rhyme,
Like painted tilting-spear to please the sight,
The which in its fell use doth make much dere;[1]
So did their ancient lay deftly delight the ear.

II.

Perchance in Virtue's cause[2] rhyme might be then,
But oft now flieth to the other side;
In holy priest appears the ribald's pen,
In humble monk appears the baron's pride;
But rhyme with some, as adder without teeth,
Makes pleasure to the sense, but may do little scath.

---

[1] Harm, damage. But *dere* in old English is a verb, signifying *to injure*.

[2] C. has *gare*, by confusion with the verb *gar*, to cause.

III.

Sir John, a knight, who hath a barn of lore,
Knows Latin at first sight from French or Greek;
Setteth[1] his studying ten years or more,
Poring upon the Latin word to speak.
Whoever speaketh English is despised,
The English, him to please, must first be Latinized.

IV.

Vivian, a monk, a goodly requiem sings,
Can preach so well, each hind his meaning knows;
Albeit these good gifts away he flings,
Being as bad in verse as good in prose.
He sings of saints who dièd for their God,
And every winter night afresh he sheds their blood.

V.

To maidens, housewives, and unlearned dames,
He reads his tales of merriment and woe.
Laugh[2] loudly dinneth from the dolt adrames;[3]
He swells in praise of fools, yet knows them so;[4]
Sometimes at tragedy they laugh and sing,
At merry jesting tale some hard-drained water bring.

VI.

Yet Vivian is no fool, beyond his lines.
Geoffrey makes verse, as craftsmen make their ware;

---

[1] C. has *pighteth*. But *pight* is the past part. of *to pitch*.

[2] Laughter. But *laugh* in old English is a *verb*.

[3] Foolish churls. But *dolt* is a substantive, and the only authority for "adrames" is "*adraming*, churlish" in Bailey.

[4] C. has "tho' kennes hem soe," which he puts for "though he knows them to be so," i. e. to be fools.

Words without sense full grovelingly he twines,
Cutting his story off as with a shear;
Wastes months on nothing, and (his story done)
No more you from it know than if you'd ne'er begun.

VII.

Enough of others; of myself to write,
Requiring what I do not now possess,
To you I leave the task; I know your might
Will make my faults, my sum[1] of faults, be less.
"Ælla" with this I send, and hope that you
Will from it cast away what lines may be untrue.

VIII.

Plays made from holy tales I hold unmeet,
Let some great story of a man be sung;
When as a man we God and Jesus treat,
In my poor mind, we do the Godhead wrong.
But let no words, which chasteness[2] may not hear,
Be placèd in the same. Adieu until anere.[3]

---

[1] C. has *meynte*, perhaps by confusion with "*meint*, mingled" in Bailey. He may have intended *meynte* to signify *confused mass*, or, possibly, a *mint*, as in the phrase "a *mint* of money."

[2] C. has *droorie*, which he took from Bailey's "*drury*, sobriety, modesty." But the real meaning of *druerie* is *gallantry*; see Chaucer.

[3] Another time; *anere* is meant for an old form of *another*, but it is not so.

LETTER TO THE DYGNE[1] MASTRE CANYNGE.

I.

TRANGE doom it is, that in these days of ours,
Naught but a bare recital can have place;
Now shapely poesy hath lost its powers
And painful history is only grace;
They pick up loathsome weedes instead of flowers,
And families, instead of wit, they trace:
Now poesy can meet with no regrate,[2]
Whilst prose and heraldry rise in estate.

II.

Let kings and rulers, when they gain a throne,
Shew what their grandsires and great-grandsires bore,
Emblazoned arms that, not before their own,
Now rang'd with what their fathers had before;
Let trades and town-folk let such things alone,
Nor fight for sable in a field of or;
Seldom or never are arms virtue's meed,
She ne'er to take too much doth aye take heed.[3]

---

[1] Worthy. So in Chaucer.

[2] Bailey has "*regrate*, regret, sorrow; also courtesy, esteem." But the proper meaning of *regrate* is *to sell by retail*.

[3] C. has, "Shee nillynge to take myckle aie dothe hede," i.e. she unwilling to take much aye doth heed—which is nonsense.

III.

A man askance upon a piece may look,
And shake his head to stir his wit about;
Quoth he, if I should glance upon this book,
And find therein that truth is left without;
Eke if unto a view perchance I took
The long bede-roll of all the writing rout,
Asserius, Ingulphus, Turgot, Bede,
Throughout them all naught like it I could read.

IV.

Pardon, ye graybeards, if I say, unwise
Ye are to stick so close and bysmarelie[1]
To history; you do it too much prize,
Which hath diminished thoughts of poesy;
Some trivial share you should to that devise,[2]
Not making everything be history;
Instead of mounting on a wingèd horse,
You on a cart-horse drive in doleful course.

V.

Canynge and I from common course dissent,
We ride the steed, but give to him the rein,
Nor will between craz'd mouldering books be pent,
But soar on high, amid the sunbeams' sheen;
And where we find some scattered flowers besprent,
We take it, and from old rust make it clean;
We will not chainèd to one pasture be,
But sometimes soar 'bove truth of history.

---

[1] He means *haughtily*, in a way that *scoffs at* all besides; Bailey has "*to bismare*, to scoff at, to disagree." But the true sense of the A.S. *bismorlice* is *reproachfully*.

[2] C. has *alyse*, i.e. to allow, from Kersey's "*alised*, allowed." But *alised* in Kersey is a misprint for *alifed*, from A.S. *alýfan*, to allow.

VI.

Say, Canynge, what was verse in days of yore?
Fine thoughts, and couplets dext'rously bewryen,[1]
Not such as do annoy this age so sore,
A careful pencil[2] resting at each line.
Verse may be good, but poesy wants more,
A boundless subject,[3] and a song adygne;[4]
According to the rule I have this wrought,
If it please Canynge, I care not a groat.

VII.

The thing itself must be its own defence,
Some metre may not please a woman's ear.
Canynge looks not for poesy, but sense;
And high and worthy thoughts are all his care.
Canynge, adieu! I do you greet from hence;
Full soon I hope to taste of your good cheer;
Good bishop Carpenter did bid me say
He wish'd you health and happiness for aye.

---

[1] C. has *fetyvelie bewryen*; *fetyvelie* is an error for *fetisely, fetisly* or *fetously*, neatly, dexterously. *Bewryen* probably is intended to mean *expressed*, but *bewrien* in Chaucer is an infinitive mood, and means *to reveal, discover*.

[2] C. has "a keppened poyntelle." Here *keppened* is a past participle formed from Bailey's "*kepen*, to keep or take care of." It is therefore put for the word which we always spell *kept*. Bailey also has *pointel*, pencil or writing pen." It is a *stylus* for writing on tablets; Chaucer, Somp. Tale, 34.

[3] C. has, "An onlist lecturn;" where *onlist* is for *unlisted*, from Bailey's "*listed*, bounded;" and *lecturn* must signify a *lesson, lecture*, or *subject*, though its true meaning is *a reading-desk*.

[4] A false spelling of *digne*, worthy.

ENTRODUCTIONNE.

I.

SOME comfort must it be[1] to gentle mind,
When they have well redeemed[2] their land from bane,
When they are dead, they leave their name behind,
And their good deeds do on the earth remain;
Down in the grave we bury every stain,
Whilst all their gentleness is made to sheene,[3]
Like comely[4] baubles rarely to be seen.

II.

Ælla, the warden of this castle-stead,
Whilst Saxons did the English sceptre sway,
Who made whole troops of Dacian men to bleed,
Then closed his eyes, and closed his eyes for aye,
We rouse him up, before the Judgment Day,
To say what he, as taught to speak, can ken,
And how he sojourned in the vale of men.

---

[1] C. has "Somme cherisaunei 'tys," &c. Bailey has "*cherisaunie*, comfort." Kersey has *cherisaunei*, a mere misprint for *cherisaunce*, which would ruin Chatterton's metre. See Chaucer, Rom. Rose, 3337.

[2] For "well redeemed" C. has *chevyced*, from Bailey's "*chevise*, to redeem;" which no doubt has reference to Chaucer's Mars and Venus, l. 289.

[3] Shine.

[4] C. has *fetyve*, by error for *fetise*; see note 1, p. 26.

PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD.

Ælla, bie Thomas Rowleie, Preeste, the Aucthoure.
Celmonde . . Johan Iscamm, Preeste.
Hurra . . . Syrr Thybbotte Gorges, Knyghte.
Birtha . . . Mastre Edwarde Canynge.

Odherr Partes bie Knyghtes, Mynstrelles &c.

ÆLLA.

SCENE, BRISTOL.

Enter CELMONDE.

Celmonde.

I.

BEFORE yon ruddy sun hath driv'n his wain
Through half his journey, dight in robes of gold,
Me, hapless me, he will a wretch behold,
Myself, and all that's mine, bound in mischance's chain.

II.

Ah! Bertha, why did Nature frame thee fair?
Why art thou all that pencil can bewreene?[1]
Why art thou not as coarse as others are?
But then—thy soul would through thy visage sheene,[2]

---

[1] Express; see note 1, p. 26, to st. VI. of the "Letter."
[2] Shine.

That shimmers on thy comely semlykeene,[1]
Like nutbrown clouds, when by the sun made red,
Or scarlet, with choice linen cloth ywreene;[2]
Such would thy sprite upon thy visage spread.
This day brave Ælla doth thine hand and heart
Claim as his own to be, which ne'er from his must part.

III.

And can I live to see her with anere?[3]
It cannot, must not, nay, it shall not be!
This night I'll put strong poison in the beer,
And him, her, and myself, at once will sle.[4]
Assist me, Hell! let devils round me 'tend,
To slay myself, my love, and eke my doughty friend. [*Exit.*

Enter Ælla *and* Bertha.

IV.

Æl. Not when the holy priest did make me knight,
Blessing the weapon, telling future deed,
How by my hand the hardy Dane should bleed,
How I should often be, and often win, in fight;

V.

Not when I first beheld thy beauteous hue,
Which struck my mind, and rous'd my softer soul;
Not when the barbèd horse in fight did view
The flying Dacians o'er the wide plain roll,

[1] An invented word, due to Bailey's "*semeliheed*, seemliness, comeliness."

[2] Covered. But the true form is *ywryen*, and it really means *concealed*.

[3] False spelling for *another*. [4] Slay.

When all the troops of Denmark made great dole,
Did I feel joy with such reddoure[1] as now,
When holy priest, physician[2] of the soul,
Did knit us both in an enforcing[3] vow;
Now blissful Ælla's happiness is great,
Fate having now y-made his woes for to abate.

VI.

Ber. My lord and husband, such a joy is mine;
But maiden modesty must not so say,
Albeit thou mayest read it in mine eyne,
Or in my heart, where thou shalt be for aye;
In sooth, I have but recompensed thy faie;[4]
For twelve times twelve the moon hath been yblent,[5]
As many times vied with the god of day,
And on the grass her gleams of silver sent,
Since thou didst choose me for thy sweet to be,
Still acting in the same most faithfully to me.

VII.

Oft have I seen thee at the noon-day feast,
When seated by thyself, for want of peers,
The while thy merrymen did laugh and jest,
On me thou seem'st all eyes, to me all ears.

---

[1] Vehemence. See *reddour* in Halliwell.

[2] C. has "the lechemanne." He was thinking of the O. E. *leche*, a physician. There is no such word as *leechman*.

[3] C. has *caytysnede*, from Bailey's "*caitisned*, chained, bound with chains." Our poet himself explained it by *enforcing*. The non-existent word *caitisned* arose from misreading a passage in Chaucer's Boethius.

[4] Bailey gives "*fay*, faith. *Spenser*." *See* Faerie Queene, *5*. 8. 19.

[5] Blinded. Correct.

Thou guardest me as if in hundred fears
Lest a disdainful look to thee be sent,
And presents mad'st me, more than thy compeers,
Of scarfs of scarlet, and fine parament;[1]
All thy intent to please was turned to me,
I say it, I must strive that thou rewarded be.

VIII.

Æl. My little kindnesses which I did do
Thy gentleness doth represent so great,
Like mighty elephants my gnats do shew;
Thou dost my thoughts of paying love abate.
But had my actions stretched the roll of fate,
Plucked thee from hell, or brought heav'n down to thee,
Laid the whole world a footstool at thy feet,
One smile would be sufficient meed for me.
I am love's borrow'r, and can never pay,
But be his borrower still, and thine, my sweet, for aye.

IX.

Ber. Love, do not rate your services so small,
As I to you, such love unto me bear;
For nothing past will Bertha ever call,
Nor on a food from heaven think to cheer.
As far as this frail brittle flesh will spare,
Such, and no further, I expect of you;
Be not too slack in love, nor over-dear;
A small fire than a loud flame proves more true.

[1] Apparel. Bailey has "*paraments*, robes of state. *Chaucer.*" But see Tyrwhitt's note to Cant. Tales, l. 10583.

Æl. Thy gentle words thy disposition kenne[1]
To be instructed more than is in most of men.

x. *Enter* CELMONDE *and* MINSTRELS.

Cel. All blessings show'r on gentle Ælla's head!
Oft may the moon, in silver shining light,
In varied changes varied blessings shed,
Dispersing far abroad mischance's night;
And thou, fair Bertha! thou, fair dame, so bright,
Long mayest thou with Ælla find much peace,
With happiness, as with a robe, be dight,
With every changing moon new joys increase!
I, as a token of my love to speak,
Have brought you jugs of ale, at night your brain to break.

XI.

Æl. When supper's past we'll drink your ale so strong,
Come life, come death.
Cel. Ye minstrels, chant your song.

XII. *Minstrels' song, by a man and woman.*

Man. Turn thee to thy shepherd swain,
Bright sun hath not drunk the dew
From the flowers of yellow hue;
Turn thee, Alice, back again.

---

[1] C. has—
"Thie gentle wordis toe thie volunde kenne
To be moe clergionde thann ys ynn meyncte of menne."
Here *toe* is an obvious error for *doe*; *volunde* is for *volonte*, signifying *the will*; *kenne* is used in its strict sense of *to make known*, and *meyncte* is a non-existent word, possibly suggested by the phrase "a *mint* of money," or else to be explained as above, note 1, p. 23.

XIII.

Wom. No, deceiver,[1] I will go,
Softly tripping o'er the leas,
Like the silver-footed doe,
Seeking shelter in green trees.

XIV.

Man. See the moss-grown daisied bank,
Peering in the stream below;
Here we'll sit, on verdure dank,
Turn thee, Alice, do not go.

XV.

Wom. Once I heard my grandame say,
Youthful damsels should not be
In the pleasant month of May,
With young men by the greenwood tree

XVI.

Man. Sit thee, Alice, sit and hark,
How the blackbird chants his note,
The goldfinch, and gray morning lark
Chanting from their little throat.

XVII.

Wom. I hear them from each greenwood tree,
Chanting forth so lustily,
Telling warning tales[2] to me,
Mischief is when you are nigh.

XVIII.

Man. See along the meads so green
Pièd daisies, kingcups sweet;

---

[1] C. has *bestoikerre*, from Bailey's "*bestoike*, to betray." But *bestoike* is an erroneous rendering of *beswike*.

[2] "Lecturnyes;" cf. note 3, p. 26.

All we see, by none are seen,
None but sheep set here their feet.

XIX.

Wom. Shepherd swain, you tear my shawl,[1]
Out upon you! let me go,
Leave me, or for help I'll call;[2]
Robin, this your dame shall know.

XX.

Man. See! the crooked bryony
Round the poplar twists his spray;
Round the oak the green ivy
Flourisheth and liveth aye.

XXI.

Let us seat us by this tree,
Laugh, and sing to loving airs;
Come, so coy you must not be,
Nature made all things by pairs.

XXII.

Dainty[3] cats will after kind;
Gentle doves will kiss and coo.
Wom. Man's appeal must be declined
Till sir priest make one of two.

---

[1] "Gratche;" from Bailey's "*gratch*, apparel." But *gratch* is a mere error for *graithe*, in Chaucer's "Rom. Rose," 7368. Moreover, *graithe* is a verb.

[2] "Leave mee swythe, or I'lle alatche;" i. e. leave me quickly, or I will call out. But the word *alatche* is a pure invention, possibly suggested by the rhyme and by the notion of saying *alas*.

[3] "Drooried," with the meaning of *modest*. It is a non-existent word, founded on a double error. It is wrongly put into a participial form, and the word *droory*, from which it was formed, is wrongly interpreted by *modesty*. See note 2, p. 23; and cf. "As You Like It," act iii. sc. 2, l. 109.

XXIII.

Tempt me not to do foul thing,
I will no man's mistress be;
Till sir priest his song doth sing,
Thou shalt ne'er find aught of me.

XXIV.

Man. By the Child of Virgin born,
Tomorrow, soon as it is day,
I'll make thee wife, nor be forsworn,
So 'tide me life or death for aye.

XXV.

Wom. What doth hinder, but that now
We at once, thus hand in hand,
Unto holy clerk may go,
And be linked in wedlock's band?

XXVI.

Man. I agree, and thus I plight
Hand and heart, and all that's mine;
Good sir Roger, do us right,
Make us one at Cuthbert's shrine.

XXVII.

Both. We will in a cottage live,
Happy, though of no estate;
Every hour more love shall give,
We in goodness will be great.

XXVIII.

Æl. I like this song, I like it passing well;
And there is money for your singing now.
But have you none that marriage-blessings tell?
Cel. In marriage, blessings are but few, I trow.

Mynst. My lord, we have; and, if you please,
will sing,
As well as our chough-voices will permit.
Æl. Come then, and see you sweetly tune the
string,
And stretch and torture all the human wit,
To please my dame.
Minst. We'll strain our wit and sing.

XXIX.

First M. The budding floweret blushes at the
light,
The meads are sprinkled with the yellow hue;
In daisied mantles is the mountain dight,
The nesh young cowslip bendeth with the dew;
The trees enleafèd, unto heaven straught,
When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din are
brought.

XXX.

The evening comes, and brings the dew along;
The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne;
Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song,
Young ivy round the doorpost doth entwine;
I lay me on the grass; yet, to my will,
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still.

XXXI.

Second. So Adam thought when once, in
Paradise,
All heaven and earth did homage to his mind;
In woman only man's chief solace lies,
As instruments of joy are those of kind.[1]

[1] *Nature.*

Go, take a wife unto thine arms, and see
Winter, and barren hills, will have a charm for thee.

XXXII.

Third. When Autumn sere and sunburnt doth appear,
With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf,
Bringing up Winter to fulfil the year,
Bearing upon his back the ripened sheaf,
When all the hills with woody seed are white,
When lightning-fires and gleams do meet from far the sight;

XXXIII.

When the fair apples, red as evening sky,
Do bend the tree unto the fruitful ground,
When juicy pears, and berries of black dye,
Do dance in air, and call the eyes around;
Then, be the evening foul, or be it fair,
Methinks my heart's delight is mingled with some care.

XXXIV.

Second. Angels are wrought to be of neither kind,
Angels alone from hot desire are free,
There is a somewhat ever in the mind,
That, without woman, cannot stillèd be
No saint in cell, but, having blood and tere,[1]
Doth find the sprite to joy in sight of woman fair.

[1] Muscle. This is a most ingenious coinage. Bailey gives "*Teres major*, a round smooth *muscle* of the arm," &c. Hence Chatterton forms a singular noun *tere* as if from a plural *teres*.

XXXV.

Women are made not for themselves but man,
Bone of his bone, and child of his desire;
First from a useless member they began,
Y-wrought with much of water, little fire;
Therefore they seek the fire of love, to heat
The milkiness of kind,[1] and make themselves complete.

XXXVI.

Albeit, without women, men were peers
To savage kind, and would but live to slay;
But woman oft the sprite of peace so cheers,
Blest[2] with angelic joy, what angels they!
Go, take thee quickly to thy bed a wife,
Be banned, or highly blest, in proving married life.

Another Minstrel's Song, by Syr Thybbot Gorges.

XXXVII.

As Elinor by the green arbour was sitting,
As from the sun's heat she hurried,
She said, as her white hands white hosen were knitting,
"What pleasure it is to be married!

XXXVIII.

My husband, Lord Thomas, a forester bold,
As ever clove pin or the basket,

---

[1] Nature

[2] "Tochelod yn Angel joie." The reader will hardly be able to find such a word as *tochelod*. Possibly it is an error for *tochered*, endowed, from Scottish *tocher*, a dower.

Doth no source of comfort from Elinor hold,
I have it as soon as I ask it.

XXXIX.

When I lived with my father in merry Cloud-dell,
Tho' 'twas at my choice to mind spinning;
I still wanted something, but what, could not tell;
My lord father's barb'd[1] hall had naught winning.

XL.

Each morning I rise, do I order my maidens,
Some to spin, some to curdle,[2] some bleaching;
If any new entered do ask for my aidance,
Then quickly you find me a-teaching.

XLI.

Lord Walter, my father, he lovèd me well,
And nothing unto me was needing;
But should I again go to merry Cloud-dell,
In sooth it would be without redeynge."[3]

XLII.

She said, and Lord Thomas came over the lea,
As he the fat deerkins was chasing,
She put up her knitting, and to him went she;
So we leave them both kindly embracing.

---

[1] Hung with armour; but Tyrwhitt truly remarks, that the word *barb'd* is peculiarly appropriated to horses, and is therefore misapplied here.

[2] Erroneously explained "to card" in some editions. But it is Bailey's "*curdle*, to turn into curds," and refers to cheesemaking.

[3] Wisdom, deliberation; formed as if from the O. E *rede*, advice.

XLIII.

Æl. I like eke this; go in unto the feast,
We will permit you antecedent be;
There sweetly sing each carol, and jap'd jest,
And there is money, that you merry be.
Come, gentle love, we will to spouse-feast go,
And there in ale and wine shall drown'd be every wo.

XLIV. ÆLLA, BERTHA, CELMOND, MESSENGER.

Mess. Ælla, the Danes are thund'ring on our coast,
Like shoals of locusts, cast up by the sea;
Magnus and Hurra, with a doughty host,
Are raging, to be quenched by none but thee;
Haste, swift as lightning, to these rovers flee,
Thy dogs alone can tame this raging bull.
Haste quickly, for anigh the town they be,
And Wedëcester's roll of doom is full.
Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the bicker fly,
For in a moment's space ten thousand men may die.

XLV.

Æl. Beshrew thee for thy news! I must be gone,
Was ever luckless doom so hard as mine?
Thus from enjoyment unto war to run,
To change the silk vest for the gaberdine.[1]
Ber. O! like an adder, let me round thee twine,

[1] A loose, coarse frock, more fit for a monster like Caliban (Tempest, act ii. sc. 2) than for a warrior. See also Merchant of Venice, act i. sc. 3.

And shield thy body from the shafts of war.
Thou shalt not, must not, from thy Bertha ryne,[1]
But ken the din of slogans[2] from afar.
Æl. O love, was this thy joy, to shew the treat,
Then rudely to forbid thy hungered guests to eat?

XLVI.

O my upswelling heart, what words can say
The pains, that pass within my soul ybrent?[3]
Thus to be torn upon my spousal day,
O! 'tis a pain beyond entendëment.[4]
Ye mighty Gods, and are your favours sent,
As thus, fast linkèd to a load of pain?
Must we aye hold in chase the shade content,
And, for the substance, but a ghost obtain?
O! why, ye saints, oppress ye thus my soul?
How shall I speak my woe, my grief, my dreary dole?

XLVII.

Cel. Sometimes the wisest lack a poor man's rede.[5]
Reason and cunning wit oft flee away.
Then, lord, now let me say, with homaged dread,
(Beneath your feet y-laid), my counsel say.
If thus we let the matter idle lay,[6]

---

[1] Run. But the right spelling is *renne* or *rynne*.
[2] "Slughornes."
[3] Burnt; a correct form.
[4] Understanding. Used by Chaucer.
[5] Counsel. Chaucer.
[6] "Lethlen laie." There is no such word as *lethlen*, and *'ay* is false grammar.

The foemen, every moment, gain a foot.
My lord, now let the spearmen, dight for fray,
And all the booted soldiers[1] go about.
I speak, my lord, but only to uprise[2]
Your wit from marvel, and the warrior to alyse.[3]

XLVIII.

Æl. Ah! now thou puttest takells[4] in my heart,
My soul doth now begin to see hersel',
I will uprouse my might, and do my part
To slay the foemen in my fury fell.
But how can tongue my ramping fury tell,
Which riseth from my love to Bertha fair?
Nor could the fiend, and all the might of hell,
Invent th' annoyance of so black a gear.[5]
Yet I will be myself, and rouse my sprite
To act with glory, and go meet the bloody fight.

XLIX.

Ber. No, thou shalt never leave thy Bertha's side.
Nor shall the wind upon us blow alleyne;[6]

---

[1] "Sabbataners;" a word coined from Bailey's "*sabatans*, soldiers' boots." But *sabatans* should be *sabatons* or *sabatines*, and there is no such word as *sabatiner*.

[2] Arouse; again false grammar, as in the fourth line above.

[3] Set free, release; A.-S. *alýsan*.

[4] Bailey has "*takel*, a feather or arrow." It is not *quite* clear from the context whether *feathers* or *arrows* are meant.

[5] Dress, i. e. appearance. Bailey has "*gear*, stuff, attire, women's apparel, harness, &c."

[6] Probably *alone*, i. e. separated. Elsewhere *alleyne* means *alone*, or *only*, but it is a false spelling.

I, like an adder, will untò thee bide,
'Tide life, 'tide death, it shall behold us twain.
I have my part of dreary grief and pain,
It bursteth from me at the hidden[1] eyne;
In floods of tears my dying soul will drain;
If dreary dole is thine, 'tis two times mine.
Go not, O Ælla; with thy Bertha stay,
For, with thy seemliness,[2] my soul will go away.

L.

Æl. Oh! 'tis for thee, for thee alone I feel;
Yet I must be myself; with valour's gear
I'll deck my heart, and knot my limbs in steel,
And shake the bloody sword and stainèd spear.
Ber. Can Ælla from his breast his Bertha tear?
Is she so rough and ugly to his sight?
Intriguing wight, is mortal war so dear?
Thou prizest me below the joys of fight.
Thou shalt not leave me, albeit the earth
Hung pendent by thy sword, and cravèd for thy morthe.[3]

LI.

Æl. Didst thou know how my woes, as stars ybrent,[4]
Headed by these thy words, do on me fall,
Thou wouldest strive to give my heart content,

---

[1] "Holtred;" false spelling for Bailey's "*hulstered*, hidden."

[2] "Semmlykeed;" a mistake for Bailey's "*semeliheed*, seemliness."

[3] Death; a mistake for the O. E. *morte*.

[4] Burnt; but he means *burning*.

Waking my sleeping mind to honour's call.
Of happiness, I prize thee more than all
Heaven can me send, or cunning wit acquire;
Yet will I leave thee, on the foe to fall,
Returning to thine eyes with double fire
Ber. Must Bertha boon request, and be denied?
Receive at once a dart, in happiness and pride?

LII.

Do stay, at least, till morrow's sun appears.
Æl. Thou knowest well the Dacians' mighty power;
With them a minute worketh bane for years;
They undo realms within a single hour.
Rouse all thy honour, Bertha; look attoure[1]
Thy bleeding country, which for hasty deed
Calls, for the working[2] of some doughty power,
To spoil its spoilers,[3] make its foemen bleed.
Ber. Rouse all thy love, false and intriguing wight,
Nor leave thy Bertha thus upon pretence of fight.

LIII.

Thou needst not go, until thou hast command
Under the signet of our lord the king.
Æl. And wouldst thou make me then a recreand?[4]
Holy Saint Mary, keep me from the thing!

---

[1] Bailey has "*attour*, towards." But *atour* is old Lowland Scotch for *across*.

[2] "Rodeynge," i. e. *rodding*, chastising.

[3] "Royn yttes royners:" *royn* is Rowleian for *ruin*.

[4] Recreant.

Here, Bertha, thou hast put a double sting,
One for thy love, another for thy mind.
Ber. Offended Ælla, thine upbraiding blynge ;[1]
'Twas love of thee that foul intent ywrynde.[2]
Yet hear me supplicate, to me attend,
Hear from my bursting heart the lover and the friend.

LIV.

Let Celmonde in thine armour-suit be dight,
And in thy stead unto the battle go.
Thy name alone will put the Danes to flight,
The air that bears it would press down the foe.
Æl. Bertha, in vain thou wouldst me recreant do ;
I must, I will, fight for my country's weal,
And leave thee for it. Celmonde, swiftly go,
Tell my Brystowans[3] to be dight in steel ;
Tell them I scorn to ken them from afar,
But leave the virgin bridal bed for bed of war.
[*Exeunt* CELMONDE *and* Messenger.

LV.

Ber. And thou wilt go? Alas! my bursting[4] heart!
Æl. My country waits my march, I must away ;

---

[1] False spelling for *blynne*, to cease, which is, however, intransitive.

[2] A mistake for *bewrynde*, which is Rowleian for *revealed*.

[3] Men of Bristol.

[4] "Agroted," which means *cloyed*, as in Chaucer's Legend of Phyllis, 61 ; see *agrotone* in the Promptorium Parvulorum, ed. Way.

Albeit I should go to meet the dart
Of certain death, yet here I would not stay.
But thus to leave thee, Bertha, doth asswaie[1]
More torturing pains than can be said by tyngue.[2]
Yet rouse thy honour up, and wait the day,
When round about me songs of war they sing.
O Bertha, strive my sorrow to accaie,[3]
And joyous see my arms, dight out in war's array.

LVI.

Ber. Difficile[4] is the penance, yet I'll strive
To keep my wo deep hidden in my breast
Albeit naught may to me pleasure give,
Like thee, I'll strive to set my mind at rest.
Yet oh! forgive if I have thee distressed;
Love, doughty love, will bear no other sway.
Just as I was with Ælla to be blest,
Fate foully thus hath snatchèd him away.
It was a grief too weighty to be born,
Without a flood of tears and breast with sighs y-torn.

LVII.

Æl. Thy mind is now thyself; why wilt thou be
All fair, all kingly, all so wise in mind,
Only to let poor wretched Ælla see
What wondrous gems he now must leave behind.

---

[1] Probably *assay* is meant, with the signification *to cause to prove*. Bailey has "*assay*, to prove or try."

[2] False spelling for *tongue*.

[3] Asswage; falsely formed from Bailey's "*accoy*, to asswage."

[4] Difficult. Correctly used.

O Bertha fair, watch every coming wind,
On every wind I will a token send;
On my long shield thy name engraved thou'lt find;
But here comes Celmonde, worthy knight and friend.

Enter CELMONDE.

Cel. Thy Bristol knights for thy forth-coming lynge;[1]
Each one athwart his back his long war-shield doth sling.

LVIII.

Æl. Bertha, adieu; but yet I cannot go.
Ber. Life of my soul, my gentle Ælla, stay;
Torment me not with such a dreary woe.
Æl. I must; I will; 'tis honour calls away.
Ber. Alas! my bursting heart, break, break in twaie.[2]
Ælla, for honour, flies away from me!
Æl. Bertha, adieu; I may not here obaie.[3]
I'm flying from myself in flying thee. [*Exit.*
Ber. O Ælla, husband, friend, and loverde,[4] stay;
He's gone, he's gone, alas! perchance he's gone for aye. [*Exit.*

---

[1] False spelling for *long*.
[2] Twain.
[3] Evidently with the sense of *abide*; but there is no such word. Speght wrongly has "*Obay*, abide."
[4] Lord; from the A -S. *hlaford*, O. E. *louerd*, lord.

LIX. CELMOND, *alone.*

Cel. Hope, holy sister, sweeping through the sky
In crown of gold, and robe of lily white,
Which far abroad in gentle air doth fly,
Meeting from distance the delighted sight,
Albeit oft thou takest thy high flight
Wrapped in a mist, and with thine eyes yblent,[1]
Now comest thou to me with starry light;
Unto thy vest the red sun is adente;[2]
The summer tide and month of May appear
Painted with skilful hand upon thy wide aumere.[3]

LX.

I from a night of hopelen[4] am adawed,[5]
Astonished at the joyousness of day;
Ælla, by naught more than his myndbruche[6] awed,
Is gone, and I must follow to the fray;
Celmonde can ne'er from any bicker stay.
Doth war begin? There's Celmonde in the place;
But when the war is done, I'll haste away.
The rest from 'neath time's mask must shew its face.

---

[1] Blinded. [2] Bailey has "*adent*, to fasten."
[3] Bailey has "*aumere*, a welt, skirt, or border." But its real meaning is *a purse*, as in Chaucer.
[4] Rowleian for *hopelessness*.
[5] Bailey has "*adawe*, to awaken." See Chaucer.
[6] Bailey has "*mindburch*, a hurting of honour and worship."

I see unnumbered joys around me rise,
Clear[1] standeth future doom, and joy doth me
alyse.[2]

LXI.

Oh honour, honour, what is by thee hanne?[3]
Happy the robber and the bordelyer,[4]
Who knows thee not, or is to thee bestanne,[5]
And nothing does thy mickle terror fear;
Fain would I from my bosom all thee tear.
Thou there dost scatter wide thy lightning-
brand;
When withered is my soul, thou art the gare;[6]
Slain is my comfort by thy fiery hand;
As some tall hill, when winds do shake the
ground,
It carveth all abroad, by bursting secret wound.

LXII.

Honour! what is it? 'tis a shadow's shade,
A thing of witchcraft, or an idle dream,
One of the mysteries[7] which clerks have made,
Men without souls and women for to fleme.[8]
Knights, who oft know the loud din of the beme,[9]

---

[1] "Blake;" Bailey gives "*blake*, naked;" but it merely means *bleak*, *bare*. [2] Release.

[3] Had; false grammar. [4] One who haunts a brothel.

[5] Lost; from Kersey's "*bestad*, lost."

[6] Cause; from confusion with Bailey's "*gare*, to cause."

[7] "Fonnis;" from Bailey's "*fonnes*, devices." But *fonne* is the old word for *a fool*.

[8] To drive away; a genuine word.

[9] A.-S. *beme*, a trumpet.

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Should be forgarde[1] to such enfeebling ways,
Make every action, like their souls, be breme,[2]
And for their chivalry alone have praise.
Oh thou, whate'er thy name,
Or Zabulus[3] or Queed,[4]
Come, steel my sable sprite
For strange and doleful deed! [*Exit.*

LXIII. *Enter* MAGNUS, HURRA, *and* HIGH PRIEST, *with the* ARMY, *near Watchet.*

Mag. Quick, let the offerings to the Gods begin,
To know of them the issue of the fight.
Put the blood-stained sword and pavyes[5] in,
Spread quickly all around the holy light.

HIGH PRIEST *sings.*

Ye, who high in murky air
Deal the seasons foul or fair,
Ye, who, when ye were agguylte,[6]
The moon in bloody mantles[7] hylte,[8]
Moved the stars, and did unbind
Every barrier to the wind;

---

[1] Bailey has "*forgard*, lost." It should be *forgart*; see Allit. Poems, ed. Morris.
[2] Furious, very bold.
[3] Bailey has "*Zabulus*, the devil."
[4] "*Queed*, the devil;" Bailey.
[5] An error for *pavyse*, a large shield.
[6] Offended; cf. *agilt* in Chaucer.
[7] "Gyttelles;" evidently formed from Chaucer's *gyte*, a gown.
[8] Did hide; Bailey has "*hylted*, hid."

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When the surging waves distressed
Strove each to be overest,[1]
Sucking in the spire-girt town,
Swallowing whole nations down,
Sending death, on plagues astrodde,[2]
Moving like the earthès God,
To me send your hest divine,
Light enlighten all mine eyne,[3]
That I may now undevise[4]
All the actions of th' emprise.[5]
[*Falls down and rises again.*

Thus say the Gods ; " go, issue to the plain,
For there shall heaps of mighty men be slain."

LXIV.

Mag. Why, so there ever was, when Magnus fought,
Oft have I dealt destruction through the host ;
Through crossing swords, e'en like a fiend distraught,
Hath Magnus pressing wrought his foemen loaste.[6]
As when a tempest vexeth sore the coast,
The sounding surge the sandy strand doth tear,
So have I in the war the javelin toss'd,
Full many a champion's breast received my spear.

---

[1] Uppermost; Chaucer.
[2] Astride; false grammar.
[3] Eyes.
[4] Explain ; but the right word is *devise*, without the negative prefix.
[5] Enterprise.
[6] Loss ; a false form.

My shield, like summer marshy gronfer droke,[1]
My deadly spear is like a lightning-melted oak.

LXV.

Hur. Thy words are great, full high of sound, and eke
Like thunder, to the which doth come no rain.
It needeth not a doughty hand to speak;
The cock saith drefte,[2] yet armed is he alleyne.[3]
Certès thy wordès mightest thou have sayne[4]
Of me, and many more, who eke can fight,
Who oft have trodden down the adventayle,[5]
And torn the helms from heads of mickle might.
Since then such might is placèd in thy hand,
Let blows thine actions speak, and by thy courage stand.

LXVI.

Mag. Thou art a warrior, Hurra, that I ken,
And mickle famèd for thy handy deed.
Thou fightest but 'gainst maidens, and not men,
Nor e'er thou makest armed hearts to bleed.
Oft I, caparison'd on bloody steed,

---

[1] *Gronfer* has been explained by *fen-fire*, meteor, and may mean *ground-fire*; a *drock* is a watercourse, and there is a weed called a *droke*; and there is an old English word *druge*, dry. This line is however, in all probability, a riddle without an answer, and was intended to be so. The word "lightning-melted" in the next line is nonsense; it is meant to be "high of sound," as Hurra says. Cf. st. lxv.

[2] Explained by *least* by Chatterton, though it is not known where he found the word. In the line above, he wrongly puts *lacketh* for *needeth*

[3] Alone. [4] Said.

[5] Miswritten for *aventayle*, the part of the helmet which admits air.

Have seen thee close beneath me in the fight,
With corpses I investing[1] every mead.
And thou astonished, wondering at my might.
Then wouldest thou come in for my renome,[2]
Albeit thou would'st run away from bloody doom.

LXVII.

Hur. How! but be still, my rage—I know aright
Both thee and thine may not be worthy peene:[3]
Eftsoons I hope we shall engage in fight,
Then to the soldiers all thou wilt bewreene.[4]
I'll prove my courage on the armèd[5] green,
'Tis there alone I'll tell thee what I be.
If I wield not the deadly spear adeene,[6]
Then let my name be full as low as thee.
This my indented shield, this my war-spear
Shall tell the falling foe if Hurra's heart can fear.

LXVIII.

Mag. Magnus would speak, but that his noble sprite
Is so enraged, he knows not what to say.
He'd speak in blows, in drops of blood he'd write,
And on thy head would paint his might for aye.
If thou against a wolf's keen rage wouldst stay,
'Tis here to meet it; but if not, be goe,[7]
Lest I in fury should my arms display,

---

[1] Clothing. [2] Renown.
[3] False spelling for *pine*, punishment.
[4] Exhibit, disclose.
[5] "Burled." Borrowed from "*burled*, armed" in Bailey.
[6] A word wrongly formed from O. E. *digne*, worthy.
[7] Rowleian for *gone*.

Which to thy body will work mickle woe.
Oh! I am mad, distraught with burning rage,
Nor seas of smoking gore will my chaf'd heart
assuage.

LXIX.

Hur. I know thee, Magnus, well; a wight
thou art,
That dost but slide along in sad distress,
Strong bull in body, lion's cub in heart,
I almost wish thy prowess were made less!
When Ælla (named dressed up in ugsomness[1]
To thee and recreants) thundered on the plain,
How didst thou through the first of fliers press!
Swifter than feathered arrow didst thou reyne.[2]
A running prize on saint's day to ordain,
Magnus, and none but he, the running prize will gain.

LXX.

Mag. Eternal plagues devour thy cursed
tongue!
Myriads of adders prey upon thy sprite!
Mayst thou feel all the pains of age while young,
Unmann'd, uney'd, excluded aye the light,
Thy senses, like thyself, enwrapped in night,
A scoff to foemen, and to beasts a peer.[3]
May forkèd lightning on thy head alight,
May on thee fall the fury of th' unweere,[4]
Fen-vapours blast thy every manly power,
May thy curs'd body quick the loathsome pangs
devour!

---

[1] Terror. [2] Miswritten for O. E. *renne*, i. e. run.
[3] C. has "pheere," i. e. mate, companion; O. E. *fere*.
[4] Probably a storm, tempest; Dutch *onweder*.

LXXI.

Fain would I curse thee further, but my tyngue[1]
Denies my heart the favour so to do.
Hur. Now by the Dacian Gods, and Heaven's king,
With fury, as thou didst begin, pursue;
Call on my head all tortures that be rou,[2]
Curse on, till thine own tongue thy curses feel;
Send on my head the blighting levin blue,
The thunder loud, the swelling azure rele.[3]
Thy words are high of din, but naught beside,
Curse on, good chieftain, fight with words of mickle pride;

LXXII.

But do not waste thy breath, lest Ælla come.
Mag. Ælla and thou[4] together sink to hell!
Be your names blasted from the roll of doom!
I fear not Ælla, that thou knowest well.
Disloyal traitor, wilt thou now rebel?
'Tis knowèn, that thy men are link'd to mine,
Both sent, as troops of wolves to slaughter fell;
But now thou wantest[5] them to be all thine.
Now, by the Gods that rule the Dacian state,
Speak thou in rage once more, I will thee dysregate.[6]

---

[1] Rowleian for *tongue*.

[2] "*Rou*, ugly, froward."—*Bailey*. But *rou* is merely a misspelling of the O. E. *rowe*, rough.

[3] Wave, surge; wrongly adapted from O. E. *rele*, to roll.

[4] C. has "thee."

[5] "Lackest," wrongly; for *lack* never means *want* in the sense here used. Cf. note 2, p. 53.

[6] Sense uncertain, as there is no such word; perhaps it means *take away thy command*; or *renounce thee*.

LXXIII.

Hur. I prize thy threats just as I do thy banes,[1]
The seed of malice and resentment all.
Thou art a stain unto the name of Danes;
Thou only to thy tongue for proof canst call.
Thou art a worm so grovelling and small,
I with thy blood would scorn to foul[2] my sword.
But with thy weapons would upon thee fall,
And like thine own fear, slay thee with a word.
I Hurra am myself, and aye will be
As great in valorous acts and in command as thee.

LXXIV. *Enter a* Messenger.[3]

Mes. Cease your contentions, chiefs; for, as I stood
Upon my watch, I spied an army coming,
Not like a handful of a frighted foe,
But black with armour, moving terribly,
Like a black full cloud, that doth go along
To drop in hail, and hides the thunder-storm.

Mag. Are there many of them?

Mes. Thick as the ant-flies in a summer's noon,
Seeming as though they sting as sharply too.

LXXV.

Hur. What matters that? let's set our war-array.
Go, sound the trump, let champions prepare,
Not doubting we will sting as fast as they.

---

[1] Miswritten for *bannes*, curses.

[2] C. has *foul*; the proper old English word is *file*.

[3] This messenger, like a second one below, speaks in blank verse.

What? dost thou lose thy blood? is it for fear?
Wouldest thou gain the town and castle-stere,[1]
And yet not bicker with the soldier-guard?
Go, hide thee in my tent, beneath the lere,[2]
I of thy body will keep watch and ward.

Mag. Our Gods of Denmark know my heart is good—

Hur. For naught upon the earth, but to be raven's food!

LXXVI. *Enter a second* Messenger.

2 *Mes.* As from my tower I spied the coming foe,
I spied the crossèd shield and bloody sword,
The furious Ælla's banner; within ken
The army is. Disorder through our host
Is flying, borne on wings of Ælla's name;
Stir, stir, my lords.

Mag. What, Ælla! and so near!
Then Denmark's ruined. Oh! my rising fear!

LXXVII.

Hur. What dost thou mean? this Ælla's but a man.
Now by my sword, thou art a very berne.[3]
Of late I did thy coward valour scan,
When thou didst boast so much of action derne.[4]

---

[1] Perhaps *castle-stair*.

[2] Bailey has "*lere*, leather;" but *lere* generally means the complexion or skin of the face.

[3] Bairn, child. But *berne* in O. E. means either a *barn* or a *hero*.

[4] Bailey has "*dern*, sad, solitary; also barbarous or cruel." But its true meaning is *secret*.

But I to war my doings now must turn,
To cheer the soldiers on to desperate deed.
Mag. I to the knights on every side will burn
Telling them all to make their foemen bleed.
Since shame or death on either side will be,
My heart I will upraise, and in the battle slea.[1]
[*Exeunt.*

LXXVIII.

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, *and* Army, *near* WATCHET.

Æl. Now, having done our matins and our vows,
Let us for the intended fight be boune,[2]
And every champion put the joyous crown
Of certain victory upon his glist'ring brows.

LXXIX.

As for my heart, I own it is, as e'er
It hath been in the summer-shine of fate,
Unknowèn to the hideous garb of fear;
My swelling blood, with mastery elate,
Boils in my veins, and rolls in rapid state,
Impatient for to meet the piercing steel
And tell the world, that Ælla died as great
As any knight who fought for England's weal.
Friends, kin, and soldiers, in black armour drear,
My actions imitate, my present counsel hear.

LXXX.

There is no house, throughout this fate-scourged isle,
That hath not lost some kin in these fell fights;
Fat blood hath surfeited the hungry soil,

[1] Miswritten for *sle*, to slay. [2] Ready; a common word.

And towns aflame have gleamed upon the nights.
In robe of fire our holy church they dights,[1]
Our sons lie smothered in their smoking gore;
Up by the roots our tree of life they pights,[2]
Vexing our coast, as billows do the shore.
Ye men, if ye are men, display your name,
Consume their troops, as doth the roaring tempest flame.

LXXXI.

Ye Christians, do as worthy of the name,
These spoilers of our holy houses slea;[3]
Burst like a cloud from which doth come the flame,
Like torrents, gushing down the mountains, be.
And when along the green their champions flee,
Swift as the red consuming lightning-brand
That haunts the flying murderer o'er the lea,
So fly upon these spoilers of the land.
Let those that are unto their vessels[4] fled
Take sleep eterne upon a fiery flaming bed.

LXXXII.

Let coward London see her town on fire,
And strive with gold to stay the spoiler's hand;
Ælla and Bristol have a thought that's higher,

---

[1] Put for *dight*, i. e. deck.
Put for *pight*, with the sense of *pluck*; but *pight* means *pitched*, and never means either *plucked* or *pluck*.
Rowleian for *sle*, to slay.
[4] C. has "battayles;" apparently it means *little boats*, from the O. E. *bate*, a boat.

We fight not for ourselves, but all the land.
As Severn's eagre [1] layeth banks of sand,
Pressing it down beneath the running stream,
With horrid din engulfing the high strand,
Bearing the rocks along in fury breme,[2]
So will we bear the Dacian army down,
And through a storm of blood will reach the champion's crown.

LXXXIII.

If in this battle luck deserts our gare,[3]
To Bristol they will turn their fury dire;
Bristol, and all her joys, will sink to air,
Burning perforce with unaccustomed fire.
Then let our safety doubly move our ire,
As wolves, wide-roving for the evening prey,
Seeing the lamb and shepherd [4] near the briar,
Doth th' one for safety, th' one for hunger slay.
Then when the raven croaks upon the plain,
Oh! let it be the knell to mighty Dacians slain!

LXXXIV.

Like a red meteor shall my weapon shine,
Like a strong lion-cub I'll be in fight,

---

[1] The "eagre" (Chatterton has *hyger*) or "bore" of the Severn is a large and swift tide-wave which sometimes flows in from the Atlantic ocean with great force. Chatterton twice refers to it in the "Battle of Hastings."

[2] Furious.

[3] Cause; from confusion with Bailey's "*gare*, to cause."

[4] Chatterton has *shepster*, which means a *female sheep-shearer*; but he meant *shepherd*.

Like falling leaves the Dacians shall be slain,
Like loudly-dinning stream shall be my might.
Ye men, who would deserve the name of knight,
Let bloody tears by all your paves[1] be wept;
To coming times no pencil e'er shall write,
When England had her foemen, Bristol slept.
Yourselves, your children, and your fellows cry,
Go, fight in honour's cause, be brave, and win or die.

LXXXV.

I say no more; your souls the rest w'll say,
Your souls will shew that Bristol is their place;
To honour's house I need not mark the way,
In your own hearts ye may the foot-path trace.
'Twixt fate and us there is but little space;
The time is now to prove yourselves are men;
Draw forth the burnished bill with dexterous grace,
Rouse, like a wolf when rousing from his den.
Thus I unsheath my weapon. Go, thou sheath!
I'll put it not in place, till it is sick with death.

LXXXVI.

Sold. On, Ælla, on; we long for bloody fray,
We long to hear the raven[2] sing in vain;
On, Ælla, on; we, certès, gain the day,
When thou dost lead us to the deadly plain.

---

[1] Daggers; a word purely invented from observation of Bailey's "*pavade*, a dagger." But the word, which occurs in Chaucer's "Reves Tale," l. 9, is written *panade* in the MSS.

[2] The Danish standard bore a *raven*; cf. st. lxxxiii. l. 9.

Cel. Thy speech, O master, fireth the whole train;
They pant for war, as hunted wolves for breath.
Go, and sit crown'd on corpses of the slain,
Go thou and wield the massy sword of death.
Sold. From thee, O Ælla, all our courage reigns,
Each one in phantasy doth lead the Danes in chains.

LXXXVII.

Æl. My countrymen, my friends, your noble sprites
Speak in your eyes, and do your master tell,
Swift as the rain-storm to the earth alights,
So will we fall upon these spoilers fell.
Our mowing swords shall plunge them down to hell,
Their thronging corpses shall obscure the stars;
The barrows[1] bursting with the slain shall swell,
Shewing to coming times our famous wars;
In every eye I see the flame of might,
Shining abroad e'en like a hill-fire in the night.

LXXXVIII.

When pencils of our famous fight shall say,
Each one will marvel at the valiant deed;
Each one will wish that he had seen the day,
And bravely helped to make the foemen bleed.
But for their help our battle will not need,
Our force is force enough to stay their hand.

[1] Tumuli, burial-mounds.

We will return unto this verdant mead,
O'er corpses of the foemen of the land.
Now to the war let all the slogans[1] sound,
The Dacian troops appear on yonder rising ground.

LXXXIX.

Chiefs, head your bands, and lead.

DANES *flying, near* WATCHET.

1 *Da.* Fly, fly, ye Danes! Magnus, the chief, is slain,
The Saxons come with Ælla at their head;
Let's strive to get away to yonder green,
Fly, fly; this is the kingdom of the dead.
2 *Da.* O gods! have thousands by my weapon bled,
And must I now for safety fly away?
See! far dispersèd all our troops are spread,
Yet I will singly dare the bloody fray.
But no! I'll fly, and murder in retreat,
Death, blood, and fire shall mark the going of my feet.

XC.

3 *Da.* Intending to escape the fiery foe,
As near unto the billow'd beach I came,
Far off I spied a sight of mickle woe,
Our lofty vessels wrapped in sails of flame;
The armèd Dacians, who were in the same,
From side to side fled the pursuit of death,

[1] Chatterton has "slughorns."

The swelling fire their courage doth inflame,
They leap into the sea, and bubbling yield their
breath;
Whilst those that are upon the bloody plain,
Are death-doomed captives ta'en, or in the battle
slain.

XCI.

Hur. Now by the gods, Magnus, discourteous
knight,
By craven conduct hath achieved our woe,
Expending all the tall men in the fight
And placing valorous men where dregs might go.
Since then our fortune thus hath turnèd so,
Gather the soldiers left to future shappe,[1]
To some new place for safety we will go,
In future day we will have better hap.
Sound the loud slogan for a quick forloyne,[2]
Let all the Dacians quickly to our banner join.

XCII.

Through hamlets we will scatter death and dole,
Bathe in hot gore, and wash ourselves therein;
Gods! here the Saxons, like a billow, roll,
I hear the clashing swords' detested din!
Away, away, ye Danes, to yonder penne,[3]
We now will make retreat, in time to fight again.
[*Exeunt.*

---

[1] Bailey has "*shap*, fate or destiny;" and Bailey is wrong.

[2] Bailey has "*forloyn*, a retreat, when the dogs are called off from a wrong scent."

[3] Top of a hill; miswritten for *pen*, the well-known Welsh word.

XCIII. *Enter* CELMOND, *near* WATCHET.

Oh for a soul all fire! to tell the day,
The day which shall astound the hearer's rede,
Making our foemen's envying hearts to bleed,
And bearing through the world our name, renowned
for aye.

XCIV.

Bright sun had in his ruddy robes been dight,
From the red East he flitted with his train,
The hoürs drew away the robe of night,[2]
Her sable tapestry was rent in twain.
The dancing streaks bedeckèd heaven's plain,
And on the dew did smile with shimmering eye,
Like drops of blood which do black armour
stain,
Shining upon the borne[3] which standeth by.
The soldiers stood upon the hillès side,
Like young enleafèd trees which in a forest bide.

XCV.

Ælla rose like the tree beset with briars,
His tall spear shining like the stars at night,
His eyes appearing like a flame of fire;
When he exhorted every man to fight,
His gentle words did move each valorous knight.

---

[1] Thought or attention; but it means *advice*.

[2] Cf. Pope's Iliad, v. 927; and Milton, P. L. vi. 3.

[3] Burnish. The "borne which standeth by" undoubtedly means "the burnish close by the spots." It is not very good sense, and Dr. Milles and Bryant have written ridiculous notes about it. *Borne* for *burnish* is found in Skinner, and this interpretation is *Chatterton's own*.

It moveth them, as hunters lyoncels ;[1]
In trebled armour is their courage dight,
Each warring heart for praise and glory swells;
Like sluggish dinning of the winding stream,
Such did the murmuring sound of the whole army seem.

XCVI.

He leads them on to fight. Oh! then to say
How Ælla looked, and looking did encheere,[2]
Aye moving like a mountain in affraie,[3]
When a loud whirlwind doth its bosom tear.
To tell how every look would banish fear
Would ask an angel's pencil or his tongue.
Like a tall rock that riseth heaven-were,[4]
Like a young wolf most furious and strong,
So did he go, and mighty warriors head,
With gore-depicted wings Victory around him fled.

XCVII.

The battle joined ; swords upon swords did ring ;
Ælla was chafed, as lions maddened be ;
Like falling stars, he did the javelin fling,
His mighty broadsword mighty men did slea,[5]
Where he did come, the frighted foe did flee,
Or fell beneath his hand, as falling rain ;
With such a fury he did on them dree,

---

[1] Bailey has "*lioncel*, a lion's whelp, or young lion."
[2] Encourage.
[3] Probably *terror*; but this gives no good sense.
[4] Rowleian for *heaven-ward*.
[5] Rowleian for *sle*, i.e. slay.
[6] Possibly meant for *drive*; the meaning of O.E. *dree* is to hold out, endure.

Hills of their bodies rose upon the plain.
Ælla, thou art—but stay, my tongue, say nee;[1]
How great I him may make, still greater he will be.

XCVIII.

Nor did his soldiers see his acts in vain;
Here a stout Dane upon his comrade fell,
Here lord and peasant sank upon the plain,
Here son and father trembled into hell.
Chief Magnus sought his way, and, shame to tell,
He sought his way for flight; but Ælla's spear
Upon the flying Dacian's shoulder fell
Quite through his body, and his heart it tare;
He groaned, and sank upon the gory green,
And with his corse encreased the piles of Dacians sleen.[2]

XCIX.

Spent with the fight, the Danish champions stand,
Like bulls whose strength and wondrous might are fled;
Ælla, a javelin gripp'd in either hand,
Flies to the throng, and dooms two Dacians dead.
After his act, the army all y-sped;[3]
From every one unmissing javelins flew;
They drew their doughty swords, the foemen bled;
Full three of four of mighty Danes they slew.
The Danes, with terror ruling at their head,
Threw down their banner tall, and like a raven fled.

---

[1] Rowleian for *not* or *naught*.
[2] Slain.
[3] Sped after him; wrongly used.

C.

The soldiers followed with a mighty cry,
Cries that might well the stoutest hearts affray.[1]
Swift as their ships, the vanquished Dacians fly;
Swift as the rain upon an April day,
Pressing behind, the English soldiers slay;
But half the tenths of Danish men remain.
Ælla commands they should the slaughter stay,
But bind them prisoners on the bloody plain.
The fighting being done, I came away,
In other fields to fight a more unequal fray.

CI. *Enter a* Squire.

My servant squire, prepare a flying horse,
Whose feet are wings, whose pace is like the wind,
Who will outstrip the morning light in course,
Leaving the mantle of the dark behind;
Some secret matters do my presence find.
Give out to all that I was slain in fight;
If in this cause thou dost my order mind,
When I return, thou shalt be made a knight.
Fly, fly, be gone! an hoür is a day,
Quick dight my best of steeds, and bring him here;
away! [*Exit* Squire.

CII.

Ælla is wounded sore, and in the town
He waiteth, till his wounds be brought to ethe.[2]
And shall I from his brows pluck off the crown,
Making the victor in his victory blethe?[3]

---

[1] Terrify.
[2] Rowleian for *ease*, relief, healing.
[3] Probably put for "bleed."

Oh no! full sooner should my heart's blood
smethe,[1]
Full sooner would I tortured be to death!
But—Bertha is the prize; ah! it were ethe,[2]
To gain so fair a prize with loss of breath
But then renown eterne—it is but air,
Bred in the phantasy, and only living there.

CIII.

Albeit everything in life conspire
To tell me of the fault I now should do,
Yet would I recklessly[3] assuage my fire,
And the same means, as I shall now, pursue.
The qualities I from my parents drew
Were blood and murder, mastery and war;
These will I hold to now, and heed no moe[4]
A wound in honour than a body-scar.
Now, Ælla, now I'm planting of a thorn,
By which thy peace, thy love, thy glory shall be
torn. [*Exit.*

CIV. *Scene*, BRISTOL. *Enter* BERTHA *and* EGWINA.

Ber. Gentle Egwina, do not preach me joy;
I cannot join in any thing but weere.[5]
Oh! that aught should our happiness destroy,
Flooding the face with woe and briny tear!
Egw. You must, you must endeavour for to
cheer

---

[1] Rowleian for "smoke."
[2] Easy; cf. Old Eng. *uneth*, uneasy.
[3] C. has "battentlie," which is for *bataauntliche*, hastily or boldly, an uncommon word occurring in Piers the Plowman
[4] More.
[5] Rowleian for *grief*; its true sense is *doubt*.

Your heart unto some comfortable rest.
Your loverde [1] from the battle will appear,
In honour and in greater love be dress'd;
But I will call the minstrels' roundelay,
Perchance the pleasant sound may chase your grief away. [*Enter* Minstrels.

CV. *Song.*

Oh sing unto my roundelay,
Oh drop the briny tear with me,
Dance no more on holiday;
Like a running river be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

CVI.

Black his hair as the winter night,[2]
White his skin as the summer snow,
Red his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

CVII.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note.
Quick in dance as thought can be,
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
Oh! he lies by the willow-tree.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow-tree.

---

[1] A.-S. *hlaford*, a lord.
[2] Cf. Hamlet, a. iv. sc. v. ll. 192-5

CVIII.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the briar'd dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares, as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

CIX.

See! the white moon shines on high,
Whiter is my true love's shroud,
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

CX.

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
Shall the barren flowers be laid;
Not one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

CXI.

With my hands I'll fix the briars,
Round his holy corse to gre,[1]
Elfin fairies, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

[1] Grow.

CXII.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

CXIII.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,[1]
Bear me to your lethal tide.
I die! I come! my true love waits;—
Thus the damsel spake and died.

Ber. This singing hath whate'er can make it please,
But my unhappy fate bereaves me of all ease.
[*Exeunt.*

CXIV. *Scene,* WATCHET. ÆLLA, *alone.*

Æl. Curse on my tardy wounds! bring me a steed!
I will away to Bertha by to-night;
Albeit from my wounds my soul doth bleed,
I will away, and die within her sight.
Bring me a steed, with eagle-wings for flight;
Swift as my wish, and, as my love is, strong.
The Danes have wrought me mickle woe in fight,
In keeping me from Bertha's arms so long.
Oh! what a doom was mine, since mastery
Can give no pleasure, nor my land's good leme[2] mine eye!

---

1 Put for *reites* or *reates,* water-flags.

2 The sense is—nor my country's welfare enlighten (or brighten) my eye. But *leme,* to *gleam,* is an intransitive verb.

CXV.

Ye Gods, how is a lover s temper formed!
Sometimes the same thing will both ban and bless;
One time enchilled, then by the same thing warm'd,
First forth extended, and again brought less.
'Tis Bertha's loss which doth my thoughts possess.
I will, I must away; why stays my steed?
My servants,[1] hither haste; prepare a dress
Which couriers in hasty journies need.
Oh heavens! I must away to Bertha's eyne,
For in her looks I find my being doth entwine.
[*Exit.*

CXVI. *Scene*, BRISTOL. CELMOND, *alone.*

The world is dark with night; the winds are still,
Faintly the moon her pallid light makes gleam,
The risen sprites the silent churchyard[2] fill,
With elfin fairies joining in the dream;
The forest shineth with the silver leme;[3]
Now may my love be sated in its treat;
Upon the brink of some swift running stream,
At the sweet banquet I will sweetly eat.
This is the house; quickly, ye hinds, appear.

Enter a Servant.

Cel. Go tell to Bertha straight, a stranger waiteth here.
[*Exit* Servant. *Soon after, enter* BERTHA.

---

[1] C. has *hus-carles*, house-churls.

[2] C. has *letten*, put for the provincial English *litten*, a churchyard.

[3] Gleam.

CXVII.

Ber. Celmond! ye saints! I hope thou hast
good news.
Cel. The hope is lost; for heavy news prepare.
Ber. Is Ælla well?
Cel. He is; and still may use
The hidden[1] blessings of a future year.
Ber. What heavy tidings then have I to fear?
Of what mischance didst thou so lately say?
Cel. For heavy tidings quickly now prepare;
Ælla sore wounded is, in bickerous fray;
In Wedëcester's wallèd town he lies.
Ber. Alas! my swelling breast!
Cel. Without your sight, he dies.

CXVIII.

Ber. Will Bertha's presence ease her Ælla's
pain?
I fly; new wings do from my shoulders spring.
Cel. My steed without will deftly bear us
twain.
Ber. Oh! I will fly as wind, and noway
lynge;[2]
Swiftly caparisons for riding bring.
I have a mind winged with the lightning's plume.
O Ælla! Ælla! didst thou ken the sting,
The which doth canker in my hertys[3] room,
Thou wouldst see plain thyself the cause to be.
Arise, upon thy love, and fly to meeten me.

---

[1] C. has *behylte*, probably from Bailey's "*hylted*, hid."
[2] Improperly contracted from *linger*, or wrongly taken from Bailey's "*lynne*, to loiter."
[3] Heart's (wrongly); the old genitive case is *herte*.

CXIX.

Cel. The steed on which I came is swift as air,
My servitors do wait me near the wood;
Anon with me unto the place repair,
To Ælla will I give you conduct good.
Your eyes, e'en like a balm, will staunch his blood,
Heal up his wounds, and give his heart all cheer
Upon your eyes he holds his livelihood;
You do his sprite and all his pleasure bear.
Come, let's away, albeit it is moke,[1]
Yet love will be a torch to turn to fire night's smoke.

CXX.

Ber. Albeit tempests did the welkin rend,
And rain, like falling rivers, fierce did be
And earth with air enchafèd did contend,
And every breath of wind with plagues did sle,[2]
Yet I to Ælla's eyes eftsoons would flee.
Albeit hawthorns did my flesh enseam,
Owlets, with shrieking, shaking every tree,
And water-adders wriggling in each stream,
Yet would I fly, nor under covert stay,
But seek my Ælla out; brave Celmond, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

CXXI. *Scene, a Wood. Enter* HURRA *and* DANES.

Hur. Here in this forest let us watch for prey,
Awreaking on our foemen our ill war;
Whatever shall be English we will slay,
Spreading our terrible renown afar.

---

[1] Put for *mirke*, dark. [2] Slay.

Ye Dacian men, if Dacian men ye are,
Let naught but blood sufficient for you be;
On every breast in gory letters scar,
What sprites ye have, and how those sprites may dree.[1]
And if ye get away to Denmark's shore,
Eftsoons we will return, and vanquished be no more.

CXXII.

The battle lost a battle was indeed;
Not fiends themselves could stand so hard a fray;
Our very armour and our helms did bleed,
The Dacian's sprites, like dew-drops, fled away.
It was an Ælla did command the day;
In spite of foeman, I must say his might.
But we in peasant's[2] blood the loss will pay,
Shewing[3] that we know how to win in fight.
We will, like wolves enloosed from chains, destroy,
Our arms, like winter night, shut out the day of joy.

CXXIII.

When swift-foot time doth roll the day along,
Some hamlet shall unto our fiery brend;[4]
Bursting e'en like a rock, or mountain strong,

---

[1] Endure, hold out. Bailey has "*drien*, to endure, to suffer. *Chaucer.*"

[2] C. has *hyndlettes*, an unused diminutive of *hind*.

[3] C. has *Brynnynge*, i. e. burning; this is an obvious blunder for *bewreenynge*, which is Rowleian for *shewing*.

[4] For *brand*; improperly.

The tall church-spire upon the green shall bend;
We will the walls and ancient towers rend,
Raze[1] every tree which golden fruit doth bear,
Down to the gods the owners thereof send,
Besprinkling all abroad sad war and bloody weere.[2]
But first to yonder oak-tree we will fly
And thence will issue out on all that cometh by.
[*Exeunt.*

CXXIV. *Another part of the Wood; enter* CELMOND *and* BERTHA.

Ber. This darkness doth affray my woman's breast;
How sable is the spreading sky array'd!
Happy the cottager, who lives to rest,
Nor is at night's affrighting[3] hue dismayed.
The stars do scantily the sable braid;[4]
Wide are the silver gleams of comfort wove.
Speak, Celmond, does it make thee not afraid?
Cel. Darker the night, the fitter time for love.
Ber. Sayest thou for love? ah! love is far away.
Fain would I see once more the ruddy beams of day.

CXXV.

Cel. Love may be nigh, would Bertha call it here.
Ber. How, Celmond, dost thou mean?

---

[1] C. has the unmeaning word *pete*, perhaps for *bete*.
[2] Grief; but it means *doubt*.
[3] C. has *nyghtys flemynge*; Bailey gives "*flemed*, daunted or frighted."
[4] Embroider.

Cel. This Celmond means—
No beam, no eyes, nor mortal men appear,
Nor light, an act of love for to bewreen;[1]
Naught in this forest but this torch doth sheen,[2]
The which, put out, doth leave the whole in night.
See! how the branching trees do here entwine,
Making this bower so pleasing to the sight;
This was for love first made, and here it stands,
That herein lovers may enlink in true love's bands.

CXXVI.

Ber. Celmond, speak what thou mean'st, or else my thought
Perchance may rob thy honesty so fair.
Cel. Then hear, and know, hereto I have you brought,
My long-hid love unto you to make clear.
Ber. Oh heaven and earth! what is it I do hear?
Am I betrayed? where is my Ælla, say?
Cel. Oh do not now to Ælla such love bear,
But some bestow on Celmond's head.
Ber. Away!
I will begone, and grope my passage out,
Albeit adder's stings my legs do twine about.

CXXVII.

Cel. Now, by the saints, I will not let thee go,
Until thou dost my burning love abate.[3]

---

[1] Betray. [2] Shine.
[3] C. has *amate*; but to *amate* is to discourage, the reverse of the sense.

Those eyes have causèd Celmond mickle woe,
Then let their smile first take him in regrate.[1]
O! didst thou see my breastès troubled state.
Where love doth harrow up my joy and ethe![2]
I wretched am, beyond the help of fate,
If Bertha still will make my heart-strings blethe.[3]
Soft as the summer flowerets, Bertha, look,
Full ill can I thy frowns and hard displeasure brook.

CXXVIII.

Ber. Thy love is foul; I would be deaf for aye,
Rather than hear such deslavatie[4] said;
Fly quickly from me, and no further say,
Rather than hear thy love, I would be dead.
Ye saints! and shall I wrong my Ælla's bed?
And would thou, Celmond, tempt me to this thing?
Let me be gone—all curses on thy head!
Was it for this thou didst a message bring?
Let me begone, thou man of sable heart,
Or heaven and her stars will take a maiden's part.

CXXIX.

Cel. Sithence you will not let my suit avail,
My love will have its joy, although with guilt;
Your limbs shall bend, albeit strong as steel,

---

[1] Favour; taken from Bailey's erroneous "*regrate*, regret, sorrow; also courtesy, esteem."
[2] Ease (wrongly). [3] Bleed (wrongly).
[4] This curious word is made up from Bailey's "*deslavy*, lecherous, beastly," which he wrongly fathers upon Chaucer.

The murky season will your blushes hylte.[1]
Ber. Help, help, ye saints! Oh that my blood was spilt!
Cel. The saints at distance stand in time of need;
Strive not to go; thou canst not, if thou wilt.
Unto my wish be kind, and naught else heed.
Ber. No, foul deceiver![2] I will rend the air
Till death doth stay my din, or some kind traveller[3] hear,

CXXX.

Help, help, oh God!

Enter HURRA *and* DANES.

Hur. Ah! that's a woman cries.
I know them; say, who are you, that be there?
Cel. Ye hinds, away! or by this sword ye dies.
Hur. Thy words will ne'er my hart is sete affear.[4]
Ber. Save me! oh save me from this spoiler here!
Hur. Stand thou by me; now say thy name and land,
Or quickly shall my sword thy body tear.
Cel. Both will I shew thee by my furious[5] brand.
Hur. Beset him round, ye Danes.
Cel. Come on and see
If my strong anlace[6] may discover what I be.

[*All fight against* CELMOND; *he slays many Danes, but falls before* HURRA.

[1] Hide. But the proper word is *hele*.
[2] C. has *bestoykerre*, from Bailey's "*bestoike*, to betray;" but *bestoike* in Bailey is a *misprint* for *beswike*.
[3] C. has *roder*, i. e. roader, a traveller by road; a word not used elsewhere.
[4] *i. e.* terrify my heart's seat or settled purpose.
[5] C. has *brondeous*, from Bailey's "*brond*, fury, rage." Bailey is probably wrong here.
[6] Sword.

CXXXI.

Cel. Oh! oh! I am forslain! Ye Danes, now ken
I am that Celmond, second in the fight,
Who did, at Watchet, so forslay your men.
I feel mine eyes to swim in eterne night:—
To her be kind. [*Dies.*
Hur. Then fell a worthy knight.
Say, who art thou?
Ber. I am great Ælla's wife.
Hur. Ah!
Ber. If against him ye harbour foul despite,
Now with the deadly anlace[1] take my life.
My thanks I ever on you will bestow,
From ewbryce[2] you me plucked, the worst of mortal woe.

CXXXII.

Hur. I will; it shall be so; ye Dacians, hear.
This Ælla, he hath been our foe for aye.
Thórough the battle he did furious tear,
Being the life and head of every fray;
From every Dacian power he won the day,
Magnus he slew, and all our ships he brent.[3]
By his fell arm we now are made to stray,
The spear of Dacia he in pieces shent.[4]
When hunted barks unto our land did come,
Ælla the cause they said, and wished him bitter doom.

---

[1] Sword.
[2] Adultery; from the A.-S. *æw-brece*. The spelling is from Bailey. [3] Burnt.
[4] Brake. But the right meaning is *disgraced*.

CXXXIII.

Ber. Mercy!
Hur. Be still.
But yet he is a foeman good and fair,
When we are spent, he soundeth the forloyne;[1]
The captive's chain he tosseth in the air,
Cheereth the wounded both with bread and wine.
Hath he not unto some of them been digne?[2]
Ye would have smoked on Wedëcestrian field,
But he behylte[3] the slogan for to cleyne,[4]
Throwing on his wide back his wider-spreading shield.
When ye, as captives, in the field did be,
He oathed[5] you to be still, and straight did set you free.

CXXXIV.

Shall we then slay his wife, because he's brave?
Because he fighteth for his country's gare?[6]
Will he, who late hath been this Ælla's slave,
Rob him of what perchance he holdeth dear?
Or shall we men of manly sprites appear,
Doing him favour for his favour done,
Swift to his palace this fair damsel bear,
Declare our case, and to our way be gone?
The last you do approve; so let it be.
Fair damsel, come away; you safe shall be with me.

---

[1] Retreat; from Bailey, who gives "*forloyn*, a retreat when the dogs are called off from a wrong scent."

[2] Worthy, kind. But it is never used in the sense of *kind*

[3] Commanded; but there is no such word.

[4] To sound. Whence derived is not clear; for there is no such word.

[5] Took oaths of you, made you swear; there is no such verb.

[6] Cause (wrongly).

CXXXV.

Ber. All blessings may the saints unto you give!
All pleasure may your lengthened livings be!
Ælla, when knowing that by you I live,
Will think too small a gift the land and sea.
O Celmond! I may deftly read by thee,
What ill betideth the enfoulèd kind.
May not thy cross-stone[1] of thy crime bewree![2]
May all men know thy valour, few thy mind!
Soldier! for such thou art in noble fray,
I will thy goings 'tend,[3] and do thou lead the way.

CXXXVI.

Hur. The morning 'gins along the east to sheene;
Darkling the light doth on the waters play,
The faint red gleam slow creepeth o'er the green,
To chase the murkiness of night away;
Swift fly the hours that will bring out the day.
The soft dew falleth on the growing grass;
The shepherd-maiden, dighting her array,
Scarce sees her visage in the wavy glass.
By the full daylight we shall Ælla see,
Or Bristol's wallèd town; fair damsel, follow me.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene, BRISTOL. *Enter* ÆLLA *and* Servants.

CXXXVII.

Æl. 'Tis now full morn. I thought, e'en by last night,
To have been here; my steed hath not *my* love

[1] Monument. [2] Bewray.
[3] Attend, but old English words are never thus abbreviated.

This is my palace; let my hinds alight,
Whilst I go up, and wake my sleeping dove.
Stay here, my servants; I shall go above.
Now, Bertha, will thy look soon heal my sprite,
Thy smiles unto my wounds a balm will prove,
My leaden body will be set aright.
Egwina. haste, and ope the portal-door,
That I on Bertha's breast may think of war no more.

CXXXVIII. *Enter* EGWINA.

Egw. Oh, Ælla!
Æl. Ah! that countenance to me
Speaketh a legendary tale of woe.
Egw. Bertha is—
Æl. What? where? how? say, what of she?[1]
Egw. Gone—
Æl. Gone! ye gods!
Egw. Alas! it is too true.
Ye saints, he dies away with mickle woe!
Ælla! what? Ælla! Oh! he lives again!
Æl. Call me not Ælla; I am he[2] no moe.[3]
Where is she gone away? ah! speak! how? when?
Egw. I will.
Æl. Caparison a score of steeds; fly, fly.
Where is she? quickly speak, or instant thou shalt die.

CXXXIX.

Egw. Still thy loud rage, and hear thou what I know.
Æl. Oh, speak.

---

[1] Bad grammar. [2] C. has *him*. [3] More.

Egw. Like primrose, drooping with the heavy rain,
Last night I left her, drooping with her weere,[1]
Her love the cause that gave her heart such pain.
Æl. Her love! to whom?
Egw. To thee, her spouse alleyne.[2]
As is my custom every morn to go,
I went, and oped her chamber-door in twain,
But found her not, as I was wont to do.
Then all around the palace I did seere,[3]
But could, to my heart's woe, not find her any where.

CXL.

Æl. Thou liest, foul hag! thou liest! thou art her aid
To cheer her lust:—but no; it cannot be.
Egw. If truth appear not in what I have said,
Draw forth thine anlace,[4] quickly then me sle.[5]
Æl. But yet it must, it must be so; I see,
She with some lusty paramour is gone.
It must be so.—Oh! how it racketh me!
My race of love, my race of life, is run.
Now rage, and furious storm, and tempest come!
Naught living upon earth can now make sweet my doom.

Enter a Servant.

CXLI.

Serv. My lord! I am about the truth to say.
Last night, full late I did return to rest;
As to my chamber I did bend my way,

---

[1] Grief (wrongly). [2] Bad spelling for *alone*.
[3] Rowleian for *search*. [4] Sword. [5] Slay.

To Bertha one his name and place addressed ;
Down to him came she, but thereof the rest
I know no matter ; so, my homage made—
Æl. Oh ! speak no more ; my heart flames in its hest.
I once was Ælla, now am not his[1] shade.
Had all the fury of misfortune's will
Fall'n on my bannèd head, I had been Ælla still.

CXLII.

This only was unarmed, of all my sprite :
My honour, honour, frowned on the soft[2] wind
That steekèd[3] on it ; now with rage I'm pight ;[4]
A furious tempest is my tortured mind.
My honour yet some driblet joy may find,
To the Dane's wounds I will another give.
When thus my glory and my peace is rynde,[5]
It were a cowardice to think to live.
My servants, unto every asker tell,
If nobly Ælla lived, as nobly Ælla fell !
[*Stabs his breast.*

CXLIII.

Ser. Ælla is slain ; the flower of England's marred !
Æl. Be still ; loud let the churches ring my knell.

---

[1] C. has *yttes*, a word not used in early English, and not suitable here.

[2] C. has *dolce*, from Bailey's "*Dolce* (in Musick Books) signifies soft and sweet."

[3] Stole (on Chatterton's authority only). Hence *steeked on* is *stole upon*.

[4] Plucked, tortured ; a wrong meaning.

[5] Rowleian for *ruined*.

Call hither brave Coërnyke; he, as ward
Of this my Bristol castle, will do well.

Knell rings. *Enter* COERNYKE.

Æl. (*to Coer.*) Thee I ordain the ward; so all may tell.
I have but little time to drag this life;
My deadly tale, e'en like a deadly bell,
Sound in the ears of her I wish'd my wife.
But ah! she may be fair.[1]
Egw. That she must be.
Æl. Ah! say not so; that word would Ælla doubly sle.

CXLIV. *Enter* BERTHA *and* HURRA.

Æl. Ah! Bertha here!
Ber. What sound is this? what means this lethal knell?
Where is my Ælla? speak; where? how is he?
Oh Ælla! art thou then alive and well?
Æl. I live indeed; but do not live for thee.
Ber. What means my Ælla?
Æl. Here my meaning see.
Thy foulness urged my hand to give this wound;
It me unsprites.
Ber. It hath unsprited me.
Æl. Ah heavens! my Bertha falleth to the ground!
But yet I am a man, and so will be.
Hur. Ælla! I am a Dane, but yet a friend to thee.

---

[1] He means *chaste*; see st. cxlv. l. 9.

CXLV.

This damoisel I found within a wood,
Striving full hard against an armèd swain.
I sent him wallowing in my comrades' blood,
Celmond his name, chief of thy warring train.
This damoisel sought to be here again,
The which, albeit foemen, we did will;
So here we brought her with you to remain.
Coer. Ye noble Danes! with gold I will you fill.
Æl. Bertha, my life! my love! Oh, she is fair.
What faults could Bertha have? what faults could
Ælla fear?

CXLVI.

Ber. Am I then thine? I cannot blame thy
fear,
But rest me here upon my Ælla's breast.
I will to thee bewray the woeful gare.[1]
Celmond did come to me at time of rest,
Praying for me to fly, at your request,
To Watchet town, where you deceasing lay.
I with him fled; through a dark wood we pressed,
Where he foul love unto my ears did say;
The Danes—
Æl. Oh! I die content.— [*Dies.*
Ber. Oh! is my Ælla dead?
Oh! I will make his grave my virgin spousal bed.
[BERTHA *faints.*

CXLVII.

Coer. What? Ælla dead? and Bertha dying
too?
So fall the fairest flowerets of the plain.

[1] Cause (wrongly).

Who can unfold the works that heaven can do,
Or who untwist the roll of fate in twain?
Ælla, thy glory was thy only gain,
For that, thy pleasure and thy joy was lost.
Thy countrymen shall rear thee on the plain
A pile of stones,[1] as any grave can boast.
Further, a just reward [2] to thee to be,
In heaven thou sing of God, on earth we'll sing of thee.

---

[1] C. has "A pyle of carnes," not being aware, it would appear, that a *cairn* is the *pile itself*.

[2] C. has *amede*, which is a wrong spelling for *mede*, *i. e.* meed, reward.

GODDWYN.

A TRAGEDY BY THOMAS ROWLEIE.

PROLOGUE

MADE BY MAISTRE WILLIAM CANYNGE.

I.

WHILOM by writers much ungentle name
Hath upon Godwin, Earl of Kent, been laid,
Thereby depriving him of faith and fame;
Ungentle divinistres[1] e'en have said,
That he was knowen to no holy wurche;[2]
But this was all his fault, he gifted not the church.

II.

The author of this piece which we enact,
Although a clergyman, the truth will write;

[1] C. has "Unliart divinistres." The former word is due to Bailey's "*Liart*, gentle, pliant. *Chaucer*," though in Chaucer it means *grey*. The latter is from Bailly's "*Divinistre*, a divine or Doctor of Divinity."

[2] Work.

In drawing of his men, no wit is lacked,
Even[1] a king might be well pleased tonight.
Attend, and mark the parts now to be done,
We, better for to do, do challenge[2] any one.

---

[1] C. has "entyn," from Kersey's "*Eutyn*, even."
[2] C. has "champyon," which was not used as a verb in the fifteenth century.

GODDWYN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HAROLDE, by T. Rowleie, *the Author*.
GODDWYN, by Johan de Iscamme.
EDWARDE, by Sir Thybbot Gorges.
ALSTAN, by Sir Alan de Vere.
KYNGE EDWARDE, by Master Willyam Canynge.

Others by Knights and Minstrels.

Enter GODDWYN *and* HAROLDE.

1. *Goddwyn.*

HAROLD!

Har. My loverde![1]

God. O! I weep to think
What foemen rise up to devour the land
They batten on her flesh, her heart's blood drink,
And all is granted from the royal hand.

---

[1] Lord.

Har. Let not thy grievance[1] cease, nor aledge[2] stand.
Am I to weep? I weep in tears of gore.
Am I betrayed? So should my burly brand
Depict the wrongs on him from whom I bore.[3]

II.

God. I know thy sprite full well; gentle thou art,
Strong, dreadful, rough, as smoking armies seem;
Yet oft, I fear, thy heat's too great a part,
And that thy counsel's oft born down by breme.[4]
What tidings from the king?
Har. His Normans know;
I make no comrade of the shimmering train.
God. Ah Harold! 'tis a sight of mickle woe,
To know these Normans every glory gain.
What tidings with the folk?

III.

Har. Still murmuring at their fate, still to the king
They roll their troubles, like a surgy sea.
Hath England then a tongue, but not a sting?
Do all complain, yet none will righted be?
God. Await the time, when God will send us aid.

---

[1] C. has "agreme," made from Bailey's "*Agramed*, grieved."

[2] Bailey has "*Aledge*. to diminish, allay, ease, excuse;" hence C. has "aledge stonde," to become allayed.

[3] *i. e.* from whom I bore or received them.

[4] Fury; from Bailey's "*Breme*, furiously." But *breme* was not a substantive in the fifteenth century.

Har. No; we must strive to aid ourselves
with power.
When God will send us aid! 'tis bravely prayed!
Must we thus cast away the livelong hour?
Thus cross our arms, and not to live dareygn,[1]
Unburlèd, undelievre, unespryte?[2]
Far from my heart be fled that thought of pain,
I'll free my country, or I'll die in fight.

IV.

God. But let us wait until some season fit.
My Kentishmen, thy Somertons[3] shall rise;
Prowess adapted to the garb of wit,
Again the argent[4] horse shall dance in skies.
Oh Harold, here distracting wanhope[5] lies.
England, oh England, 'tis for thee I blethe.[6]
Whilst Edward to thy sons will naught alyse,[7]
Should any of thy sons feel aught of ethe?[8]
Upon the throne I set thee, held thy crown;
But oh! 'twere homage now to pluck thee down.

V.

Thou art all priest and nothing of the king,
Thou art all Norman, nothing of my blood;

---

[1] Attempt, endeavour; from Bailey's "*Darraign*, to attempt, to challenge."

[2] An obvious parody of Shakespeare's line—"unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled." It was intended to mean—"unarmed, unactive, spiritless."

[3] C. has "Summertons," probably meant for *men of Somerset*.

[4] White; alluding to the White Horse of Kent, on the Kentish standard.

[5] Despair (a good word).

[6] Rowleian for *bleed*.

[7] Allow (wrongly).

[8] Ease (wrongly).

Know, it beseems thee not a mass to sing ;
Serving thy liegefolk, thou art serving God.

VI.

Har. Then I'll do heaven a service. To the skies
The daily quarrels of the land ascend.
The widow's, fatherless', and bondsmen's cries
Choke all the murky air and heaven astende.[1]
On us, the rulers, doth the folk depend.
Cut off from earth these Norman hinds shall be.
Like a loud-roaring flame, my sword shall brende,[2]
Like raindrops falling soft, I will them slea.[3]
We wait too long, our purpose will defayte,[4]
Prepare the high emprise, and rouse the champions straight.

VII.

God. Thy sister—
Har. Aye, I know, she is his queen ;
Albeit, did she speak her foemen fair,
I would destroy her comely seemlykeen,
And fold my bloody anlace in her hair.
God. Thy fury cease—
Har. No, bid the lethal mere,
Upraised by secret winds and cause unkenn'd,
Command it to be still ; so 'twill appear,
Ere Harold hide his name, his country's friend.

---

[1] Astound (wrongly).
[2] Burn ; but the right form is *brenne*.
[3] Slay. [4] Be defeated, fail (wrongly).

The red-stained brigandyne,[1] the aventayl,
The fiery anlace[2] broad shall make my cause prevail.

VIII.

God. Harold, what wouldest do?
Har. Bethink thee what.
Here lieth England, all her rights unfree,
Here lie the Normans cutting her by lot,
Restraining[3] every native plant to gre,[4]
What would I do? I furious would them sle,[5]
Tear out their sable heart by rightful breme.[6]
Their death a means unto my life should be,
My sprite should revel in their heart-blood's stream.
Eftsoons I will reveal my rageful ire,
And Goddès anlace[7] wield in fury dire.

IX.

God. What wouldst thou with the king?
Har. Take off his crown;
The ruler of some minster him ordain,
Set up some worthier than I have plucked down,
And peace in England should be brayd[8] again.
God. No, let the super-holy saint-king reign.
And some more prudent rule th' uncared-for realm;
King Edward, in his courtesy, will deign

---

[1] Bailey has "*Brigandine*, an ancient kind of Armour, with many plates and joints, like a coat of Mail." See *Brigantayle* in Halliwell. [2] Sword.
[3] Tyrwhitt has *caltysnyng*, an error for *caitysnyng*, from Bailey's erroneous "*Caitisned*, chained, or bound with chains." [4] Grow (wrongly). [5] Slay.
[6] Fury (wrongly). [7] Sword.
[8] This C. explained by *displayed*; cf. Bailey's "*Brayd*, to break out."

To yield the spoils, and only wear the helm.
But from my heart be every thought of gain,
Not any of my kin I wish him to ordain.

X.

Har. Tell me the means, and I will 'bout it straight.
Bid me to slay myself, it shall be done.
God. To thee I quickly will the means unplait,
By which thou, Harold, shalt be proved my son.
I have long seen what pains were undergone,
What miseries branch out from the general tree.
The time is coming, when the mollock[1] groun'
Drainèd of all its swelling waves shall be.
My remedy is good; our men shall rise,
Eftsoons the Normans and our grievance flies.

XI.

Har. I will to the West, and gather all my knights,
With bills that pant for blood, and shields as brede[2]
As the y-broched[3] moon, when white she dights
The woodland ground or water-mantled mead;
With hands whose might can make the doughtiest bleed,
Who oft have knelt upon their slaughtered foes,
Who with their feet o'erturn a castle-stede,[4]

---

[1] C. has *mollock gron*, meaning *manured ground*, from Bailey's "*Mollock*, dirt, dung, ordure."

[2] Broad; but in Early English, *brede* is the substantive *breadth*.

[3] Horned; from Bailey's "*Broach*, a spit to roast meat on; a start on a young stag's head, *growing sharp like the end of a spit*"

[4] A castled place (an impossible word)

Who dare on kings for to awreak their woes.
Now will the men of England hail the day,
When Goddwyn leads them to the rightful fray.

XII.

God. But first we'll call the nobles of the West,
The earls of Mercia, Coventry, and all.
The more we gain, the cause will prosper best,
With such a number we can never fall.

XIII.

Har. True, so we shall do best to link the chain,
And all at once the spreading kingdom bind.
No crossèd champion with a heart more fain
Did issue out the holy sword to find,
Than I now strive to rid my land of pain.
Goddwyn, what thanks our labours will enheap!
I'll rouse my friends unto the bloody plain;
I'll wake the honour that is now asleep.
When will the chiefs meet at thy festive hall,
That I with voice aloud may there upon them call?

XIV.

God. Next eve, my son.
Har. Now, England, is the time,
When thou or thy fell foemen's cause must die.
Thy geason[1] wrongs are run into their prime;
Now will thy sons unto thy succour fly;
E'en like a storm engathering in the sky,
'Tis full, and bursteth on the barren ground,
So shall my fury on the Normans fly,
And all their mighty men be slain around.

---

[1] Bailey has "*Geason*, rare, uncommon." This unusual word occurs, once only, in Piers the Plowman.

Now, now will Harold or oppression fall,
No more the Englishmen in vain for help shall call.
[*Exeunt.*

XV. *Enter* King EDWARDE *and his* Queen.

Qu. But, loverde,[1] why so many Normans here?
Me thinketh, we be not in English land,
These broided strangers alway do appear,
They part your throne, and sit at your right hand.

King. Go to, go to, you do not understand.
They gave me life, and did my person keep;
They did me feast, and did embower me grand;
To treat them ill would let my kindness sleep.

Qu. Mancas[2] you have in store, and to them part;
Your liege-folk make much dole, you have their worth asterte.[3]

XVI.

King. I ask no rede[4] of you. I ken my friends.
Holy are they, full ready me to hele.[5]
Their volundès[6] are dead to selfish ends,
No denwere[7] in my breast I of them feel.
I must to prayers; go in, and you do well;
I must not lose the duty of the day;
Go in, go in, and view the azure rele,[8]
Full well I wot you have no mind to pray.

---

[1] Lord.

[2] Mancuses; Bailey gives the wrong form "*Manca*, a square piece of gold, in ancient times valued at 30 Pence."

[3] Neglected; from Bailey's "*Astert*, to startle, to escape, *to let go*;" the last of which is wrong.

[4] Advice. [5] Help (wrongly).

[6] Wills (wrongly altered from French *volonté*).

[7] Bailey has "*Denwere*, doubt;" due to Speght.

[8] Wave. See note 1, p. 105.

Qu. I leave you to do homage heaven-were;[1]
To serve your liege-folk too, is doing homage there.
[*Exit Queen.*

XVII. *Enter* Sir HUGH.

King. My friend, Sir Hugh, what tidings bring thee here?
Hugh. There are no mancas in my loverdes ente;[2]
The house-expenses do unpaid appear,
The last receipt is even now dispent.
King. Then tax the West.
Hugh. My loverde, I did speak
Unto the brave Earl Harold of the thing;
He raised his hand, and smote me on the cheek,
Saying, "Go, bear that message to the king."
King. Divest him of his power; by Goddès word,
No more that Harold shall y-wield the earlès sword.

XVIII.

Hugh. At season fit, my loverde, let it be,
But now the folk do so embrace his name,
In striving to sle him, ourselves we sle;
Such is the doughtiness of his great fame.
King. Hugh, I bethink, thy rede is not to blame.
But thou mayest find full store of marks in Kent.
Hugh. My noble loverde, Goddwyn is the same;
He swears he will not swell the Norman's ent.

---

[1] A misspelling of *heavenward.*

[2] Explained as a purse or treasury; but there is no such word, and I cannot discover the source of the blunder.

King. Ah traitor! but my rage I will command;
Thou art a Norman, Hugh, a stranger to the land.

XIX.

Thou kennest how these English earls do bear
Such steadiness in the ill and evil thing,
But at the good they hover in denwere,[1]
Unknowledging[2] if thereunto to cling.
Hugh. Unworthy such a marvel of a king!
Oh Edward! thou deservest purer leege,[3]
To thee they shoulden all their mancas[4] bring,
Thy nod should save men, and thy frown forslege.[5]
I am no flatterer, I lack no wit,
I speak what is the truth, and what all see is right.

XX.

King. Thou art a holy man, I do thee prize.
Come, come, and hear, and help me in thy prayers,
Full twenty mancas[4] I will thee alise,[6]
And twain of hamlets to thee and thy heirs.
So shall all Normans from my land be fed,
They only have such love as to acquire their bread.
[*Exeunt.*

XXI. *Chorus.*

When Freedom, dressed in bloodstained vest,
To every knight her warsong sung,
Upon her head wild weeds were spread,
A gory weapon by her hung.
She dancèd on the heath,
She heard the voice of death.

---

[1] Doubt; see note 7, p. 100.
[2] Spelt *onknowlachynge*; it is put for *not knowing*.
[3] Homage (wrongly).
[4] Mancuses or marks; see note 2, p. 100.
[5] Slay utterly (quite wrongly formed; it should be *forslen*).
[6] Allow (wrongly).

XXII.

Pale-eyed Affright, his heart of silver hue,
In vain essayed her bosom to acale.[1]
She heard, unscared, the shrieking voice of woe,
And sadness in the owlet shake the dale.
She shook the armèd spear,
On high she raised her shield,
Her foemen all appear,
And fly along the field.

XXIII.

Power, with his head out-stretched into the skies,
His spear a sunbeam, and his shield a star;
E'en like two burning meteors rolls his eyes,
Stamps with his iron feet, and sounds to war.
She sits upon a rock,
She bends before his spear,
She rises from the shock,
Wielding her own in air.

XXIV.

Hard as the thunder doth she drive it on,
Wit, closely wimpled, guides it to his crown;
His long sharp spear, his spreading shield is gone,
He falls, and falling, rolleth thousands down.
War, gore-faced War, by Envy armed, arist,[2]
His fiery helmet nodding to the air,
Ten bloody arrows in his straining fist—

* * * * * *

[1] To chill; but *acale* is an adverb, meaning *in a chill*; Bailey has "*Acale*, cold."

[2] Bailey has "*Arist*, he arose;" which is wrong, since *arist* is a mere contraction of *ariseth*, the present tense.

ENGLISH METAMORPHOSIS.

BY T. ROWLEIE.

[Note.—This piece is imitated from Spenser's Faerie Queene; book ii. c. x. st. 5-19.]

Book I.

I.

WHEN Scythians, savage as the wòlves they chased,
Painted in horrid forms by Nature dight,
Enwrapped in beast-skins, slept upon the waste,
And with the morning roused the wolf to fight,
Swift as descending beams of ruddy light
Plunged to the hidden bed of laving seas,
Rent the black mountain-oaks, in pieces twight,[1]
And ran in thought along the azure mees,[2]
Whose eyes did fiery shine, like blue-haired defs,[3]
That dreary hang upon Dover's enblanched cliffs.

---

[1] Twitched, pulled. [2] Meads (wrongly).
[3] Vapours, meteors; but whence the word was obtained is hard to tell.

II.

Soft-bounding over swelling azure reles,[1]
The savage natives saw a ship appear,
An unknown tremor to their bosom steals,
Their might is bounden[2] in the frost of fear.
The headed javelin hisseth[3] here and there,
They stand, they run, they look with changeful eyne,
The ship's sail, swelling with the kindly air,
Runneth to harbour from the beating brine:
They drive away aghast, when to the strand
An armèd Trojan leaps, with Morglaien[4] sword in hand.

III.

Him followed eftsoons his compeers, whose swords
Glistered like burning stars in frosty nete,[5]
Hailing their capitain in chattering words
King of the land, whereon they set their feet.
The great king Brutus then they did him greet,
Prepared for battle, marshallèd the fight;
They urged the war, the natives fled as fleet
As flying clouds that swim before the sight,
Till tired with battles, for to cease the fray,
They 'nointed Brutus king, and gave the Trojans sway.

---

[1] Waves (wrongly).

[2] C. has *knopped*, which is Bailey's "*Knopped*, tied, laced."

[3] C. has *lisseth*, boundeth; from Bailey's "*Listed*, bounded."

[4] From Bailey's "*Morglay*, of *mort*, death, and *glaive*, a sword, a mortal and deadly sword." C. clumsily makes an adjective from it.

[5] Night.

IV.

Twain of twelve years have lighted up their minds,
Allayed the savage rudeness of their breast,
Improved in mystic war, and limmed their kinds,[1]
When Brute from Britons sank to endless rest.
Eftsoons the gentle Locrine was possessed
Of sway, and vested in the parament;[2]
O'ercame[3] the bickering Huns, who did infest
His waking kingdom with a foul intent;
As his broad sword o'er Humber's head was hung,
He turned to river wide, and roaring rolled along.[4]

V.

He wedded Guendoline of royal seed,
Upon whose countenance red health was spread;
Blushing e'en like the scarlet of her weed,
She sank to pleasance on the marriage-bed.
Eftsoons her peaceful joy of mind was fled;
For Elstrid too met with the King Locrine.
Unnumbered beauties were upon her shed,
Much finer, fairer, than was Guendoline;
The morning tinge, the rose, the lily flower,
In ever-running race, on her did paint their power.

VI.

The gentle suit of Locrine gained her love,
They lived soft moments to a pleasant[5] age,
Oft wandering in the coppice, dell, and grove,

---

[1] Polished their natures. [2] Royal apparel.

[3] Tyrwhitt prints *Halceld*. It should be *Hakeld*; from Bailey's "*Hackle*, to cut small."

[4] That is, King Humber was changed into a river; cf. Spenser's Faerie Queene, ii. x. 16.

[5] C. has *swotie*, a bad spelling of *sote* or *swote*, *i.e.* sweet.

Where no one's eyes might their disport engage;
There did they tell the merry loving fage,[1]
And crop the primrose flowers to deck their head;
The fiery Guendoline, in woman-rage,
Assembled warriors to revenge her bed.
They rose; in battle was great Locrine sleen;
The fair Elstrida fled from the en agèd queen.

VII.

A tie of love, a daughter fair she hanne,[2]
Whose budding morning shewèd a fair day,
Her father Locrine once a holy man.
With this fair daughter did she haste away,
To where the western mighty piles of clay[3]
Arise unto the clouds, and do them bear;
There did Elstrida and Sabrina stay,
The first trick'd out awhile in warrior's gear;[4]
Vincent was she y-clept,[5] but full soon fate
Sent death to tell the dame she was not in regrate.[6]

VIII.

The queen Guendòline sent a giant knight,
Whose doughty head swept the emmertleynge[7] skies,
To slay her wheresoe'er she should be pight,[8]

---

[1] Bailey has "*Fage*, a merry tale."
[2] Had (impossible grammar).
[3] Probably the Clee Hills in Shropshire.
[4] C. has "gratch and gear," which makes the line too long; *gratch* is Rowleian for *apparel*.
[5] Called.
[6] Rowleian for *esteem*.
[7] C. explains it by *glittering*.
[8] Placed.

Eke every one who should her cause[1] emprize.
Swift as the roaring winds the giant flies,
Stayed the loud winds, and shaded realms in
night,
Stepped over cities, on meint[3] acres lies,
Meeting the heralds of the morning light;
Till, moving to the West, mischance his gye,[4]
He 'neath the warrior's garb fair Elstrid did espy

IX.

He tore a ragged mountain from the ground,
And tossed up nodding forests to the sky,
Then with a fury, might the earth astound,
To middle air he let the mountain fly;
The flying wolflets sent a yelling cry;
On Vincent and Sabrina fell the mount,
To live for ever, did they eftsoons die.
Through sandy soil boiled up the purple fount,
On a broad grassy plain was laid the hill,
Staying the running course of many a glassy[5] ril

X.

The gods, who knew the actions of the wight,
To lessen the sad hap of twain so fair,
Hollow did make the mountain by their might
Forth from Sabrina ran a river clear,

---

[1] C. has *ele*, which is Bailey's "*Ele*, assistance, help
But *ele* is a mistake for *hele*, to which Bailey gives th
same meaning.

[2] Undertake; properly, it is a substantive, meanin
enterprise, undertaking.

[3] Many; it is an absurd form, but (wrongly) given b
Bailey.

[4] Guide.

[5] C. has "limmed;" which is Bailey's "*Limid*, polished

Roaring and rolling on in course bismare;[1]
From female Vincent shot a ridge of stones,
Each side the river rising heavenwere;[2]
Sabrina's flood was held in Elstrid's bones.
So are they called; the gentle and the hind[3]
Can tell that Severn's stream by Vincent's rock's y-wrynde.[4]

XI.

The burly giant, he who did them sle,[5]
To tell Guendòline quickly was y-sped;
When, as he strode along the shaking lea,
The ruddy lightning glistered on his head;
Into his heart the azure vapours spread;
He writhed around in dreary cruel pain;
When from his life-blood the red gleams were fed,
He fell an heap of ashes on the plain;
Still do his ashes shoot into the light,
A wondrous mountain high, and Snowdon is it hight.

---

[1] Meandering, devious; but C. was here misled by Speght; even Bailey has "*Bismare*, abuse, scandal." The poet intended to say *bizarre*; for Speght actually gives "*Bismar* (f. *bizarre*), fantastical strangeness."

[2] Heavenward (wrongly).

[3] Peasant.

[4] Covered (wrongly).

[5] Slay.

AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE:[1]

(AS WRITTEN BY THE GOOD PRIEST THOMAS ROWLEY,[2] 1464.)

I.

IN Virgo now the sultry sun did sheene,[3]
And hot upon the meads did cast his ray;
The apple reddened from its paly green,
And the soft pear did bend the leafy spray;
The pied chelàndry[4] sang the livelong day;
'Twas now the pride, the manhood of the year,
And eke the ground was decked in its most deft aumere.[5]

II.

The sun was gleaming in the midst of day,
Dead-still the air, and eke the welkin blue,
When from the sea arose in drear array
A heap of clouds of sable sullen hue,

---

[1] It is imitated from the parable of the Good Samaritan.

[2] "Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward, in Somersetshire, educated at the Convent of St Kenna, at Keynesham, and died at Westbury, in Gloucestershire."—C.

[3] Shine.

[4] Bailey has "*Chelandry*, a goldfinch."

[5] Apparel; from Bailey's "Aumere, a skirt." But, unluckily, *aumere* means *a purse*.

The which full fast unto the woodland drew,
Hiding at once the sunnès festive[1] face,
And the black tempest swelled, and gathered up apace.

III.

Beneath a holm, fast by a pathway-side,
Which did unto Saint Godwin's convent[2] lead,
A hapless pilgrim moaning did abide,
Poor in his view, ungentle in his weed,
Long brimful of the miseries of need.
Where from the hailstorm could the beggar fly?
He had no houses there, nor any convent nigh.

IV.

Look in his gloomèd[3] face, his sprite there scan;
How woe-begone, how withered, dwindled, dead!

---

[1] C. has *fetyve,* his usual erroneous spelling of Bailey's "*Fetise,* handsome, spruce." Sir Walter Scott proposed the reading *festive.*

[2] "It would have been *charitable* if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbot of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist."—C.

[3] C. has *glommed,* which he explains by *clouded,* dejected, and adds a note—"A person of some note in the literary world is of opinion that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words; and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's manuscripts. '*Glummong*' in the Saxon, signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum.*" C. is right as to the antiquity of the word, but the A.-S. for *gloom* is *glóm* not *glum,* and for *twilight* (Scotch *gloaming*) it is *glommung,* not *glummong;* moreover, he fails to establish the existence of the participle *glommed.*

Haste to thy church-glebe-house,[1] accursèd man!
Haste to thy shroud, thy only sleeping bed.
Cold as the clay which will grow on thy head
Are Charity and Love among high elves;
For knights and barons live for pleasure and themselves.[2]

V.

The gathered storm is ripe; the big drops fall,
The sun-burnt meadows smoke, and drink the rain;
The coming ghastness[3] doth the cattle 'pall,[4]
And the full flocks are driving o'er the plain;
Dashed from the clouds, the waters fly again;
The welkin opes; the yellow lightning flies,
And the hot fiery steam in the wide flashings dies.

VI.

List! now the thunder's rattling noisy sound
Moves slowly on, and then full-swollen clangs,
Shakes the high spire, and lost, expended, drowned,
Still on the frighted[5] ear of terror hangs;
The winds are up; the lofty elmtree swangs;[6]

---

[1] i. e. the grave.

[2] C. probably is describing *himself* here; this seems to be one of his latest productions. Dr. Gregory says he gave it to the publisher of the "Town and Country Magazine" only a month before his death.

[3] Ghastliness, gloom; a fine word, but lacking authority.

[4] Appall.

[5] C. has *gallard*, which he explains by *frighted*. It should be *galled*, from the Somersetshire *gall*, to frighten.

[6] Swings (wrongly).

Again the lightning, and the thunder pours,
And the full clouds are burst at once in stony showers.

VII.

Spurring his palfrey o'er the watery plain,
The Abbot of Saint Godwin's convent came;
His chapournette [1] was drenchèd with the rain,
His painted girdle met with mickle shame;
He aynewarde told his bederoll [2] at the same;
The storm increases, and he drew aside,
With the poor alms-craver near to the holm to bide.

VIII.

His cope was all of Lincoln cloth so fine,
With a gold button fastened near his chin,
His autremete [3] was edged with golden twine,
And his shoe's peak a noble's might have been;
Full well it shewèd he thought cost no sin.
The trammels of his palfrey pleased his sight,
For the horse-milliner [4] his head with roses dight.

---

[1] C. says—"a small round hat, not unlike the *shapourette* in heraldry, formerly worn by ecclesiastics and lawyers." Bailey gives both words.

[2] "He told his beads backwards, a figurative expression to signify cursing."—C. But, this being intended, *aynewarde* is miswritten for *ayenwarde*, which does not, however, signify *backwards*, but *back again* or *in return*.

[3] "A loose white robe worn by priests."—C. Bailey merely says "*Autremite*, another attire." It is due to a dubious reading in Chaucer's Monkes Tale, l. 382.

[4] Certainly not a fifteenth-century word. But Steevens tells us he saw it, in 1776, *over a shop-door in Bristol*.

IX.

"An alms, sir priest!" the drooping pilgrim said,
"Oh! let me wait within your convent-door,
Till the sun shineth high above our head,
And the loud tempest of the air is o'er.
Helpless and old am I, alas! and poor.
No house, no friend, nor money in my pouch,
All that I call my own is this my silver crouche."[1]

X.

"Varlet!" replied the Abbot, "cease your din;
This is no season alms and prayers to give,
My porter never lets a beggar[2] in;
None touch my ring who not in honour live."
And now the sun with the black clouds did strive,
And shot upon the ground his glaring ray;
The abbot spurred his steed, and eftsoons rode away.

XI.

Once more the sky was black, the thunder rolled,
Fast running o'er the plain a priest was seen;
Not dight full proud, nor buttoned up in gold,
His cope and jape[3] were grey, and eke were clean;
A limitor[4] he was of order seen;
And from the pathway-side then turnèd he,
Where the poor beggar lay beneath the holmen tree.

[1] Cross, crucifix.

[2] C. has *faitour*; Bailey has "*Faitour*, a vagabond."

[3] Explained—"a short surplice, worn by friars of an inferior class, and secular priests." But where does it occur? Perhaps it was suggested by *jupon*, a doublet.

[4] A licensed begging friar, who begged within a particular *limit* or district.

XII.

"An alms, sir priest!" the drooping pilgrim said,
"For sweet Saint Mary and your order's sake."
The Limitor then loosened his pouch-thread,
And did thereout a groat of silver take:
The needy pilgrim did for gladness[1] shake,
"Here, take this silver, it may ease thy care,
We are God's stewards all, naught of our own we bear.

XIII.

But ah! unhappy pilgrim, learn of me.
Scarce any give a rentroll to their lord;
Here, take my semicope,[2] thou'rt bare, I see,
'Tis thine; the saints will give me my reward."
He left the pilgrim, and his way aborde.[3]
Virgin and holy Saints, who sit in gloure,[4]
Or give the mighty will, or give the good man power!

---

[1] C. has *halline;* miscopied from Bailey's erroneous "*Hailes*, happiness."

[2] A half-cope, short cape or cloak.

[3] Went on his way; but there is no such word as *aborde* in any such sense.

[4] An unauthorized spelling of *glory*

TO JOHNE LADGATE.[1]

(SENT WITH THE FOLLOWING "SONGE TO ÆLLA.")

WELL then, good John, since it must needs be so,
That thou and I a bouting-match must have,
Let it not breaking of old friendship do,[2]
This is the only all-a-boone[3] I crave.

Remember Stowe,[4] the Bristol Carmelite,
Who, when John Clarkynge, one of mickle lore,
Did throw his gauntlet-pen, with him to fight,
He shewed small wit, and shewed his weakness more.

This is my 'formance, which I now have writ,
The best performance of my little wit.

---

[1] C. meant John Lydgate, the well-known monk of Bury; but he misspells the word, both here and elsewhere.

[2] C. has *bee*, altered to *goe*, and again to *doe*; see p. 121.

[3] Bailey has "*All-a-bone*, a made request." This is a complete mistake, and probably no solution is better than Tyrwhitt's, who observes that it probably arose from misunderstanding Chaucer's line,

> "And althirfirst he bad hem *alle a boone*."
> Cant. Tales, l. 9492.

[4] Warton says—"Stowe should be *Stone*, a Carmelite friar of Bristol, educated at Cambridge, and a famous preacher."—*Hist. Eng. Poet.* ii. 346; ed. 1840.

SONGE TO ÆLLA,

LORD OF THE CASTLE OF BRISTOL IN DAYS OF YORE.

I.

H thou, or what remains of thee,
Ælla, the darling of futurity,
Let this my song bold as thy courage be,
As everlasting to posterity.

II.

When Dacia's sons, whose hairs of blood-red hue,
Like kingcups bursting with the morning dew,
Arranged in drear array,
Upon the lethal day,
Spread far and wide on Watchet's shore;
Then didst thou furious stand,
And by thy valiant hand
Didst sprinkle all the meads with gore.

III.

Drawn by thy weapon fell,
Down to the depth of hell
Thousands of Dacians went;
Bristolians, men of might,
Then dared the bloody fight,
And acted deeds full quaint.

IV.

Oh thou, where'er (thy bones at rest)
Thy sprite to haunt delighteth best,
Whether upon the blood-embruèd plain,
Or where thou ken'st from far
The dismal cry of war,
Or seest some mountain made of corse of slain;

V.

Or seest the hatched[1] steed
Y-prancing o'er the mead,
And neigh to be among the pointed spears;
Or, in black armour stalk'st around
Embattled Bristol, once thy ground,
And glowest, ardurous,[2] on the Castle-steeres;[3]

VI.

Or fiery round the minster glare,[4]
Let Bristol still be made thy care;
Guard it from foemen and consuming fire.
Like Avon's stream, ensyrke[5] it round,
Nor let a flame enharm the ground,
Till in one flame all the whole world expire.

THE UNDERWRITTEN LINES WERE COMPOSED BY JOHN LADGATE,[6] A PRIEST IN LONDON, AND SENT TO ROWLIE, AS AN ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING SONGE TO ÆLLA.

HAVING with much attention read
What you did to me send,
Admire the verses much I did,
And thus an answer lend.

[1] Covered with achievements; from Bailey's "*Hatchments*, achievements."
[2] Burning brightly; a coined word. [3] Castle-stairs.
[4] False grammar for *glarest*, or *dost glare*.
[5] Wrongly put for *encircle*. [6] A mistake for *Lydgate*

Among the Greekès Homer was
A poet much renowned,
Among the Latins Virgilius
Was best of poets found.

The British Merlin often han[1]
The gift of inspiration,
And Alfred to the Saxon men
Did sing with elocation.[2]

In Norman times, Turgotus and
Good Chaucer did excel,
Then Stowe,[3] the Bristol Carmelite,
Did bear away the bell.

Now Rowlie in these murky days
Lends out his shining lights,
And Turgotus and Chaucer lives
In ev'ry line he writes.[4]

---

[1] A mistake for *had;* it forms an imperfect rhyme with *men.*

[2] elocution.

[3] A mistake for Stone, as pointed out by Warton.

[4] All the poets who thus owe their existence to Chatterton, write in the same harmonious style, and display the same tact and superiority of genius. Other poets living in the same, or different ages, exhibit a wide diversity in judgment, fancy, and the higher creative faculty of imagination, so that a discriminating mind can distinguish an individual character in almost every separate writer; but here are persons living in different ages; moving in different stations; exposed to different circumstances; and expressing different sentiments; yet all of whom [*sic*] betraying the same peculiar habits, with the same talents and facilities of composition. This is evidenced, whether it be

The Abbatte John, (living in the year 1186).
Seyncte Baldwynne, 1247,
Seyncte Warburghe, 1247,
John de Burgham, 1320,
The Rawfe Chedder, Chappmanne, 1356,
Syr Thybbot Gorges, 1440,
Syr William Canynge, 1469,
Thomas Rowley, 1469,
Carpenter, Bishoppe of Worcester,
Ecca, Bishoppe of Hereforde,
Elmar, Bishoppe of Selseie,
John Ladgate, or
Maystre John à Iscam.

And the whole of these poets, with the exception of Ladgate, completely unknown to the world, till called from their dormitory by Chatterton! Such a fact would be a phenomenon unspeakably more inexplicable than that of ascribing Rowley to a youth of less than sixteen, who had made "Antique Lore" his peculiar study, and who was endowed with precocious, and almost unlimited genius.—Cottle's *Early Recollections of Coleridge;* ii. 287.

Mr. Tyrwhitt compared the copy of the "Songe to Ælla" and "Ladgate's Answer," supplied by Mr. Catcott, with one made by Mr. Barrett, from the piece of vellum which Chatterton gave to him as the original MS. These are the variations of importance, exclusive of many in the spelling.

VERSES TO LADGATE.

In the title, for "Ladgate," *r.* "Lydgate."
ver. 2. *r.* "Thatt I and thee."
3. for "bee," *r.* "goe."
7. for "fyghte," *r.* "wryte."

SONGE TO ÆLLA.

The title in the vellum MS. was simply "Songe toe Ælle," with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words—"Lorde of the Castelle of Brystowe ynne daies of yore." It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks or divisions into verses.

ver. 6. for "brastynge," *r.* "burstynge."
11. for "valyante," *r.* "burlie."
23 for "dysmall," *r.* "honore."

LADGATE'S ANSWER.

No title in the vellum MS.
ver. 3. for "varses," *r.* "pene."

antep. for " Lendes," *r.* " Sendes."
ult. for " lyne," *r.* " thynge."

Mr. Barrett had also a copy of these Poems by Chatterton, which differed from that which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others:

IN THE TITLE OF THE VERSES TO LADGATE.

Orig. " Lydgate." —Chat. " Ladgate."
ver. 3. Orig. " goe." —Chat. " doe."
7. Orig. " wryte." —Chat. " fyghte."

SONGE TO ÆLLA.

ver. 5. Orig. " Dacyane." —Chat. " Dacia's
Orig. " whose lockes."—Chat. " whose hayres."
11. Orig. " burlie." —Chat. " bronded."
22. Orig. " kennst." —Chat. " hearste."
23. Orig. " honore." —Chat. " dismall."
26. Orig. " Ypraucynge."—Chat. " Ifrayning."
30. Orig. " gloue." —Chat. " glare."

TYRWHITT'S *Edition of Rowley.*

Upon these variations we have these remarks: " In one copy of the 'Songe to Ælla,' which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett, these lines were found:

'Or seest the hatched steed,
Ifrayning o'er the meed.'

Being called upon for the original, he the next day produced a parchment, containing the same poem, in which he had written 'ypraucing,' instead of 'ifrayning;' but by some artifice he had obscured the MS. so much, to give it an ancient appearance, that Mr. Barrett could not make out the word without the use of galls. What follows from all this but that Chatterton found on examination that there was no such word as 'ifrayning,' and that he substituted another in its place? In the same poem he at one time wrote 'locks,'—'burlie,'—'brasting,' and 'kennest;' at another, 'hairs'—'valiant'—'bursting,' and 'hearest.' Variations of this kind he could have produced without end. What he called originals indeed, were probably in general more perfect than what he called copies; because the former were always produced after the other, and were, in truth, nothing more than second editions of the same pieces."—MALONE'S *Cursory Observations, &c.*; London, 1782, p. 44.

THE TOURNAMENT.

This Poem was originally printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to have been the first founder of a church dedicated to "oure Ladie," in the place where the church of St. Mary Redcliffe now stands.

The following account is transcribed from one of the parchment manuscripts produced by Chatterton:—

"Symonne de Byrtonne, eldest sonne of Syr Baldwynnus de Byrtonne, was borne on the eve of the annunciation, M.C.C.XXXXXXI; hee was desyrabelle of aspect, and in his yowthe muche yeven to Tourneyeyng, and M.C.C.XXXXXXXX att Wynchester yule games won myckle honnoure; hee abstayned from marryage, he was myckelle learned, and ybuylded a howse in the Yle of Wyghte after fashyon of a pallayse royaul, goodlye toe beholde, wyth carvylled pyllars on whych wase thys ryme wroten:

Fulle nobille is thys Kynglye howse,
And eke fulle nobille thee;
Echone is for the other fytte
As saynctes for heaven bee.

Hee ever was fullen of almsdeeds, and was of the poor beloved: in M.C.C.LXXXV Kinge Edward[1] kepte his Chryst-

[1] This circumstance is proved by our old chronicles under the year 1285, "Rex Edw. I. per Walliam progrediens occidentalem intravit Glamorganciam, quæ ad Comitem Gloveruiæ noscitur pertinere: Rex dein Bristolliam veniens festum Dominicæ nativitatis eo Anno ibi tenuit."—Barrett.

masse at Brightstowe, and proceeded agaynste the Welch-menne; ebroughtenne manye stronge and dowghtye knyghts, amongst whom were Syrre Ferrars Nevylle, Geoffroie Free-mant, Alymar Percie, Heldebrand Gournie, Ralph Mohun, Syr Lyster Percie, and Edgare Knyvet, knyghtes of renowne, who established a three days jouste on Saynete Maryes Hylle: Syrre Ferrars Nevylle appeared dyghte in ruddy armoure bearyng a rampaunte lyon Gutte de Sangue, agaynste hym came Syr Gervayse Teysdylle, who bearyd a launce issuynge proper, but was quycklie overthrowen: then appeared Leonarde Ramsay, who had a honde issuante holdeynge a bloudie swerde peercynge a couroune, wyth a sheelde plasmue with sylver; he ranne twayne tyltes, but Neville throwen hym on the thyrde rencountre: then dyd the aforesayd Syrre Symonne de Byrtonne avow that, if he overthrowen Syrre Ferrars Neville, he woulde there erecte and buylde a chyrche to owre Ladye: allgate there stoode anigh Lamyngtonnes Ladies chamber: hee then encountred vygorously and bore Syrre Ferrars horse and man to the grounde, remaynynge konynge, victore knyght of the Jouste, ande settynge atte the ryghte honde of K. Edwarde. Inne M.CCLXXXXI he performede hys vowen, ybuylden a godelye chyrche from a pattern of St. Oswald's Abbeys Chyrche; and the daye of our Lordes natyvytie M.CCC.X, S. Gilbert de Sco. Leorfaurde Byshoppe of Chychester dyd dedycate it to the Holye Vyrgynne Marye, moder of Godde."[1]

This MS., one of the pretended originals, entitled "Vita Burtoni," is about 6½ inches square. It is smeared in the centre with glue or a brown varnish, but for the most part is in an attorney's regular engrossing hand. The parchment, where it has not been disfigured, appears new and of its natural colour. Some drops of red ink appear in different parts of the parchment.—SOUTHEY'S *Edition of Chatterton;* ii. 59, and iii. 505.

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[1] Here *ebroughtenne* is put for *he brought; plasmue* (if such it be) may mean *moulded*, from Bailey's "*Plasm*, mould;" and *konynge* is *king*.

1. *Enter a* HERALD.

Herald.

THE tournament begins; the hammer sound,
The coursers run[1] about the measured field;
The shimmering armour throws it sheen around;
Quaint fancies[2] are depicted on each shield.
The fiery helmets, with the wreaths amield,[3]
Support the ramping lioncel or bear,
With strange devices,[4] Nature may not yield,
Unseemly to all order doth appear,
Yet that to men, who think and have a sprite,
Make knowen that the phantasies unright.[5]

II.

I, son of honour, 'spenser of her joys,
Must quickly go to give the spears around;
With aventayle[6] and borne[7] I men[8] employ,
Who without me would fall unto the ground.

---

[1] C. has "lysse," but "lisse" means *to ease*; he mea *bound*, from confusion with Bailey's "*Listed*, bounded."

[2] C. has "Quayntyssed fons," copied from Baile "*Fonnes*, devices;" but *fonne*, in Old English, means *a fo*

[3] Altered from Spenser's *aumayld*, *i. e.* enamelled.

[4] C. has "depyctures."

[5] This is neither sense nor grammar as it stands; so alteration was probably intended to have been made.

[6] Part of a helmet, for admitting air (*à vent*).

[7] Burnish, polish; from Bailey's "*Borne*, to burnish.

[8] C. has *meynte*, his usual word for *many*.

So the tall oak the ivy twisteth round,
So the nesh[1] flow'r grows in the woodland shade.
The world by difference is in order found,
Without unlikeness nothing could be made;
As in the bowke[2] naught only can be done,
So in the weal[3] of kind all things are parts of one.

III. *Enter* Sir Simon de Bourtonne.

Herald, by heav'n, these tilters stay too long,
My phantasy is dying for the fight;
The minstrels have begun the third war-song,
Yet not a spear of them doth greet my sight.
I fear there be no man worthy my might.
I lack a Guid,[4] a William[5] to entilt.
To run against a feeble-bodied knight,
It gets no glory if his blood be spilt.
By heaven and Mary, it is time they're here.
I like not idly[6] thus to wield the spear.

IV.

Her. Methinks I hear their slogan's din from far.
Bour. Ah! soon my shield and tilting-lance are bound;[7]
Eftsoons command my Squyër to the war.

---

[1] Tender.

[2] Bulk, body. It means that the body without the members is useless.

[3] Commonwealth. *Kind* means Nature.

[4] Guie de Sancto Egidio, the most famous tilter of his age.—C.

[5] William Rufus.—C.

[6] C. has *unthylle*. The word is naught, but the sense obvious.

[7] Miswritten for *boune, i. e.* ready.

I fly before to claim a challenge-ground. [*Exit*

Her. Thy valorous acts would many men astound,
Hard is their fate encountering thee in fight;
Against all men, thou bearest to the ground,
Like the hard hail doth the tall rushes pight.[1]
As when the morning-sun doth drink the dew,
So do thy valorous acts drink each knight's hue.

v. *The Lists. Enter the* KING, SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE,[2] SYRR HUGO FERRARIS, SYRR RANULPH NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYNTON, SYRR JOHAN DE BERGHAMME, *and other Knights, Heralds, Minstrels, and Servitors.*

King. The barganette![3] ye minstrels, tune the string,
Some action dire of ancient kings now sing.

VI.

Minst. William, the Norman's flower, but England's thorn,
The man whose might activity[4] had knit,
Snatched[5] up his long strung bow and shield aborne,[6]
Commanding all his hommageres[7] to fight.
Go, rouse the lion from his secret[8] den,
Let thy floes[9] drink the blood of anything but men.

---

[1] Pitch, or bend down; but *pight* is the past participle.
[2] See his life, on pp. 122, 123.
[3] Bailey has "*Barganet*, a ballad, song, or dance."
[4] C. has *delievretie*, from O.E. *deliver*, nimble.
[5] C. has *Snett*. [6] Polished; wrongly.
[7] Feudal retainers. [8] C. has *hylted*; so has Bailey.
[9] Arrows; from O. E. *flo*, an arrow; but the true plural is *flon*.

VII.

In the treed forest do the knights appear,
William with might his bow en-iron'd plies;
Loud dins the arrow in the wolfin's ear;
He riseth battent,[1] roars, he pants, he dies;
Forslagen[2] at thy feet let wolfins be,
Let thy floes[3] drink their blood, but do not brethren sle.[4]

VIII.

Through the mirk shade of twisting trees he rides,
The frighted[5] owlet flaps her eve-specked[6] wing,
The lording[7] toad in all his passes bides;
The pois'nous[8] adders at him dart the sting.
Still, still he passes on, his steed a-strod,
Nor heeds the dangerous way if leading unto blood.

IX.

The lioncel, from sultry countries brought,
Couching beneath the shelter of the briar,
At coming din doth raise himself distraught,
He looketh with an eye of flames of fire.
Go, stick the lion to his secret den,
Let thy floes[3] drink the blood of anything but men.

X.

With pacing step the lion moves along,
William his iron-woven bow he bends,

---

[1] This C. explained by *loudly*. I do not know the word. But cf. note 3, p. 70.
[2] Slain.
[3] Arrows; but the correct plural is *flon*.
[4] Slay.
[5] C. has *flemed*.
[6] Speckled with the dew of evening.
[7] C. has *lordynge*, explained by *standing on his hind legs*. He took it from the Glosse by E. K. to Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar, *December*; l. 70.
[8] C. has *berten*, explained by *venomous*.

With might alych[1] the rolling thunder strong,
The lion in a roar his sprite forth sends.
Go, slay the lion in his blood-stained den,
But be thine arrow dry from blood of other men.

XI.

Swift from the thicket starts the stag away,
The couraciers[2] as swift do after fly.
He leapeth high, he stands, he keeps at bay,
But meets the arrow, and eftsoons doth die.
Forslagen[3] at thy foot let wild beasts be,
Let thy floes[4] drink their blood, yet do not brethren sle.[5]

XII.

With murder tired, he slings his bow alyne.[6]
The stag is ouch'd[7] with crowns of lily flowers.
Around their helms they green vert[8] do entwine,
Joying and revelous in the greenwood bowers.
Forslagen with thy flo[9] let wild beasts be,
Feast thee upon their flesh, do not thy brethren sle.[5]

---

[1] Rowleian for *like*.

[2] Coursers, horses. But C., like Bailey, explains it by *horse-coursers*, which really means *horse-dealers*; for the O. Fr. *couratier* means a *horse-dealer*; see Roquefort's Glossaire.

[3] Slain. [4] Arrows. [5] Slay.

[6] Said to mean *across his shoulders*; it is a mere coined word, made to rhyme with *entwine*.

[7] Garlands of flowers being put round the neck of the game, it was said to be *ouch'd*, from *ouch*, a chain worn by earls round their necks.—C. There certainly is a word *ouch*, commonly spelt *nowche* in early English, but it is a substantive; and C.'s explanation is a mere invention, founded on Bailey's "*Ouch*, a collar of gold formerly worn by women."

[8] Bailey has "*Vert*, everything that grows or bears a green leaf in a Forrest." [9] Arrow.

XIII.

King. Now to the tourney; who will first affray?[1]
Her. Nevylle, a baron, be that honour thine.
Bour. I claim the passage.
Nev. I contest[2] thy way.
Bour. Then there's my gauntlet on my gaberdine.[3]
Her. A lawful challenge, knights and champions digne,[4]
A lawful challenge! Let the slogan sound.
[SIR SIMON *and* NEVYLLE *tilt.*
Nevylle is going, man and horse, to ground.
[NEVYLLE *falls.*
My lords, how doughtily the tilters join!
Ye champions, here Symonne de Bourtonne fights,
One hath he quash'd; assail him, O ye knights.

XIV.

Fer. I will against him go. My squire, my shield!
Or one or other will do mickle scethe;[5]
Before I do depart the listed field,
Myself or Bourtonne hereupon will blethe.[6]
My shield!
Bour. Come on, and fit thy tilt-lance ethe.[7]
When Bourtonne fights, he meets a doughty foe.
[*They tilt.* FERRARIS *falls.*
He falleth; now, by heaven, thy wounds do smethe;[8]
I fear me, I have wrought thee mickle wo.

---

[1] Join in the fray; but *affray* means *to frighten.*
[2] C. has *contake.*
[3] Coat (wrongly used.)
[4] Worthy.
[5] Scathe (misspelt).
[6] Bleed (misspelt).
[7] Easily.
[8] Smoke (wrongly).

Her. Bourtonne his second beareth to the field.
Come on, ye knights, and win the honour'd shield.

XV.

Bergh. I take the challenge; squire, my lance and steed.
I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlet; for me stay.
But, if thou fightest me, thou shalt have meed.
Some other I will champion[1] to affray;[2]
Perchance from them I may possess the day,
Then shall I be a foeman for thy spear.
Herald, unto the ranks[3] of knightès say,
De Berghamme waiteth for a foeman here.
Clin. But long thou shalt not 'tend. I do thee 'fy;
Like foraying levin[4] shall my tilt-lance fly.

[BERGHAMME *and* CLINTON *tilt.*
CLINTON *falls.*

XVI.

Bergh. Now, now, sir knight, attour[5] thy beaver'd eyne,
I have borne down, and eft do gauntlet[6] thee.
Quickly begin, and wryn[7] thy fate or mine,
If thou discomfit, it will doubly be.

[BOURTONNE *and* BERGHAMME *tilt.*
BERGHAMME *falls.*

---

[1] Challenge (wrongly).
[2] Fight; but it means *to frighten.*
[3] This is evidently the reading; and not "*bankes* o knightys," as generally printed.
[4] Destroying lightning.
[5] Turn or cast round (wrongly).
[6] Again do challenge.
[7] Disclose, reveal; but, properly, it means *to hide, conceal*

Her. Symonne de Bourtonne now hath borne down three,
And by the third had honour of a fourth.
Let him be set aside, till he doth see
A tilting for a knight of gentle worth.
Here come strange knightès, and, if courteous they,
It well beseems to give them right of fray.

XVII.

1*st Kn.* Strangers we be, and humbly do we claim
The honour in this tourney for to tilt;
Thereby to prove from cravens our good name,
Bewraying that we gentle blood have spilt.

Her. Ye knights, of courtesy these strangers say,
Be ye full willing for to give them fray?

[Five Knights *tilt with the strange* Knight, *and are all overthrown.*

XVIII.

Bour. Now, by Saint Mary, if on all the field
Y-crased[1] spears and helmets were besprent,
If every knight did hold a piercèd shield,
If all the field with champions' blood were stent,[2]
Yet to encounter him I am content.
Another lance, Marshal, another lance.
Albeit he with flames of fire y-brent,[3]
Yet Bourtonne would against his val[4] advance.
Five now have fallen down beneath his spear,
But he shall be the next that falleth here.

---

[1] Broken. [2] Stained (wrongly).
[3] Did burn; but it is properly the *past participle*.
[4] C. says *helmet;* there is no such word.

XIX.

By thee, Saint Mary, and thy Son I swear,
That in what place yon doughty knight shall fall
Beneath the strong push of my outstretched spear,
There shall arise a holy church's wall,
The which in honour, I will Mary call,
With pillars large, and spire full high and round,
And this I faithfully will stand to all,
If yonder stranger falleth to the ground.
Stranger, be boune;[1] I champion[2] you to war;
Sound, sound the slogans, to be heard from far.

[BOURTONNE *and the* Stranger *fight.*
Stranger *falls.*

XX.

King. The morning-tilts now cease.
Her. Bourtonne is king.
Display the English banner on the tent.
Round him, ye minstrels, songs of achments[3] sing.
Ye heralds, gather up the spears besprent;[4]
To king of tourney-tilt be all knees bent.
Dames fair and gentle, for your loves he fought;
For you the long tilt-lance, the sword he shent;[5]
He jousted, having only you in thought.
Come, minstrels, sound the string, go on each side
Whilst he unto the king in state doth ride.

---

[1] Ready.

[2] Challenge. Observe that *challenge* would have been far better than *champion*, which is no verb.

[3] Achievements; but misspelt. It is from Bailey's "*Hatchments*, achievements." But this is an heraldic term.

[4] Sprinkled about. [5] Spoilt, broke.

XXI.

Minst. When Battle, smoking with new quickened gore,
Bending with spoils and bloody dropping head,
Did the dark wood of ease and rest explore,
Seeking to lie on Pleasure's downy bed,
Pleasure, dancing from her wood,
Wreath'd with flowers of eglantine,
From his visage washed the blood,
Hid his sword and gaberdine.

XXII.

With such an eye she sweetly him did view,
Did so y-corven[1] every shape to joy,
His sprite did change unto another hue,
His arms, nor spoils, might any thoughts employ.
All delightsome and content,
Fire enshooting from his eyne,
In his arms he did her hent,[2]
As the night-shade[3] doth entwine.

XXIII.

So, if thou lovest Pleasure and her train,
Unknowledging[4] in what place her to find,
This rule y-spende,[5] and in thy mind retain;
Seek Honour first, and Pleasure lies behind.

---

[1] C. says *mould;* but it is a past participle, meaning *carved.*

[2] Seize.

[3] C. has "merk-plante;" no doubt because *merk* may mean *dark* or *shady.* Dean Milles gravely remarks—"The *merk-plant* cannot mean the *night-shade,* as Chatterton has explained it, because it is not a parasitical plant."

[4] Unknowing; spelt "onknowlachynge."

[5] Consider (wrongly).

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

(No. I.)

I.

CHRIST, it is a grief for me to tell
How many a noble earl and valourous knight
In fighting for King Harold nobly fell,
All slain in Hastings field in bloody fight.
O sea, our teeming donor! had thy flood
Had any fructuous entendèment,[1]
Thou wouldst have rose and sunk with tides of blood,
Before Duke William's knights had hither went;
Whose coward arrows many earlès slain,
And 'brued the field with blood, as season-rain.[2]

II.

And of his knights did eke full many die,
All passing high, of mickle might each one,
Whose poignant arrows, tipped with destiny,
Caused many widows to make mickle moan.
Lordings, avaunt! that chicken-hearted are,
From out of hearing quickly now depart;
Full well, I wot, to sing of bloody war

---

[1] Fertile understanding, *i.e.* useful knowledge.

[2] *As* means *like*; for *season-rain*, see st. 23.

Will grieve your tenderly[1] and maiden heart.
Go, do the weakly woman in man's gear,
And scond[2] your mansion if grim war come there.

III.

Soon as the early matin-bell was toll'd,
And sun was come to bid us all good day,
Both armies on the field, both brave and bold,
Prepared for fight in champion array.
As when two bulls, destined for Hocktide fight,
Are yokèd by the neck within a spar,[3]
They rend the earth, and travellers affright,
Yearning to wage[4] the sportive bloody war;
So yearnèd Harold's men to come to blows,
The Normans yearnèd for to wield their bows.

IV.

King Harold turning to his liegemen spake:
"My merry men, be not cast down in mind;
Your only praise for aye to mar or make,
Before yon sun has done his course,[5] you'll find.
Your loving wives, who erst did rid the land
Of lurdanes,[6] and the treasure that you han,[7]
Will fall into the Norman robber's hand,
Unless with hand and heart you play the man.

---

[1] Tender (wrongly). [2] Shun (wrongly).

[3] Enclosure; from Bailey's "*Spar*, a bar of wood."

[4] C. has "Lackynge to gage." C. supposes *lack* equivalent to *want*, and therefore to *yearn*.

[5] C. has "Donde his welke." The last word is from Bailey's "*Welk*, to set."

[6] "*Lurdan*, a lazy fellow; see *Lordane*;" and again, "*Lordane*, some derive this of *Lord* and *Dane*; a dull, heavy fellow, &c."—Bailey. Hence C. probably uses it (as Dean Milles says) for *Lord Danes*. [7] Rowleian for *have*.

Cheer up your hearts, chase sorrow far away,
God and Saint Cuthbert be the word to-day."

V.

And then Duke William to his knights did say:
" My merry men, be bravely everiche;[1]
If I do gain the honour of the day,
Each one of you I will make mickle rich.
Bear you in mind, we for a kingdom fight;
Lordships and honours each one shall possess;
Be this the word to-day, ' God and my right;'
No doubt but God will oür true cause bless."
The clarions then sounded sharp and shrill;
Death-doing blades were out, intent to kill.

VI.

And brave King Harold now had done his say,[2]
He threw with might amain his short horse-spear,
The noise it made the duke to turn away,
And hit his knight, De Beque, upon the ear.
His crested beaver did him small abound,[3]
The cruel spear went thórough all his head;
The purple blood came gushing to the ground,
And at Duke William's feet he tumbled dead:
So fell the mighty tow'r of Standrip, when
It felt the fury of the Danish men.

VII.

O Afflem, son of Cuthbert, holy Saint,
Come aid thy friend, and shew Duke William's pain;
Take up thy pencil, all his features paint;
Thy colouring excels a singer's strain.

---

[1] Every one.
[2] Ended his speech.
[3] Avail (wrongly).

Duke William saw his friend slain piteously,
His loving friend whom he much honourèd,
For he had loved him from puerility,
And they together both had been y-bred:
O! in Duke William's heart it raised a flame,
To which the rage of empty wolves is tame.

VIII.

He took a brazen cross-bow in his hand,
And drew it hard with all his might amain,
Not doubting but the bravest in the land
Had by his sounding arrow-head been slain.
Alúred's steed, the finest steed alive,
By comely form distinguished from the rest;
But now his destined hoür did arrive,
The arrow hit upon his milk-white breast;
So have I seen a lady-smock so white,
Blown in the morning, and mown down at night.

IX.

With such a force it did his body gore,
That in his tender guts it enterèd,
In verity, a full cloth-yard or more,
And down with dreadful[1] noise he sunken[2] dead.
Brave Alured, beneath his faithful horse,
Was smeared all over with the gory dust,
And on him lay the racer's lukewarm corse,
That Alured could not himself aluste.[3]
The standing Normans drew their bow each one,
And brought full many English champions down.

---

[1] C. has "flaiten," from Bailey's "*flaite*, to scare."
[2] Misused for *sank*. [3] Release (wrongly).

X.

The Normans kept aloof, at distance still
The English naught but short horse-spears could wield;
The English many death-sure darts did kill,
And many arrows twanged upon the shield.
King Harold's knights desired for handy stroke,
And marchèd furious o'er the bloody plain
In body close, and made the plain to smoke;
Their shields rebounded arrows back again:
The Normans stood aloof, nor heed the same,
Their arrows would do death, tho' from far off they came.

XI.

Duke William drew again his arrow-string,
An arrow with a silver head drew he:
The arrow dancing in the air did sing,
And hit the horse [of] Tosslyn on the knee.
At this brave Tosslyn threw his short horse-spear,
Duke William stoopèd to avoid the blow;
The iron weapon hummèd in his ear,
And hit Sir Doullie Naibor on the prow,[1]
Upon his helm so furious was the stroke,
It split his beaver, and the rivets broke.

XII.

Down fell the beaver, by Tosslyn split in twain
And on his head exposed a puny wound,
But on Destoutville's shoulder came amain,
And felled the champion to the bloody ground.

---

[1] Tyrwhitt prints *prowe*, not *brow*; Bailey has "*Prow*, the forepart of a ship." C. rimes it with *blow*. Cf. note 3, p. 180.

Then Doullie mightily his bow-string drew,
And thought to give brave Tosslyn bloody wound,
But Harold's asenglave[1] stopped it as it flew,
And it fell bootless on the bloody ground.
Sir Doullie, when he saw his 'venge[2] thus broke,
Death-doing blade from out the scabbard took.

XIII.

And now the battle closed on every side,
And face to face appeared the knights full brave;
They lifted up their bills with mickle pride,
And many wounds unto the Normans gave.
So have I seen two weirs at once give ground,
White-foaming high, to roaring combat run;
In roaring din and heaven-breaking sound,
Burst waves on waves, and spangle in the sun;
And when their might in bursting waves is fled,
Like cowards, steal along their oozy bed.

XIV.

Young Egelrede, a knight of comely mien,
Akin[3] unto the king of Dynefarre,
At every tilt and tourney he was seen,
And loved to be among the bloody war;
He couched his lance, and ran with mickle might
Against the breast of Sieur de Bonoboe;
He groaned and sank upon the place of fight,
O Christ! to feel his wound, his heart was woe.
Ten thousand thoughts pushed in upon his mind,
Not for himself, but those he left behind.

---

[1] Lance is intended.
[2] Revenge.
[3] "Affynd."

XV.

He died and left a wife and children twain,
Whom he with cherishment did dearly love;
In England's court, in good King Edward's reign,
He won the tilt, and wore her crimson glove.
And thence unto the place where he was born,
Together with his wealth and better wife,
To Normandy he did, parde,[1] return,
In peace and quietness to lead his life,
And now with sovereign William he came,
To die in battle, or get wealth and fame.

XVI.

Then, swift as lightning, Egelredus set
Against Du Barlie of the mountain-head;
In his dear heart's blood his long lance was wet,
And from his courser down he tumbled dead.
So have I seen a mountain-oak, that long
Has cast his shadow on the mountain-side,
Brave all the winds, though ever they were strong,
And view the briars below with self-taught pride.
But, when thrown down by mighty thunder-stroke,
He'd rather be a briar than an oak.

XVII.

Then Egelred did, in a declynie,[2]
His lance uprear with all his might amain,
And struck Fitzport upon the dexter eye,
And at his poll the spear came out again.
But as he drew it forth, an arrow fled

---

[1] Fr. *par Dieu*; correctly used, as commonly in Old English.

[2] Declination or stooping position, decline (wrongly).

With mickle might sent from De Tracy's bow,
And at his side the arrow enterèd,
And out the crimson stream of blood gan flow;
In purple strokes it did his armour stain,
And smoked in puddles on the dusty plain.

XVIII.

But Egelred, before he sunken[1] down,
With all his might amain his spear besped,
It hit Bertrammil Manne upon the crown,
And both together quickly sunken[1] dead.
So have I seen a rock o'er others hang,
Who, strongly placed, laughed at his slippery state;
But, when he falls with heaven-piercing bang,
That he the sleave[2] unravels of[3] their fate,
They,[4] broken on the beach, this lesson speak,
The strong and firm should not defame the weak.

XIX.

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,
Where he by chance had slain a noble's son,
And now was come to fight at Harold's call,
And in the battle he much good had done:
Unto king Harold he fought mickle near,
For he was yeoman of the body-guard;
And with a target and a fighting spear
He of his body had kept watch and ward.

---

[1] Misused for *sank*.

[2] From Shakespeare's "Sleep, that knits up the *ravelled sleave* of care;" Macbeth, A. ii. sc. ii. *Sleave* is floss-silk.

[3] "All" in the original, which makes nonsense.

[4] "And" in the original. The whole stanza, even when thus mended, is still obscure.

True as a shadow to a substant[1] thing,
So true he guarded Harold, his good king

XX.

But when Egélred tumbled to the ground,
He from King Harold quickly did advance,
And struck De Tracy such[2] a cruel wound,
His heart and liver came out on the lance:
And then retreated, for to guard his king.
On dinted lance he bore the heart away;
An arrow came from Auffroie Griel's string
Into his heel, beneath his iron stay;
The grey-goose pinion, that thereon was set,
Eftsoons with smoking crimson blood was wet.[3]

XXI.

His blood at this was woxen flaming hot,
Without ado, he turnèd once again,
And hit De Grïel such[2] a blow, God wot,
Maugre his helm, he split his head in twain.
This Auffroie was a man of mickle pride,
Whose featliest beauty ladden[4] in his face;
His chance in war he ne'er before had tried,
But lived in love and Rosalind's embrace;
And, like a useless weed among the hay,
Among the slain warríors Grïel lay.

---

[1] Substantial (wrongly.)

[2] "Thilk;" it should rather have been "swilk."

[3] "The grey-goose winge that was thereon in his hart's bloode was wett."—*Chevy Chase;* (later version).

[4] Apparently used here for *lay;* but in Old English, the past tense *plural* of the verb *to lead.*

XXII.

King Harold then he put his yeomen by,
And fiercely rode into the bloody fight;
Earl Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,
Cuthbert, and Goddard, mickle men of might,
Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Edwin too,
Effred the famous, and Earl Ethelwarde,
King Harold's liegemen, earlès high and true,
Rode after him, his body for to guard;
The rest of earlès, fighting other-wheres,
Stainèd with Norman blood their fighting spears.

XXIII.

As when some river, with the season-rains
White foaming high, doth break the bridges oft,
O'erturns the hamlet and all [it] contains,
And layeth o'er the hills a muddy soft,
So Harold ran upon his Norman foes,
And laid the great and small upon the ground,
And dealt among them such a store of blows,
Full many a Norman fell by him, dead-wound;[1]
So who he be[2] that elfin fairies strike,
Their souls will wander to King Offa's dyke.

XXIV.

Fitz Salnarville, Duke William's favourite knight,
To noble Edelwarde his life did yield;
With his tilt-lance he struck with such a might,
The Norman's bowels steamed upon the field.
Old Salnarville beheld his son lie dead,

---

[1] Wounded to death (wrongly used).

[2] Should be read: "Who so he be." But even then, the phrase is unintelligible. In fact, this sentence belongs to stanza 48, which see.

Against Earl Edelwarde his bow-string drew;
But Harold at one blow made twain his head;
He died before the poignant arrow flew.
So was the hope of all the issue gone,
And in one battle fell the sire and son.

XXV.

De Aubigny rode fiercely thro' the fight,
To where the body of Salnárville lay;
Quoth he, "And art thou dead, thou man of might?
I'll be revenged, or die for thee this day."
"Die then thou shalt," Earl Ethelwarde he said;
"I am a cunning earl, and that can tell;"
Then drew his sword, and ghastly cut his head,
And on his friend eftsoons he lifeless fell,
Stretched on the bloody plain; great God forfend,
It be the fate of no such trusty friend

XXVI.

Then Egwin Sieur Pikeny did attack,
He turn'd about and vilely sought to fly;
But Egwin cut so deep into his back,
He rollèd on the ground and soon did die.
His distant son, Sire Romara de Biere,
Sought to revenge his fallen kinsman's lot,
But soon Earl Cuthbert's dinted fighting-spear
Stuck in his heart, and stayed his speed, God wot.
He tumbled down close by his kinsman's side,
(Mingle their streams of purple blood), and died.

XXVII.

And now an arrow from a bow unwot[1]
Into Earl Cuthbert's heart eftsoons did flee;

[1] Unknown; but wrongly, since the past participle is *unwist*.

Who, dying, said, "Ah me! how hard my lot!
Now slain, mayhap, of one of low degree."
So have I seen a leafy elm of yore
Have been the pride and glory of the plain;
But, when the spending landlord is grown poor,
It falls beneath the axe of some rude swain;
And like the oak, the sovereign of the wood,
Its fallen body tells you how it stood.

XXVIII.

When Edelward perceived Earl Cuthbert die,
On Hubert, strongest of the Norman crew,
As wolves, when hungered, on the cattle fly,
So Edelward amain upon him flew.
With such a force he hit him to the ground,
And was demasing[1] how to take his life,
When he behind received a ghastly wound
Giv'n by De Torcie, with a stabbing knife:
Base treacherous Normans, if such acts you do,
The conquered may claim victory of you.

XXIX.

The earl he felt de Torcie's treacherous knife
Had made his crimson blood and spirits flow;
And knowing that he soon must quit this life,
Resolvèd Hubert should too with him go.
He held his trusty sword against his breast,
And down he fell, and pierced him to the heart;
And both together then did take their rest,
Their souls from corpses unaknell'd[2] depart;

---

[1] Considering. Such is clearly the sense of this non-existent word.

[2] This word is probably due to a suggestion made by

And both together sought the unknown shore,
Where we shall go, where many's gone before.

XXX.

King Harold Torcie's treachery did spy,
And high aloft his tempered sword did wield,
Cut off his arm, and make the blood to fly,
His proof-steel armour did him little shield;
And not content, he split his head in twain,
And down he tumbled on the bloody ground;
Meanwhile the other earlès on the plain
Gave and receivèd many a bloody wound,
Such as[1] the arts in war had learnt with care;
But many knights were women in men's gear.

XXXI.

Herewald, born on Sarum's spreading plain,
Where Thor's famed temple[2] many ages stood;
Where Druids, ancient priests, did rites ordain,
And in the middle shed the victim's blood;
Where ancient Bardi[3] did their verses sing,
Of Cæsar conquered, and his mighty host,
And how old Tynyan, necromancing king,
Wrecked all his shipping on the British coast,
And made him in his tattered barks to fly,
'Till Tynyan's death and opportunity.

Pope, that the word *unaneal'd* in Hamlet may mean *unknell'd*, i.e. with no knell rung. See Theobald's Shakespeare, 1740; vol. viii. p. 128. Bailey gives a correct interpretation of the word, which he spells *unannealed*.

[1] Here "such as" is equivalent to "those, namely, who."

[2] Stonehenge was not "a temple to *Thor*."

[3] A Latinized plural of *bard*.

XXXII.

To make it more renownèd than before,
(I, though a Saxon, yet the truth will tell),
The Saxons stained the place with British gore.
Where naught but blood of sacrifices fell.
Though Christians, still they thought much of the pile,
And here they met when causes did it need:
'Twas here the ancient Elders of the Isle
Did by the treachery of Hengist bleed;[1]
O Hengist! had thy cause been good and true,
Thou wouldst such murderous acts as these eschew.

XXXIII.

The earl he was a man of high degree,
And had that day full many Normans slain,
Three Norman Champïons of high degree
He left to smoke upon the bloody plain:
The Sieur Fitzbotevilleine did then advance,
And with his bow he smote the earlès head;
Who eftsoons gored him with his tilting-lance,
And at his horse's feet he tumbled dead:
His parting spirit hovered o'er the flood
Of sudden-rushing much-loved purple blood.

XXXIV.

De Viponte then, a squire of low degree,
An arrow drew with all his might amain;
The arrow grazed upon the earlès knee,
A puny wound, that caused but little pain.
So have I seen a dolthead[2] place a stone,
In thought to stay a driving river's course:

[1] See Spenser, F. Q. ii. 10, 66.
[2] Countryman, bumpkin.

But better had it been to let alone,
It only drives it on with mickle force;
The earl, so wounded by so base a hind,
Raised furious doings in his noble mind.

XXXV.

The Sieur Chatillion, younger of that name,
Advancèd next before the earlès sight;
His father was a man of mickle fame,
And he renowned and valorous in fight.
Chatillion his trusty sword forth drew,
The earl draws his, men both of mickle might;
And at each other vengefully they flew,
As mastiff-dogs at Hocktide set to fight;
Both scorned to yield, and both abhorred to fly,
Resolved to vanquish, or resolved to die.

XXXVI.

Chatillion hit the earl upon the head,
That split eftsoons his crested helm in twain;
Which he, perforce, with target coverèd,
And to the battle went with might amain.
The earl then hit Chatillion such a blow
Upon his breast, his heart was plain to see;
He tumbled at the horses' feet also,
And in death-pangs he seized the racer's knee:
Fast as the ivy round the oak doth climb,
So fast he, dying, gripped the racer's limb.

XXXVII.

The racer then began to fling and kick,
And toss'd the earl far off unto the ground;
The earlès squire then a sword did stick
Into his heart, a deadly ghastly wound;

And down he fell upon the crimson plain,
Upon Chatillion's soulless corse of clay;
A puddly stream of blood flowed out amain;
Stretched out at length, besmeared with gore, he lay;
As some tall oak, felled from the greeny plain,
To live a second time upon the main.

XXXVIII.

The earl he now a horse and beaver han,[1]
And now again appearèd on the field;
And many a mickle knight and mighty man
To his death-doing sword his life did yield,
When Sieur de Broque an arrow long let fly,
Intending Herewaldus to have slain;
It missed; but hit Edardus on the eye,
And at his poll came out with horrid pain.
Edardus fell upon the bloody ground,
His noble soul came rushing from the wound.[2]

XXXIX.

This Herewald perceived, and full of ire
He on the Sieur de Broque with fury came;
Quoth he, "Thou'st slaughtered my belovèd squire,
But I will be revengèd for the same."
Into his bowels then his lance he thrust,
And drew thereout a steamy, dreary load;
Quoth he, "These offals are for ever curst,
Shall serve the choughs and rooks and daws for food."

---

[1] Rowleian for *had*.

[2] From the last line of Dryden's translation of Virgil—"And the disdainful soul came rushing through the wound."

Then on the plain the steamy load he throw'd,[1]
Smoking with life, and dyed with crimson blood.

XL.

Fitz Broque, who saw his father killèd lie,
" Ah me!" said he; " what woeful sight I see!
But now I must do something more than sigh;"
And then an arrow from the bow drew he.
Beneath the earlès navel came the dart:
Fitz Broque on foot had drawn it from the bow;
And upwards went into the earlès heart,
And out the crimson stream of blood 'gan flow,
As from a lock, drawn with a venement gier,[2]
White rush the bursting waves, and roar along the
weir.

XLI.

The earl with one hand grasped the racer's mane,
And with the other he his lance besped;[3]
And then fell bleeding on the bloody plain.
His lance it hit Fitz Broque upon the head;
Upon his head it made a wound full slight,
But pierced his shoulder, ghastly wound inferne;
Before his optics danced a shade of night,
Which soon were closèd in a sleep eterne.
The noble earlè then, without a groan,
Took flight, to find the regiöns unknown.

XLII.

Brave Alured from beneath his noble horse
Was gotten on his legs, with blood all smore;[4]

---

[1] Misused for *threw*.

[2] Twist, turn; from Lat. *gyrus*. " *Gyre*, a circle, a ring, a turning round."—B.

[3] Dispatched

[4] Smothered (wrongly.)

And now alighted on another horse;
Eftsoons he with his lance did many gore.
The coward Norman knights before him fled,
And from a distance sent their arrows keen;
But no such destiny awaits his head,
As to be slayèn by a wight so mean.
Though oft the oak falls by the peasant's shock,
'Tis more than hinds can do, to move the rock.

XLIII.

Upon Du Chatelet he fiercely set,
And pierced his body with a force full great;
The asenglave[1] of his tilt-lance was wet,
The rolling blood along the lance did fleet.
Advancing, as a mastiff at a bull,
He ran his lance into Fitz Warren's heart;
From Partaie's bow, a wight unmerciful,
Within his own he felt a cruel dart;
Close by the Norman champions he had slain,
He fell; and mixed his blood with theirs upon the plain.

XLIV.

Earl Ethelbert then hove, with clinie[2] just,
A lance, that struck Partaie upon the thigh,
And pinned him down unto the gory dust;
"Cruel," quoth he, "thou cruelly shalt die."
With that his lance he entered at his throat;
He shrieked and screamed in melancholy mood;
And at his back eftsoons came out, God wot,
And after it a crimson stream of blood:

---

[1] Hilt (wrongly).
[2] Inclination of the body (wrongly). Cf. st. 17

In agony and pain he there did lie,
While life and death strove for the mastery.

XLV.

He gripèd hard the bloody murdering lance,
And in a groan he left this mortal life.
Behind the earl, Fiscampe did [next] advance,
And thought to kill him with a stabbing knife;
But Egward, who perceived his foul intent,
Eftsoons his trusty sword he forthwith drew,
And such a cruel blow to Fiscampe sent,
That soul and body's blood at one gate flew.
Such deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so foul
Will black their earthly name, if not their soul.

XLVI.

When lo! an arrow from Walleris' hand,
Wingèd with fate and death, dancèd along;
And slew the noble flower of Powisland,
Howel ap Jevah, who y-clept[1] the strong.
When he the first mischance receivèd han,[2]
With horseman's haste he from the army rode:
And did repair unto the cunning man,
Who sang a charm, that did it mickle good;
Then prayed St. Cuthbert and our holy Dame
To bless his labour, and to heal the same:

XLVII.

Then drew the arrow, and the wound did seek,[3]
And put the taint of holy herbès on;

---

[1] Was called; wrongly used for *was y-clept*.
[2] Had (wrongly).
[3] Suck (altered in order to secure a rhyme).

And put a row of blood-stones round his neck;
And then did say; "go champion, get you gone!"
And now was coming Harold to defend,
And metten[1] with Walleris' cruel dart;
His shield of wolf-skin did him not attend,[2]
The arrow pierced into his noble heart;
As some tall oak, hewn from the mountain-head,
Falls to the plain, so fell the warrior dead.

XLVIII.

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,
Who, love of him,[3] had from his country gone,
When he perceived his friend lie in his gore,
As furious as a mountain-wolf he ran.
As elfin fairies, when the moon shines bright,
In little circles dance upon the green,
All living creatures fly far from their sight,
Nor by the race of destiny be seen;
For what he[4] be that elfin faires strike,
Their souls will wander to king Offa's dyke.

XLIX.

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave
The Normans eftsoons fled away aghast;
And left behind their bow and asenglave,
For fear of him, in such a coward haste.
His garb sufficient were to move affright;
A wolf-skin girded round his middle was;
A bear-skin, from Norwegians won in fight,
Was tightened round his shoulders by the claws:

---

[1] He met; viz. Howel ap Jevah. But *metten* is plural, and signifies *they met*.

[2] Defend, protect him (misused).

[3] It should be "*for* love of him."

[4] Rather read "who they," *i. e.* whoe'er they be.

So Hercules, 'tis sung, much like to him,
Upon his shoulder wore a lion's skin.

L.

Upon his thighs and hart-swift legs he wore
A hugè goat-skin, all of one great piece;
A boar-skin shield on his bare arms he bore;
His gauntlets were the skin of hart of grease.
They fled; he followed close upon their heels,
Vowing vengeance for his dear countryman;
And Sieur de Sancelotte his vengeance feels;
He pierced his back, and out the blood it ran;
His blood went down the sword unto his arm,
In springing rivulet, alive and warm.

LI.

His sword was short, and broad, and mickle keen,
And no man's bone could stand to stop its way;
The Norman's heart in partès two cut clean.
He closed his eyes, and closed his eyes for aye.
Then with his sword he set on Fitz du Valle,
A knight much famous for to run at tilt;
With such a fury on him he did fall,
Into his neck he ran the sword and hilt;
As mighty lightning often[1] has been found
To drive an oak into unfallowed ground.

LII.

And with the sword, that in his neck yet stuck,
The Norman fell unto the bloody ground;
And with the fall ap Tewdor's sword he broke,
And blood afresh came trickling from the wound.
As when the hinds, before a mountain wolf,
Fly from his paws, and angry visage grim;

[1] As to this *unusual* circumstance, cf. st. 61, p. 185.

But when he falls into the pitty gulf,
They dare him to his beard, and batten[1] him;
And 'cause he frightened them so much before,
Like coward hinds, they batten[1] him the more.

LIII.

So when they saw ap Tewdor was bereft
Of his keen sword, that wrought such great dismay;
They turned about, eftsoons upon him leapt,
And full a score engagèd in the fray.
Mervyn ap Tewdor, raging as a bear,
Seized on the beaver of the Sieur de Laque,
And wrung his head with such a vehement gier,[2]
His visage was turned round unto his back.
Back to his heart retired the useless gore,
And fell upon the plain, to rise no more.

LIV.

Then on the mighty Sieur Fitz Pierce he flew,
And broke his helm and seized him by the throat:
Then many Norman knights their arrows drew,
That entered into Mervyn's heart, God wot.
In dying pang he griped his throat more strong,
And from their sockets started out his eyes;
And from his mouth came out his blameless tongue,
And both in pain and anguish eftsoon dies.
As some rude rock, torn from his bed of clay,
Stretched on the plain the brave ap Teudor lay.

LV.

And now Earl Ethelbert and Egward came
Brave Mervyn from the Normans to assist;
A mighty sire, Fitz Chatulet by name,

[1] Beat (wrongly).
[2] Twist; from Bailey's "*Gyre*, a turning round."

An arrow drew that did them little list.[1]
Earl Egward points his lance at Chatulet,
And Ethelbert at Walleris set his;
And Egward did the Sire a hard blow hit,
But Ethelbert by a mischance did miss:
Fear laid Walleris flat upon the strand,
He ne'er deserved a death from earlès hand.

LVI.

Betwixt the ribs of Sire Fitz Chatulet
The pointed lance of Egward did y-pass;
The distant side thereof was ruddy wet,
And he fell breathless on the bloody grass.
As coward Walleris lay on the ground,
The dreaded weapon hummèd o'er his head,
And hit the squire such a deadly wound,
Upon his fallen lord he tumbled dead:
Oh shame to Norman arms! a lord a slave,
A captive villain than a lord more brave!

LVII.

From Chatulet his lance Earl Egward drew,
And hit Walleris on the dexter cheek,
Pierced to his brain, and cut his tongue in two:
"There, knight," quoth he, "let that thy actions speak."[2]

* * * * *

[1] Caused them little pleasure.

[2] C. owned that he was the author of the first "Battle of Hastings." The very same day that he acknowledged this forgery, he informed Mr. Barrett that he had another poem, the copy of an original by Rowley; and at a considerable interval of time (which indeed was requisite for writing his new piece), he produced *another* "Battle of Hastings," much longer than the former; a fair copy from an undoubted original!—MALONE'S *Cursory Observations*, p. 53.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

(No. II.[1])

I.

H Truth! immortal daughter of the skies,
Too little known to writers of these days,
Teach me, fair Saint! thy passing worth to prize,
To blame a friend and give a foeman praise.
The fickle moon, bedeck'd with silver rays,
Leading a train of stars of feeble light,
With look adigne[2] the world below surveys,
The world, that wotted[3] not it could be night;
With armour donn'd, with human gore y-dyed,
She sees king Harold stand, fair England's curse and pride.

---

[1] This is Chatterton's *second* version, which he said really *was* by Rowley. The former one he admitted to be his own.
[2] Noble (wrongly). [3] Put for *wist*, i. e. knew.

II.

With ale and vernage[1] drunk, his soldiers lay;
Here was a hind, anigh an earlè spread,
Sad keeping of their leader's natal day!
This eve in drink, to-morrow with the dead.
Through every troop disorder rear'd her head;
Dancing and heideignes[2] was the only theme.
Sad doom was theirs who left this easy bed,
And woke in torments from so sweet a dream.
Duke William's men, of coming death afraid,
All night to the great God for succour ask'd and pray'd.

III.

Thus Harold to his wights who stood around:
"Go, Gurth and Eilward, take bills half-a-score,
And search how far our foeman's camp doth bound;
Yourself have rede,[3] I need to say no more.
My brother best beloved of any ore,[4]
My Leöfwinus, go to every wight,
Tell them to range the battle to the grore,[5]
And waiten till I send the hest[6] for fight."
He said; the loyal brothers left the place,
Success and cheerfulness depicted on each face.

IV.

Slowly brave Gurth and Eilward did advance,
And marked with care the army's distant side,
When the dire clattering of the shield and lance
Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh espied.

---

[1] "*Vernage*, sweet wine."—B.

[2] Slightly altered from Kersey's "*Haydegines*, a country dance."

[3] Counsel.

[4] Other (wrongly).

[5] Meaning unknown.

[6] Command.

He lifted up his voice, and loudly cried.
Like wolves in winter did the Normans yell.
Gurth drew his sword, and cut his burlèd[1] hide;
The proto-slain[2] man of the field, he fell;
Out streamed the blood, and ran in smoking curls,
Reflected by the moon, seemed rubies mixed with pearls.

V.

A troop of Normans from the mass-song came,
Roused from their prayèrs by the flotting[3] cry,
Though Gurth and Ailwardus perceived the same,
Not once they stood abashed or thought to fly.
He seized a bill, to conquer or to die;
Fierce as a clevis[4] from a rock y-torn,
That makes a valley wheresoe'er it lie,
Fierce as a river bursting from the borne,[5]
So fiercely Gurth hit Fitz du Gore a blow,
And on the verdant plain he laid the champion low.

VI.

Tancarville thus: "All peace, in William's name;
Let none y-draw his arcublaster[6] bow."
Gurth cased his weapon, as he heard the same,
And 'venging Normans stayed the flying flo.[7]
The sire went on: "Ye men, what mean ye so,
Thus unprovoked to court a bloody fight?"

---

[1] Armed —B. [2] First-slain.

[3] Explained by *undulating*; but it looks like Bailey's "*Floting*, whistling, piping." Cf. "*Floiting*, whistling;" Speght.

[4] Cliff, piece of rock; but it is a *plural* noun, viz. Bailey's "*Clevis*, clifts or rocks."

[5] Bank, boundary; from Bailey's "*Borns*, limits, bounds."

[6] "*Arblaster*, a cross-bow."—B.

[7] Arrow.—B. (correct).

Quoth Gurth: "Our meaning we ne care to shew,
Nor dread thy duke with all his men of might;
Here single, only these, to all thy crew
Shall shew what English hands and hearts can do."

VII.

"Seek not for blood," Tancarville calm replied,
"Nor joy in death, like madmen most distraught;
In peace and mercy is a Christian's pride,
He that doth contests prize is in a fault."
And now the news was to Duke William brought,
That men of Harold's army taken were;
For their good cheer all caties[1] were enthought,[2]
And Gurth and Eilwardus enjoyed good cheer.
Quoth William: "Thus shall William be found
A friend to every man that treads on English ground."

VIII.

Earl Leöfwinus through the camp y-passed,
And saw both men and earlès on the ground;
They slept, as though they would have slept their last
And had already felt their fatal wound.
He started back, and was with shame astound,[3]
Looked wan with anger, and he shook with rage,
When through the hollow tents these words did sound,
"Rouse from your sleep, detractors of the age!
Was it for this the stout Norwegian bled?
Awake, ye house-carles, now, or waken with the dead!"

---

[1] "*Cates*, dainty victuals."—B.
[2] Thought of (wrongly).
[3] Astonished.

IX.

As when the shepherd[1] in the shady bower
In gentle slumbers chase[2] the heat of day,
Hears doubling echo wind[3] the wolfin's roar,
That near his flock is watching for a prey,
He trembling for his sheep drives dream away,
Grips fast his burlèd[4] crook, and sore adrad[5]
With fleeting strides he hastens to the fray.
And rage and prowess fires the coistrel[6] lad;
With trusty talbots[7] to the battle flies,
And yell of men and dogs and wolfins tear the skies.

X.

Such was the dire confusion of each wight,
That rose from sleep and loathsome[8] power of wine;
They thought the foe by treachery in the night
Had broke their camp and gotten past the line;
Now here, now there, the shields and bill-spears[9] shine,
Throughout the camp a wild confusion spread;
Each braced his armlet surer by design;[10]
The crested helmet nodded on the head;

---

[1] "Shepster" in orig.; which means a sheepshearer.

[2] Put for *chases*.

[3] Sound; as when we talk of *winding* a horn. See Bailey.

[4] Armed.—B. [5] Affrighted (correct).

[6] A young lad.—B. It is *not* an adjective.

[7] "*Talbot*, a dog with a turned-up tail."—Bailey.

[8] "Walsome," from Bailey's "*Waltsom*, loathsome;" which is a misprint, for the old word is *wlatsom*.

[9] In the original, "the *burnysht* sheeldes and byll-spear (*sic*) shine," which gives two syllables too much.

[10] Orig. "armlace siker ne desygne," where *armlace* is a mistake for Bailey's *armlet*, *siker* means *sure*, and the words *ne desygne* are meaningless.

Some caught a slug-horn,[1] and an onset wound,
King Harold heard the charge, and wondered at the sound.

XI.

Thus Leöfwine: "O women, cased in steel,
Was it for this Norwegia's stubborn seed
Through the black armour did the anlace[2] feel,
And ribs of solid brass were made to bleed,
Whilst yet the world was wondering at the deed?
You soldiers, that should stand with bill in hand,
Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.
Oh, shame! Oh, dire dishonour to the land!"
He said; and shame on every visage spread,
Nor saw the earlès face, but, wakened,[3] hung their head.

XII.

Thus he: "Rouse ye, and form the body tight,
The Kentishmen in front, for strength renowned,
Next, the Bristowans[4] dare the bloody fight,
And last, the numerous crew shall press the ground.
I and my king be with the Kenters found,
Bythric and Alfwold head the Bristol band,
And Bertram's son, the man of glorious wound,
Lead in the rear the mengèd[5] of the land;
And let the Londoners and Sussers[6] ply
By Hereward's command,[7] and the light skirts annoy."

---

[1] Trumpet; but it is a Scottish spelling of *slogan*.
[2] Sword. [3] Orig. "addawed;" see Bailey's *adawe*.
[4] Men of Bristol (C. never misses mentioning Bristol).
[5] "*Menged*, mingled."—B.; hence, the mixed body.
[6] Men of Sussex (wrongly formed).
[7] C. has the hopeless word *memuine*, but the meaning is clear.

XIII.

He said; and as a pack of hounds belent.[1]
When that the tracking of the hare is gone,
If one perchance shall hit upon the scent,
With twice redoubled fire the alans[2] run;
So stirred the valiant Saxons every one;
Soon linkèd man to man the champions stood.
To 'tone for their misdeed so soon 'twas done.
And lifted bills appeared an iron wood.
Here glorious Alfwold towered above the wights.
And seemed to brave the fire of twice ten thousand fights.

XIV.

Thus Leöfwine: "To-day will England's doom
Be fixed for aye, for good or evil state,
This sun's adventure felt for years to come:
Then bravely fight, and live till death of date.
Think of brave Ælfredus, y-clept 'the Great;'
From port to port the red-haired Dane he chased.
The Danes, with whom not lioncels[4] could mate,
Who made of peopled realms a barren waste;
Think how at once by you Norwegia bled,
Whilst death and victory for mastery bested."[5]

---

[1] Brought to a stop; from Bailey's "*Lent*, in Music, denotes a slow movement," &c.

[2] "*Alandes*, greyhounds."—B.

[3] Orig. "bewrate," *i. e.* treachery; falsely formed from the verb *bewray*.

[4] Little lions (heraldic only).

[5] "*Bestead*, borne hard upon, beset."—B. It is here used for *contended*, a meaning which it never can have.

XV.

Meanwhile did Gurth unto King Harold ride,
And told how he did with Duke William fare;
Brave Harold looked askance, and thus replied;
"And can thy faith be bought with drunken cheer?"
Gurth waxèd hot; fire in his eyes did glare,
And thus he said—"Oh! brother, friend, and king,
Have I deserved this fremed[1] speech to hear?
By God's high halidome, ne thought[2] the thing.
When Tostus[3] sent me gold and silver store,
I scorned his present vile, and scorned his treason more."

XVI.

"Forgive me, Gurth," the brave King Harold cried;
"Whom can I trust, if brothers are not true?
Y-think of Tostus, once my joy and pride."
Gurth said, with look adigne,[4] "My lord, I do.[5]
But what our foemen are," quoth Gurth, "I'll shew.
By God's high halidome, they priestès are."
"Do not," quoth Harold, "Gurth, miscall them so,
For they are every one brave men at war."
Quoth Gurth, "Why will ye then provoke their hate?"
Quoth Harold, "Great the foe, so is the glory great."

---

[1] Strange.—B.
[2] He means, *I* thought not.
[3] He means *Tostig*.
[4] Noble (wrongly).
[5] *i. e.* I *do* think so, in answer to the word *Y-think, i. e.* think thou.

XVII.

And now Duke William marëshall'd his band,
And stretched his army out, a goodly row.
First did a rank of arcublastries[1] stand,
Next those on horseback drew th' ascending flo;[2]
Brave champions, each well learnèd in the bow,
Their asenglave[3] across their horses tied;
Or with the loverds[4] squire[s] behind did go,
Or waited, squire-like, at the horse's side.
When thus Duke William to a monk did say,
"Prepare thyself with speed, to Harold haste away.

XVIII.

Tell him from me one of these three to take:
That he to me do homage for this land,
Or me his heir, when he deceaseth, make,
Or to the judgment of Christ's vicar stand."
He said; the monk departed out of hand,
And to King Harold did this message bear,
Who said, "Tell thou the duke, at his likand,[5]
If he can get the crown, he may it wear."
He said, and drove the monk out of his sight.
And with his brothers roused each man to bloody fight.

XIX.

A standard made of silk and jewels rare,
Wherein all colours, wrought about in bighes,[6]

---

[1] Cross-bowmen (wrongly formed). [2] Arrow.
[3] This mysterious weapon seems to mean a *lance* here; elsewhere it is used for a *steel glove* or *hilt* of a lance.
[4] Either with their lords. [5] Pleasure.
[6] Jewels.—B.

An armèd knight was seen death-doing there.
Under this motto—"He conquers or he dies."
This standard rich, endazzling mortal eyes,
Was borne near Harold at the Kenters' head,
Who charged his brothers for the great emprise,[1]
That straight the hest for battle should be spread.
To every earl and knight the word is given,
And cries "*a guerre!*" and slogans shake the vaulted heaven.

XX.

As when the earth,[2] torn by convulsions dire,
In realms of darkness hid from human sight;
The warring force of water, air, and fire,
Bursts from the regions of eternal night,
Through the dark caverns seeks the realms of light;
Some lofty mountain, by its fury torn,
Dreadfully moves, and causes great affright;
Now here, now there, majestic nods the bourne,[3]
And awful shakes, moved by th' almighty force;
Whole woods and forests nod, and rivers change their course.

XXI

So did the men of war at once advance,
Linked man to man, appeared one body light;
Above, a wood, y-formed of bill and lance,
That nodded in the air, most strange to sight;
Hard as the iron were the men of might,

[1] Enterprise.

[2] A nominative without a verb; there is more poetry than grammar in this stanza. Read "earth's."

[3] Cliff (wrongly); see King Lear, a. iv. sc. 6, l. 57.

No need of slogans to enrouse their mind;
Each shooting spear made ready for the fight,
More fierce than falling rocks, more swift than wind;
With solemn step, by echo made more dire,
One single body all, they marched, their eyes on fire.

XXII.

And now the grey-eyed morn with violets drest,
Shaking the dewdrops on the flowery meads,
Fled with her rosy radiance to the west.
Forth from the eastern gate the fiery steeds
Of the bright sun awaiting spirits leads.[1]
The sun, in fiery pomp enthroned on high,
Swifter than thought along his journey gledes,[2]
And scatters night's remains from out the sky.
He saw the armies make for bloody fray,
And stopped his driving steeds, and hid his lightsome ray.

XXIII.

King Harold high in air majestic raised
His mighty arm, decked with a manchyn[3] rare;
With even hand a mighty javelin peised,[4]
Then furious sent it whistling through the air.
It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer.
In vain did brass or iron stop its way;

---

[1] *i. e.* attendant spirits *lead*.

[2] Glides (wrongly spelt). The whole of this fine stanza is as *unlike* the style of Chaucer as it can be. It seems to refer to Guido's picture of Aurora.

[3] Sleeve; from Bailey's "*Manche*, the figure of an ancient sleeve of a coat."

[4] Poised.

Above his eyes it came, the bones did tear,
Piercing quite through, before it did allay.[1]
He tumbled, screeching with his horrid pain,
His hollow cuishes[2] rang upon the bloody plain.

XXIV.

This William saw, and, sounding Roland's song,
He bent his iron interwoven bow,
Making both ends to meet with might full strong;
From out of mortal's sight shot up the flo.[3]
Then, swift as falling stars to earth below,
It slanted down on Alfwold's painted shield,
Quite through the silver-bordured cross did go,
Nor lost its force, but stuck into the field;
The Normans, like their sovereign, did prepare,
And shot ten thousand floes[4] uprising in the air.

XXV.

As when a flight of cranes, that take their way
In household armies through the archèd[5] sky,
Alike the cause, or company or prey,
If that perchance some boggy fen is nigh,
Soon as the muddy nation they espy,
In one black cloud they to the earth descend;
Fierce as the falling thunderbolt they fly,
In vain do reeds the speckled folk defend;
So prone to heavy blow the arrows fell,
And pierced through brass, and sent many to heaven or hell.

---

[1] Stop (wrongly).
[2] "*Cuisses*, an armour for the thighs."—B. [3] Arrow.
[4] C. clearly was unaware that the plural of *flo* is *flon*.
[5] Orig. "flanched; from Bailey's "*Flanch*, in heraldry, an *embowed* line," &c.

XXVI.

Ælan Adelfred, of the stow[1] of Leigh,
Felt a dire arrow burning in his breast;
Before he died, he sent his spear away,
Then sank to glory and eternal rest.
Neville, a Norman of all Normans best,
Through the joint cuishè[2] did the javelin feel,
As he on horseback for the fight addressed,
And saw his blood come smoking o'er the steel;
He sent th' avenging flo[3] into the air,
And turned his horse's head, and did to leech[4] repair.

XXVII.

And now the javelins, barbed with deathès wings,
Hurled from the English hands by force aderne,[5]
Whizz drear along, and songs of terror sings,[6]
Such songs as always closed in life eterne.
Hurled by such strength along the air they burn,
Not to be quenchèd but in Normans' blood.
Where'er they came, they were of life forlorn,[7]
And always followed[8] by a purple flood.
Like clouds the Norman arrows did descend,
Like clouds of carnage full, in purple drops did end.

XXVIII.

Nor, Leöfwinus, didst thou still y-stand;
Full soon thy pheon[9] glittered in the air;

---

[1] Place.—B.
[2] *i. e.* jointed thigh-armour.
[3] Arrow.
[4] Physician.
[5] Cruel; "*Dern*, sad; also, barbarous, cruel."—B.
[6] Put for *sing*.
[7] Deprived; *they* (in the second place) means *the Normans*.
[8] *i. e. the arrows* were followed.
[9] "The barbed head of a dart or arrow."—B.

The force of none but thine and Harold's hand
Could hurl a javelin with such lethal geer.[1]
It whizzed a ghastly din in Norman's ear,
Then, thundering. did upon his greave[2] alight,
Pierce to his heart, and did his bowels tear;
He closed his eyes in everlasting night.
Ah! what availed the lions on his crest,
His hatchments[3] rare with him upon the ground were prest.

XXIX.

William again y-made his bow-ends meet.
And high in air the arrow winged his way;
Descending like a shaft of thunder fleet,
Like thunder rattling at the noon of day,
On Algar's shield the arrow did assay,[4]
There through did pierce, and stick into his groin;
In griping torments on the field he lay,
Till welcome death came in and closed his eyne.
Distort with pain he lay upon the borne,[5]
Like sturdy elms by storms in uncouth writhings torn.

XXX.

Alrick his brother, when he this perceived,
He drew his sword, his left hand held a spear;

---

[1] Revolution; cf. Fr. *girer*.

[2] Leg-armour; the "pheon" should have been made to go through (not his *greave*, but) his *breastplate*.

[3] Coats of arms; but not worn in battle.

[4] Make an attempt.

[5] Probably *plain*; from Bailey's "*Borns*, limits, bounds," &c. It has been explained by *burnished armour*, from Bailey's "*Borne*, to burnish." In either case, the word is misused.

Towards the duke he turned his prancing steed,
And to the God of heaven he sent a prayer,
Then sent his lethal javelin in the air;
On Hugh de Beaumont's back the javelin came,
Through his red armour to his heart it tare;
He fell, and thundered on the place of fame.
Next with his sword he 'sailed the Sieur de Roe,
And burst his silver helm, so furious was the blow.

XXXI.

But William, who had seen his prowess great,
And fearèd much how far his rage[1] might go,
Took a strong arblaster,[2] and, big with fate,
From twanging iron sent the fleeting flo.
As Alric hoists his arm for deadly blow,
Which, had it come, had been de Roeës last,
The swift-winged messenger from William's bow
Quite through his arm into his side y-past;
His eyes shot fire, like blazing star at night,
He gripped his sword, and fell upon the place of fight.

XXXII.

Oh Alfwold, say, how shall I sing of thee,
Or tell how many did beneath thee fall?
Not Harold's self more Norman knights did sle,[3]
Not Harold's self did more for praises call.
How shall a pen like mine then shew it all?
Like thee, their leader, each Bristowan fought;
Like thee, their fame must be canonical;
For they, like thee, that day revenge[4] y-wrought.

---

[1] "Bronde;" from Bailey's "*Brond*, fury, rage."
[2] He means "arblast;" but see note 6, p. 159. [3] Slay.
[4] "Bewrecke;" from Bailey's "*Bewreck*, to revenge."

Did thirty Normans fall upon the ground,
Full half a score from thee[1] received their fatal wound.

XXXIII.

First Fitz-Chivelloys felt thy direful force ;
Naught did his held-out brazen shield avail ;
Eftsoons through that thy driving spear did pierce,
Nor was it stoppèd by his coat of mail ;
Into his breast it quickly did assail ;
Out ran the blood, like hygra[2] of the tide,
With purple stainèd all his aventayle.
In scarlet was his cuish of silver dyed.
Upon the bloody carnage-house he lay,
Whilst his long shield did gleam with the sun's rising ray.

XXXIV.

Next Fescamp fell. Oh ! Christ, how hard his fate
To die the lackedst[3] knight of all the throng !
His sprite was made of malice deslavate,[4]
Nor should it find a place in any song.
The pointed javelin, hurled from hand so strong
As thine, came thundering on his crested beave ;[5]
Ah ! naught availed the brass or iron thong ;
With mighty force his skull in two did cleave ;

---

[1] Orig. "from thee and theie," which is false gramma for "from thee and them," and gives two syllables too much

[2] Alluding to the "egre," or "bore" of the Severn.

[3] Orig. "leckedst ;" but he means "lackedst ;" i.e. mos dispraised, from Bailey's "*Lack*, to dispraise."

[4] Foul ; from Bailey's "*Deslavy*, lecherous, beastly."

[5] Beaver.

Falling, he shakèd out his smoking brain.
As withered oaks or elms are hewn from off the plain.

XXXV.

Nor, Norcie, could thy might and skilful lore
Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's spear;
Could'st thou not ken, most skilled astrologer,[1]
How in the battle it would with thee fare?
When Alfwold's javelin, rattling in the air,
From hand divine on thy habergeon came,
Out at thy back it did thine heart's blood bear;
It gave thee death and everlasting fame.
Thy death could only come from Alfwold's arm,
As diamonds only can their fellow-diamonds harm.

XXXVI.

Next Sieur du Moulin fell upon the ground,
Quite through his throat the lethal javelin press'd,
His soul and blood came rushing from the wound;
He closed his eyes and oped them with the blest.
It cannot be that I should name the rest,
That by the mighty arm of Alfwold fell;
Past by a pen to be count or express'd,
How many Alfwold sent to heaven or hell.
As leaves from trees shook by derne[2] Autumn's hand,
So lay the Normans slain by Alfwold on the strand.

---

[1] C. has "Afterlagoure," a singular mistake for Bailey's "*Asterlagour*, an astrolabe." C. was enabled to correct Bailey's *explanation* by referring lower down to Bailey's "*Astrologer*, one that professes astrology," &c.

[2] Cruel; as usual; see note 5, p. 169.

XXXVII.

As when a drove of wolves with dreary yells
Assails some flock, nor cares if shepherd ken't,[1]
And spread destruction o'er the woods and dells.
The shepherd swains in vain their loss lament;
So fought the Bristol men, nor one crevent,[2]
Nor one abashed bethought him for to flee:
With fallen Normans all the plain besprent.[3]
And, like their leaders, every man did sle.[4]
In vain on every side the arrows fled,
The Bristol men still raged, for Alfwold was not dead.

XXXVIII.

Many meanwhile by Harold's arm did fall,
And Leöfwine and Gurth increased the slain;
'Twould take a Nestor's age to sing them all,
Or tell how many Normans press'd the plain.
But of the earls whom record hath not slain,[5]
Oh Truth! for good of after-times relate,
That, though they're dead, their names may live again,
And be in death, as they in life were, great.
So after-ages may their actions see,
And, like to them, eternal alway strive to be.

XXXIX.

Adhelm, a knight, whose holy deathless sire
For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's shrine,

---

[1] *i. e.* ken it, know it.
[2] Put for *craven*. Bailey gives "*Craven*, or *cravent*."
[3] Sprinkled. [4] Slay.
[5] *i. e.* those earls, whom fame hath not slain *utterly*, thos whose renown has not altogether been lost.

Whose breast for ever burned with sacred fire,
And e'en on earth he might be called divine;
To Cuthbert's church he did his goods resign,
And left his son his God's and fortune's knight.
His son the Saint beheld with look adigne,[1]
Made him in council[2] wise, and great in fight;
Saint Cuthbert did him aid in all his deeds,
His friends he lets to live, and all his foemen bleeds.[3]

XL.

He married was to Kenewalcha fair,
The finest dame the sun or moon adave;[4]
She was the mighty Aderedus' heir,
Who was already hasting to the grave;
As the blue Briton[s],[5] rising from the wave,
Like sea-gods seem in most majestic guise,
And round about the rising waters lave,
And their long hair around their bodies flies;
Such majesty was in her port displayed,
To be excelled by none but Homer's martial maid.

XLI.

White as the chalky cliffs of Britain's isle,
Red as the highest-coloured Gallic wine,
Gay as all nature at the morning-smile,
Those hues with pleasaunce on her lips combine;
Her lips more red than summer-evening skyen.[6]
Or Phœbus rising in a frosty morn;

---

[1] Gentle; see *digne* in Speght. [2] "Gemot."
[3] Should be *bleed*.
[4] Wakened? Bailey has "*Adawe*, to waken." There is no verb which could produce the past tense *adave*.
[5] *Blue* means *woad-stained*. *Bruton* (in orig.) should be *Brutons*
[6] Skies.

Her breast[s] more white than snows in fields
that lien,
Or lily lambs that never have been shorn,
Swelling like bubbles in a boiling well,
Or new-burst brooklets gently whispering in the dell.

XLII.

Brown as the filbert dropping from the shell,
Brown as the nappy ale at Hocktide game,
So brown the crooked rings, that featly fell
Over the neck of this all-beauteous dame.
Grey as the morn before the ruddy flame
Of Phœbus chariot rolling through the sky;
Grey as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,
So grey appeared her featly sparkling eye;
Those eyes, that oft did mickle pleasèd look
On Adhelm, valiant man, the virtues' doomsday-
book.

XLIII.

Majestic as the grove of oaks that stood
Before the abbey built by Oswald king;
Majestic as Hibernia's holy wood,
Where saints for[1] souls departed masses sing;
Such awe from her sweet look forth issuing
At once for reverence and love did call;
Sweet as the voice of thrushes[2] in the spring,
So sweet the words that from her lips did fall
None fell in vain; all shewèd some intent;[3]
Her wordès did display her great entendèment.[4]

---

[1] Orig. "and;" which is a mere slip.

[2] "Thraslarkes;" a curious compound of *throstle* wit *lark*.

[3] Meaning.

[4] Intelligence.

XLIV.

Taper as candles laid at Cuthbert's shrine,
Taper as elms that Goodrick's abbey shrove,[1]
Taper as silver chalices for wine,
So taper were her arms and shape y-grove.[2]
As skilful miners by the stones above
Can ken what metal is contained[3] below,
So Kenewalcha's face, y-made for love,
The lovely image of her soul did shew;
Thus was she outward formed; the sun, her mind,
Did gild her mortal shape, and all her charms refined.

XLV.

What praisers[4] then, what glory shall he claim,
What doughty Homer shall his praises sing,
That left the bosom of so fair a dame
Uncalled, unasked, to serve his lord the king!
To his fair shrine good subjects ought to bring
The arms, the helmets, all the spoils of war,
Through every realm the poets blaze the thing,
And travelling merchants spread his name to far:
The stout Norwegians had his anlace[5] felt,
And now among his foes death-doing blows he dealt.

XLVI.

As when a wolf hath gotten in the meads,
He rageth sore, and doth about him sle,[6]
Now here a mastiff,[7] there a lambkin bleeds,

---

[1] Rowleian for *shrouded*.
[2] Put for *y-graven*, *i. e.* shaped, formed.
[3] "vlach'd;" from Bailey's "*Lach*, to catch or snatch."
[4] "blazours;" from "*Blasours*, praisers."—B.
[5] Sword. [6] Slay. [7] "Talbot."

And all the grass with clotted gore doth stre ;[1]
As when a river rolls impetuously,
And breaks the banks that would its force restrain,
Along the plain in foaming rings doth flee,
'Gainst walls and hedges doth its course maintain ;
As when a man doth in a corn-field mow,
With ease at one fell stroke full many are laid low.

XLVII.

So many, with such force, and with such ease
Did Adhelm slaughter on the bloody plain ;
Before him many did their heart's blood lese,[2]
Ofttimes he fought on towers of smoking slain.
Angillian felt his force, nor felt in vain ;
He cut him with his sword athwart the breast,
Out ran the blood and did his armour stain.
He closed his eyën in eternal rest,
Like a tall oak by tempest borne away,
Stretched in the arms of death upon the plain he lay.

XLVIII.

Next through the air he sent his javelin fierce
That on De Clermond's buckler did alight,
Through the vast orb the pheon[3] sharp did pierce,
Rang on his coat of mail and spent its might.
But soon another winged its airy flight,
The keen broad pheon to his lungs did go ;
He fell, and groaned upon the place of fight,

[1] Strew.
[2] "*Lese*, to lose."—B. C. misspells it *lease*.
[3] "*Pheon*, the barbed head of a dart or arrow."—B.

Whilst life and blood came issuing from the blow.
Like a tall pine upon his native plain,
So fell the mighty sire, and mingled with the slain.

XLIX.

Hugh de Longeville, a mighty doutremere,[1]
Advancèd forward to provoke the dart,
When soon he found that Adhelm's pointed spear
Had found an easy passage to his heart;
He drew his bow, nor was of death astart,[2]
Then fell down breathless to increase the corse.[3]
But, as he drew his bow devoid of art,
So it[4] came down upon Troyvillian's horse;
Deep through his hatchments[5] went the pointed flo;[6]
Now here, now there, with rage bleeding he round doth go;

L.

Nor does he heed his master's known commands,
Till, growèn furious by his bloody wound,
Erect upon his hinder feet he stands,
And throws his master far off to the ground.
Near Adhelm's feet the Norman lay astound,[7]
Scattered his arrows, loosened was his shield;
Through his red armour, as he lay enswooned,
He pierced his sword, and out upon the field

---

[1] Orig. "a force doughtre mere;" where *force* is for *forcie*, which is meant for *mighty*; and the rest is Bailey's "*Doutremere*, seafaring, travelling beyond sea," here used for a *foreigner*.

[2] Afraid (wrongly).

[3] Corpses (wrongly).

[4] *i. e.* the arrow.

[5] Caparison (wrongly).

[6] Arrow.

[7] Stunned.

The Norman's bowels steamed, a deadly sight ;
He oped, and closed his eyes in everlasting night.

LI.

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normans fought.
A man well skilled in sword and sounding string,
Who fled his country for a crime enstrote,[1]
For daring with bold word his lawful king ;
He at Earl Adhelm with great force did fling
An heavy javelin, made for bloody wound ;
Along his shield askance the same did ring,
Pierced through the corner, then stuck in the ground ;
So when the thunder rattles in the sky,
Through some tall spire the shafts in a torn clevis[2] fly.

LII.

Then Adhelm hurled a crooked javelin strong
With might that none but such great champions know ;
Swifter than thought the javelin passed along,
And hit the Scot most fiercely on the prow ;[3]
His helmet burst at such a thundering blow,
Into his brain the trembling javelin steck ;[4]
From either side the blood began to flow,
And run in circling ringlets round his neck :
Down fell the warrior on the lethal strand,
Like some tall vessel wrecked upon the tragic sand.

---

[1] This has been explained by "to be punished." I know of no authority for the word or for the explanation.

[2] "*Clevis*, clifts or rocks."—B. But Chatterton always uses it in the singular, with the sense of a *cleft* or *fissure*. Cf. note 4, p. 159. By *shafts* he means *lightning*.

[3] Forehead (wrongly). [4] Stuck (wrongly).

(*The same, continued.*)[1]

LIII.

Where fruitless heaths and meads are clad in grey,
Save where sad hawthorns rear their humble head,
The hungry traveller upon his way
Sees a huge desert all around him spread,
The distant city scarcely to be sped,[2]
The curling force of smoke he sees in vain,
'Tis too far distant, and his only bed,
Y-wimpled[3] in his cloak, is on the plain,
Whilst rattling thunder rolls above[4] his head,
And rains come down to wet his hard unwelcome[5] bed;

LIV.

A wondrous pile of rugged mountains stands,
Placed on each other in a drear array,
It could not be the work of human hands,
It was not rearèd up by men of clay.
Here did the Britons adoration pay
To the false god whom they did Tauran name,
Dressing[6] his altar with great fires in May,
Roasting their victual round about the flame,
'Twas here that Hengist did the Britons sle,[7]
As they were met in council for to be.[8]

---

[1] This latter part was written some time after the first fifty-two stanzas.

[2] Reached (wrongly). [3] "*Iwimpled*, muffled."—B.

[4] For "rolls above" the original has "forrey oer," which is inexplicable; though Kersey has "*Forrey*, to destroy." [5] "Uncouthlie."

[6] "Dyghtinge." This stanza describes *Stonehenge*.

[7] Slay. [8] Two syllables short; cf. note 3, p. 182.

LV.

Near, on a lofty hill, a city stands,
That lifts its shafted head unto the skies,
And kingly looks around on lower lands,
And the long brown plain that before it lies.
Hereward, born of parents brave and wise,
Within this parish[1] first a-drew the air.
A blessing to the earth sent from the skies;
In any kingdom could not find his peer.[2]
Now, ribbed in steel, he rages in the fight.
And sweeps whole armies to the realms of night.[3]

LVI.

So when sad Autumn with his sallow hand
Tears the green mantle from the lymed[4] trees,
The leaves, besprinkled on the yellow strand,
Fly in whole armies from the blatant[5] breeze;
All the whole field a carnage-house he sees,
And souls unknellèd hovered o'er the blood;
From place to place on either hand he slees.[6]
And sweeps all near him like a raging[7] flood;
Death hung upon his arm; he slew so maint,[8]
'Tis past the pencil of a man to paint.

---

[1] "Ville;" from Bailey's "*Vill*, sometimes taken for a *parish*," &c.

[2] "Pheer;" from "*Pheer*, companion."—B. But *peer* is clearly meant.

[3] This and all the succeeding stanzas (except 61 and 69) fail to end with Alexandrines.

[4] "*Limed*, polished."—B

[5] "*Blatant*, barking, bawling."—B. [6] Slays.

[7] "Bronded;" from "*Brond*, fury, rage."—B.

[8] Many (wrongly).

LVII.

Bright sun in haste hath driven his fiery wain
A three-hours' course along the whited skyen.
Viewing the lifeless [1] bodies on the plain,
And longèd greatly to plunge in the brine.
For as his beamès and far-stretching eyne
Did view the pools of gore in purple sheen,
The loathsome vapours round his locks did twine,
And did disfigure all his seemlikeen; [2]
Then to hard action he his wain did rouse,
In hissing ocean to make clear his brows.

LVIII.

Duke William gave command, each Norman knight
That bare war-token in a shield so fine,
Should onward go, and dare to closer fight
The Saxon warrior, that did so entwine,
Like the nesh [3] bryon [4] and the eglantine,
Or Cornish wrestlers at a Hocktide game.
The Normans, all enmarshalled in a line,
To th' ourt [5] array of the tight Saxons came.
There 'twas th' astonished Normans, on a par,
Did know that Saxons were the sons of war.

LIX.

Oh Turgot! wheresoe'er thy sprite doth haunt,
Whether with thy loved Adhelm by thy side,

---

[1] "Swarthless; from Bailey's "*Swarth*, the ghost of a dying person."

[2] Comeliness; slightly altered from Bailey's *semeliheed*.

[3] Tender.—B. [4] For *bryony*; see Bailey.

[5] Explained by "open;" and probably contracted from Bailey's "*Overt*, open." But it contradicts *tight*, spelt *thight* by Chatterton; see *thight* in Bailey.

Where thou mayst hear the sweetè night-lark chant,
Or with some mocking brooklet sweetly glide,
Or rolling fiercely with fierce Severn's tide,
Where'er thou art, come and my mind enleme [1]
With such great thoughts as did with thee abide,
Thou sun, of whom I oft have caught a beam,
Send me again a driblet of thy light,
That I the deeds of Englishmen may write.

LX.

Harold, who saw the Normans to advance,
Seized a huge bill, and laid him down his spear,
So did each wight lay down the pointed lance,
And groves of bills did glitter in the air;
With shouts the Normans did to battle steer.
Campynon, famous for his stature high,
Fiery with brass, beneath a shirt of lere,[2]
In cloudy day he reached into the sky;
Near to king Harold did he come along,
And drew his steel Morglaien[3] sword so strong.

LXI.

Thrice round his head he swung his anlace wide,
On which the sunnès visage did engleam,
Then, straining as his members would divide,
He struck on Harold's shield in manner breme;[4]
Along the field it made a horrid cleembe,[5]

[1] Enlighten; from "*Lemes*, lights or flames."—B.
[2] Leather.—B.
[3] "*Morglay*, a mortal and deadly sword."—B. Hence Chatterton coins an adjective. Cf. note 4, p. 105.
[4] Furious.—B.
[5] Clamour (doubtless; but there is no such word).

Cutting king Harold's painted shield in twain ;
Then in the blood the fiery sword did steam,
And then did drive into the bloody plain.
So when in air the vapours do abound,
Some thunderbolt tears trees, and drives into the ground.

LXII.

Harold upreared his bill, and furious sent
A stroke, like thunder, at the Norman's side,
Upon the plain the broken brass besprent
Did not his[1] body from death-doing hide ;
He turnèd back and did not there abide ;
With stretched out shield he áyenward[2] did go,
Threw down the Normans, did their ranks divide,
To save himself, left them unto the foe.
So elephants, in kingdom of the sun,
When once provoked, do through their own troops run.

LXIII.

Harold, who knew he was his army's stay,
(Needing the rede[3] of general so wise),
Bid Alfwold to Campynon haste away ;
As through the army áyenward[2] he hies,
Swift as a feathered arrow Alfwold flies,
The steel bill blushing o'er with lukewarm blood.
Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for th'emprise[4]
Hasted with Alfwold where Campynon stood,
Who ayneward[5] went, whilst every Norman knight
Did blush to see their champion put to flight.

---

[1] *His* here, and *he* in the next line refer to Campynon (Champignon ?).
[2] Back again.—B.
[3] Counsel.
[4] Enterprise.—B.
[5] Miswritten for *ayenward*, owing to exigencies of metre

LXIV.

As painted Briton, when a wolfyn[1] wild,
When it is chill and blustering winds do blow,
Enters his bordel,[2] taketh his young child,
And with his blood bedyes the lily snow,
He thórough mountain high and dale doth go,
Through the quick torrent of the swollen ave,[3]
Through Severn rolling o'er the sands below
He skims aloft, and blents[4] the beating wave,
Nor stints, nor lags the chase, till 'fore his eyne
In pieces he the murdering thief doth chine.[5]

LXV.

So Alfwold, he did to Campynon haste;
His bloody bill dismayed[6] the Norman's eyne;
He fled, as wolves when by the mastiffs[7] chaced,
To bloody bicker did he not incline.
Duke William struck him on his brigandine,[8]
And said—"Campynon, is it thee I see?
Thee? who didst acts of glory so bewryen,[9]
Now poorly come to hide thyself by me?
Away! thou dog, and act a warrior's part,
Or with my sword I'll pierce thee to the heart!"

---

[1] Wolf.

[2] Cottage; but it is, in fact, only another spelling of *brothel*.

[3] "Bollen ave;" where *bollen* is *swollen*, and *ave* apparently a contraction of *Avon*, i.e. a river.

[4] Turns back.—B.

[5] Cut through the backbone.—B.

[6] "Awhap'd"

[7] "Talbots."

[8] "An ancient kind of armour, with many plates and joints, like a coat of mail."—B.

[9] Declare, discover.—B.

LXVI.

Between Earl Alfwold and Duke William's brond[1]
Campynon thought that naught but death could be,
Seized a huge sword Morglaiën in his honde,[2]
Muttering a prayër to the Virginè.
So hunted deer the driving hounds will sle,[3]
When they discover they cannot escape;
And fearful lambkins, when they hunted be,
Their infant hunters do they oft awhape.[4]
Thus stood Campynon, great but heartless knight,
When fear of death made him for death to fight.

LXVII.

Alfwold began to dight himself for fight.
Meanwhile his men on every side did sle;
When on his lifted shield with all his might
Campynon's sword in burley-brond[5] did dree.[6]
Amazèd[7] Alfwold fell upon his knee;
His Bristol men came in him for to save;
Eftsoons upgotten from the ground was he,
And did again the towering Norman brave.
He grasped his bill in such a drear array,
He seemed a lion catching at his prey.

LXVIII.

Upon the Norman's brazen aventail[8]
The thundering bill of mighty Alfwold came;

---

[1] Fury.—B. [2] Hand. [3] Slay. [4] Amaze.—B.
[5] Armed fury; from Bailey's "*Burled*, armed," and *Brond*, fury."
[6] Drive, as in st. 72; but its true meaning is quite different, viz. to endure.
[7] "Bewopen," which is only a variation of "Awhaped."
[8] "*Adventaile*, a coat of defence."—B. It is really a part of the helmet, and therefore does not guard *the body*.

It made a dintful bruise and then did fail.
From rattling weapons shot a sparkling flame.
Eftsoons again the thundering bill y-came,
Pierced through his aventail and skirts of lare;[1]
A tide of purple gore came with the same,
As out his bowels on the field it tare.
Campynon fell, as when some city-wall
In doleful terrors on its miners fall.[2]

LXIX.

He fell, and did the Norman ranks divide;
So when an oak, that shot into the sky,[3]
Feels the broad axes piercing his broad side,
Slowly he falls and on the ground doth lie,
Pressing all down that is with him anigh,
And stopping weary travellers on the way;
So stretched upon the plain the Norman high,
[Far-spreading like a mighty ruin, lay,][4]
Bled, groaned, and died; the Norman knights astound
To see the bawsin[5] champion pressed upon the ground.

LXX.

As when the hygra[6] of the Severn roars,
And thunders ugsom[7] on the sands below,

---

[1] A variation of Bailey's "*Lere*, leather."
[2] Rowleian for *falls*.
[3] "As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heav'd axe with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground."
Pope's Homer; Il. bk. xiii.
[4] A line lost; supplied from conjecture.
[5] Big, gross.—B.
[6] The "bore" of a tidal river.
[7] Terrible.—B.

The noise resounds to Wedecester's shore,
And sweeps the black sand round its hoary brow;
So furious Alfwold through the war did go.
His Kenters and Bristowans slew each side,
Besprinkled[1] all along with bloodless foe,
And seemed to swim along with bloody tide.
From place to place, besmeared with blood, they went,
And round about them swarthless corse besprent.[2]

LXXI.

A famous Norman, who was named Aubene,
Of skill in bow, in tilt, and handsword fight,
That day in field hath many Saxons slain,
For he, in soothen,[3] was a man of might.
First did his sword on Adelgar alight,
As he on horseback was, and pierced his groin,
Then upward went; in everlasting night
He closed his rolling and dimsighted eyne.
Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and famed Adelred,
By various causes sunken[4] to the dead.

LXXII.

But now to Alfwold he opposing went,
To whom compared, he was a man of stre,[5]
And with both hands a mighty blow he sent
At Alfwold's head, as hard as he could dree;[6]
But on his painted shield so bismarly[7]

---

[1] "Betreinted;" from Bailey's "*Betreint*, sprinkled."
[2] Lifeless corpses sprinkled.—B.
[3] False spelling of *sooth*.
[4] Put for *sank*.
[5] Straw.
[6] Drive (wrongly).
[7] Curiously (wrongly.)

Aslant, his sword did go into the ground.
Then Alfwold him attacked most furiously,
And through his gaberdine[1] he did him wound;
Then soon again his sword he did upryne,[2]
And clove his crest, and split him to the eyne.[3]

* * * * *

---

[1] "A shepherd's coarse frock or coat."—B. It does not appear to have been worn in battle. [2] Lift up (wrongly). [3] The poem ends here, being no nearer to the termination of the battle than it was forty stanzas back. Chatterton could have gone on thus to any length; but it is a pity he did not give us the death of Harold.

Mr. Bryant is of opinion, that the "Battle of Hastings" contains a *mass of occult intelligence*, in many *obscure references*, and *dark hints*. This is a mass which I cannot penetrate. The poem, as we have seen, is supposed to have been originally written by Turgott, a coeval ecclesiastic. But a writer so connected with the times, a professed historian, and who was here the author of a separate and distinct narrative of this single event, must have treated the subject with minuteness and particularity. He was drawing from the life, and recording recent facts. This newly discovered manuscript of Turgott must have mentioned anecdotes not now to be found in our histories, or have related those already recorded, with additional circumstances, with a less degree of generality, and a variety of new particulars. But, unluckily, we see little more than the well-known, established, leading incidents. Some few poetical or imaginary insertions excepted, this memorable Battle is much the same in Hollinshead as in Turgott. I am speaking of real facts, such as properly belong to this event as a piece of history, and such as Turgott would have naturally told. As to those *occult intelligences*, instanced by Mr. Bryant, *Tynyan's necromancy*, the *goats of Conyan made tame*, and the souls of the *fairy-stricken* people that wander to *Offa's dyke*, they are extraneous, and the sport of the poet. Tynyan is an old British king in Geoffrey of Monmouth. So little is known

of this monarch, that he was safely and easily converted into a necromancer. The *goats of Conyan* might be an allusion, to amuse and deceive, without any meaning at the bottom. We must not always treat fancies as mysteries. There are now remembered many romantic traditions, such as that of the souls of the *fairy-stricken people*. But this might have sprung from Chatterton's imagination, for it is by no means out of the style and cast of modern fiction. All these may be said to have been added to Turgott by Rowley. It is at least as probable that they came from Chatterton. They certainly did not fall from the pen of an archdeacon, a prior of an episcopal church, and a conscientious annalist. At least they would not have been introduced by Turgott into the grave dignity of an historic detail.—WARTON'S *Enquiry*, &c 1782; p. 73.

[The following poem is printed as originally written.]

THE ROMAUNTE[1] OF THE CNYGHTE.[2]

BY JOHN DE BURGHAM.[3]

THE Sunne ento Vyrgyne was gotten.
The floureys al arounde onspryngede,[4]
The woddie[5] Grasse blaunched[6] the Fenne,
The Quenis Ermyne[7] arised fro Bedde;

---

[1] Romance. [2] Knight.

[3] This poem was inserted by C. in his Account of the De Bergham Pedigree (which see) with the brief remark—"To give you an idea of the poetry of the age, take the following Piece, wrote by him (John de Burgham) about 1320." Knowing that Mr. Burgum, the pewterer, for whose mystification the "Account" was written, could not interpret the poem, C. thoughtfully accompanied it with a paraphrase. See the "Romance of the Knight" in Chatterton's acknowledged Poems.

[4] Ceased to spring, became faded.

[5] "Wrinkled" in Chatterton's paraphrase.

[6] Whitened.

[7] The paraphrase has "yellow Flag."

Syr Knyghte dyd ymounte oponn a Stede
Ne Rouncie[1] ne Drybblette[2] of make,
Thanne asterte[3] for dur'sie[4] dede
Wythe Morglaie[5] hys Fooemenne[6] to make blede;
Eke[7] swythyn[8] as wynde Trees, theyre Hartys to shake.
Al downe in a Delle, a merke[9] dernie[10] Delle,
Wheere Coppys eke Thighe Trees there bee,
There dyd hee perchaunce Isee
A Damoselle askedde for ayde on her kne,
An Cnyghte uncourteous dydde bie her stonde,
Hee hollyd herr faeste bie her honde.
"Discorteous Cnyghte, I doe praie nowe thou telle
Why doeste thou bee so [harsh] to thee Damselle?"
The Knyghte hym assoled[11] eftsoones,[12]
"Itte beethe ne mattere of thyne.
Begon, for I wayte notte thye boones."

The Knyghte sed, "I proove on thie Gaberdyne."[13]
Alyche[14] Boars enchafed[15] to fyghte heie flies.
The Discoorteous Knyghte bee strynge,[16] botte strynger the righte,
The dynne[17] bee herde a myle for fuire[18] in the fyghte,
Tyl thee false Knyghte yfallethe and dyes.

---

[1] A cart horse, or one put to menial services.
[2] Small, little. [3] Passed, or went forth.
[4] From "duress," hardship, signifying hardy.
[5] A fatal sword. [6] Foes. [7] Also. [8] Quickly.
[9] Dark. [10] Gloomy, solitary.
[11] Answered. Used by Rowley in the same sense.
[12] Quickly, presently.
[13] A manner of challenging. So in Rowley's Tournament "Thenn there's mie gauntlette onn mie gaberdyne."
[14] Like. [15] Heated, furious, vexed. [16] Strong.
[17] Sound, noise. [18] Fury.

" Damoysel," quod the Knyghte, " now comme thou wi me,"
" Y wotte[1] welle," quod shee, " I nede thee ne fere.
The Knyghte yfallen badd wolde Ischulde bee.[2]
Butte loe he ys dedde, maie itte spede Heavenwere."[3]

---

[1] Know. [2] Wished me to be bad, or to commit sin
[3] Heavenward.

ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

I.

WHEN England, smoking from her deadly wound,
From her galled neck did pluck the chains away,
Knowing her lawful sons fall all around,
(Mighty they fell, 'twas Honour led the fray).
Then in a dale, by eve's dark surcote[1] gray,
Two lonely shepherds did abrodden[2] fly,
(The rustling leaf doth their white hearts affray),
And with the owlet trembled and did cry;
First Robert Neatherd his sore bosom stroke,[3]
Then fell upon the ground and thus y-spoke.[4]

---

[1] Bailey has "*Surcoat*, a sort of upper garment."

[2] "Abruptly. So Chaucer—Syke he abredden dyd attourne."—C. An erroneous explanation.

[3] Struck.

[4] Spake; *yspoke* is, however, the past participle.

II.

Robert. Ah, Raufe! it thus the hours do come along,
If thus we fly in chase of further wo,
Our feet will fail, albeit we be strong,
Nor will our pace swift as our danger go.
To our great wrongs we have enheapèd mo.[1]
The Barons war! Oh, woe and well-a-day!
I have my life, but have escapèd so,
That life itself my senses doth affray.
Oh Raufe, come list, and hear my dernie[2] tale,
Come hear the baleful doom of Robin of the dale.

III.

Raufe. Say to me naught; I know thy woe in mine.
Oh! I've a tale that Sabalus[3] might tell.
Sweet flowerets, mantled meadows, forests digne;[4]
Gravots,[5] far-kenned, around the hermit's cell,
The sweet ribible[6] dinning in the dell,
The joyous dancing in the hostel-court;[7]
Eke the high song and every joy, farewell!
Farewel, the very shade of fair disport;
Impestering[8] troubles on my head do come.
Nor one kind Saint to ward the aye-increasing doom.

---

[1] More.
[2] Bailey has "*Dern*, sad, solitary."
[3] Bailey has "*Zabulus*, the devil." [4] worthy, fine.
[5] Bailey has "*Gravot*, a grove." One would like to know his authority.
[6] Bailey has "*Ribibble*, a fiddle or cittern."
[7] Court of a hostelry. C. has "hoastrie," from "*Hostry* the stables of an inn."—Bailey. [8] Annoying.

IV.

Rob. Oh! I could wail my kingcup-deckèd mees,[1]
My spreading flocks of sheep of lily white,
My tender apples,[2] and embodied[3] trees,
My parker's grange,[4] far-spreading to the sight,
My cuyen[5] kine, my bullocks strong in fight,
My gorne[6] emblanchèd with the comfreie[7] plant,
My flower-Saint-Mary[8] shooting with the light,
My store of all the blessings Heaven can grant;
I am duressèd[9] unto sorrow's blow,
I, hanten'd[10] to the pain, will let no salt tear flow.

V.

Raufe. Here I will obaie[11] until Death do 'pear,
Here, like a foul empoisoned lethal tree,
Which slayeth every one that cometh near,

---

[1] Rowleian for *meads*.

[2] C. has *applynges*, on which Bryant founds an absurd note; but Tyrwhitt says truly that *applynges* occurs nowhere else.

[3] Bulky, well-grown.

[4] Park-keeper's farm. Bailey has "*Grange*, a great farm, which hath barns, stables, stalls, and other places necessary for husbandry."

[5] Tender; but there is no such a word.

[6] Apparently a contraction of *garden*.

[7] Bailey has "*Comfrey*, an excellent wound-herb."

[8] A periphrasis for Marygold.

[9] Hardened. [10] Accustomed (wrongly).

[11] Abide. C. says—"This line is also wrote—Here wyll I obaie untill dethe appere—but this is modernized."

So will I, fixèd unto this place, gre.[1]
I to bemoan have far more cause than thee;
Slain in the war my boolie[2] father lies;
Oh! joyous I his murderer would sle,[3]
And by his side for aye enclose mine eyes.
Calkèd[4] from every joy, here will I bleed,
Fall'n[5] is the cullis-gate[6] of my heart's castle-stead.

VI.

Rob. Our woes alike, alike our doom shall be,
My son, my only son,[7] ystorven[8] is;
Here will I stay, and end my life with thee,
A life like mine a burden is, ywis.[9]
Now e'en from lodges fled is happiness,[10]
Minsters alone can boast the holy saint.
Now doth fair England wear a bloody dress,
And with her champions' gore her face depeint;[11]
Peace fled, disorder sheweth her dark rode,[12]
And thórough air doth fly, in garments stained with blood.

---

[1] Grow.
[2] Bailey has "*Boolie*, beloved."
[3] Slay.
[4] Bailey has "*Calked*, cast up, or out."
[5] C. has *fell*, but *fell* is not a past participle.
[6] Port-cullis (wrongly).
[7] C. has—Mie sonne alleyn, i. e. my son alone; on which Tyrwhitt says: "*Alone* is never used for *only*, *solus* for *unicus*, *seul* for *unique*. The distinction, I believe, subsists in most languages. If the learned persons do not yet apprehend it, I would advise them, in the following passage of Shakespeare—'Ah no, it is my only son,'—to substitute *my son alone*, and to judge for themselves whether the difference in the idea suggested arises merely from the different position of the words."
[8] Dead.
[9] Certainly.
[10] "Selynesse."
[11] Paint, stain.
[12] Bailey has "*Rode*, complection."

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Nygelle.

SPRITES of the blest, the pious Nigel said,
Pour out your pleasure on my father's head.

I.

Richard of Lion's heart to fight is gone,
Upon the broad sea do the banners gleam;
The amenusèd[1] nations are aston[2]
To ken so large a fleet, so fine, so breme.[3]
The barkès heads do cut the polished[4] stream,
Waves sinking, waves upon the hard oak rise;
The water-slughorns,[5] with a swotye[6] cleme,[7]
Strive with[8] the dinning air, and reach the skies.
Sprites of the blest, on golden thrones a-stead,[9]
Pour out your pleasance on my father's head.

---

[1] Bailey has "*Amenused*, diminished, lessened."

[2] Astounded (wrongly).

[3] Furious.

[4] C. has—The barkis heafods coupe the lymed streme. Bailey, s. v. Head, gives the A. S. form *heafod*. He also has "*Limed*, polished."

[5] The word *slughorn*, which generally answers to *slogan*, is a favourite word with Chatterton. He here intends a *war-trumpet*.

[6] Sweet (wrongly).

[7] Clamour, noise (wrongly).

[8] C. has "*conteke*, which is, however, a substantive; even Bailey has "*Conteke*, contention."

[9] Placed (wrongly).

II.

The red y-painted oars from the black tide,
Carved with devices rare, do shimmering rise;
Upswelling do they shew in dreary [1] pride,
Like gore-red estells [2] in the eve-mirk skies;
The name-depicted [3] shields, the spears arise,
Aye like tall rushes on the water-side;
Along from bark to bark the bright sheen flies;
Swift-sped [4] delights do on the water glide.
Sprites of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
Pour out your pleasance on my father's head.

III.

The Saracen looks out; he doëth fear,
That England's furious sons do cut the way:
Like hunted bucks, they run now here, now there,
Unknowledging [5] in what place to obaie.[6]
The banner glisters in the beam of day,
The mighty cross-Jerusalem is seen,
Thereof the sight their courage doth affray,
In baleful dole their faces are y-wreen.[7]
Sprites of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
Pour out your pleasance on my father's head.

IV.

The bollengers[8] and cottes,[9] so swift in fight,
Upon the sides of every bark appear;

---

[1] *i. e.* terrible. [2] Stars; Old French *estoile*.

[3] Rebused shields; a herald term, when the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer.—C.

[4] "Sweft-kerv'd." [5] Unknowing (wrongly).

[6] Abide (wrongly). [7] Covered.

[8] Put for *ballingers*. A *ballinger* is a kind of sailing vessel. C. means small boats for disembarking.

[9] Probably for *cogges* or *cokkes*; a *cogge* is a small boat, a *cock*-boat.

Forth to his office leapeth every knight,
Eftsoons his squiër, with his shield and spear.
The joining shields do shimmer and much glare,[1]
The dashing oar doth make united[2] din;
The running foemen, thinking if to dare,
Draw the dark sword, they seek the fray, they blin.[3]
Sprites of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
Pour out your pleasance on my father's head.

V.

Now come the warring Saracens to fight;
King Richard, like a lioncel[4] of war,
In shining gold, like fiery gronfers,[5] dight,
Shaketh aloft his hand, and seen afar.
So haveth[6] I espied a greater star
Among the lesser ones to shine full bright;
So the sun's wain with aumayl'd[7] beams doth bar
The pallid moon or estells[8] to give light.
Sprites of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
Pour out your pleasance on my father's head.

VI.

Distraught affray,[9] with locks of blood-red dye,
Terror, emburlèd[10] in the thunder's rage,

---

[1] Greatly shine.
[2] C. has *gemoted*; from Bailey's "*mote*, an assembly or meeting."
[3] Cease.
[4] Young lion.
[5] A meteor, from *gron*, a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire; that is, a fire exhaled from a fen.—C. But *gron* is a mere corruption of *ground*, and very rarely occurs.
[6] Rowleian for *have*.
[7] Enamelled.
[8] Stars; Old French *estoile*.
[9] Distracted fear.
[10] Armed (wrongly).

Death, linkèd to dismay, doth ugsom[1] fly,
Enchafing every champion war to wage.
Spears bevyle[2] spears, swords upon swords engage;
Armour on armour dins, shield upon shield,
Nor death of thousands can the war assuage;
But falling numbers darken all the field.
Sprites of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
Pour out your pleasance on my father's head.

VII.

The foemen fall around, the cross reels high;
Stainèd in gore, the heart of war is seen;
King Richard thórough every troop doth fly
And beareth many Turks unto the green;
By him the flower of Asia's men are slain;
The waning[3] moon doth fade before his sun:
By him his knights are formed to actions digne,[4]
Doing such marvels, strangers are aston.[5]
Sprites of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
Pour out your pleasance on my father's head.

VIII.

The fight is won: King Richard master is,
The English banner kisseth the high air;
Full of pure joy the army is, y-wis,[6]
And every one haveth[7] it on his bayre[8]

---

[1] Terrible.
[2] Break. Evidently borrowed, as Tyrwhitt says, from Kersey's (and Bailey's) "*Bevile*, in heraldry, *broken*," &c.
[3] C. has *waylynge*; from Bailey's "*Wayled*, grown old."
[4] Worthy.
[5] Astounded (wrongly).
[6] Certainly.
[7] Rowleian for *hath*.
[8] This C. explained by "brow." There is no such word

Again to England come, and worshipped there,
Pulled[1] into loving arms, and feasted eft;[2]
In every eye a-reading naught of were,[3]
Of all remembrance of past pain bereft.
Sprites of the past, and every saint y-dead,
Such pleasures pour upon my father's head.

IX.

So Nigel said, when from the blue-y sea
The swollen sail did daunce before his eyne;
Swift as the wish, he to the beach did flee,
And found his father stepping from the brine.
Let thyssen[4] men, who have the sprite of love,
Bethink unto themselves how might the meeting prove!

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

1. *A Man, a Woman, Sir Roger.*

WOULD'ST thou ken Nature in her better part?
Go, search the cots and lodges of the hind;[5]
If they have any, it is rough-made art,

---

[1] C. has *twyghte*, i. e. twitched.
[2] Often (wrongly).
[3] "*Werre*, grief."—B.
[4] Rowleian for *those*.
[5] C. has "logges and bordels of the hynde." Here *logge* means *lodge*, and *bordel* is the old spelling of *brothel*, which Chatterton supposed to mean a *cottage*; a *hind* is a peasant.

In them you see the naked[1] form of kind;[2]
Haveth your mind a liking of a mind?
Would it ken everything, as it might be?[3]
Would it hear phrase of vulgar from the hind,
Without wiseacre words and knowledge free?
If so, read this, which I disporting penned,
If naught beside, its rhyme may it commend.

II.

Man. But whither, fair maid, do ye go?
O where do ye bend your way?
I will know whither you go,
I will not be answered[4] nay.
Woman. To Robin and Nell, all down in the del
To help them at making of hay.
Man. Sir Roger, the parson, hath hired me there
Come, come, let us trip it away,
We'll work and we'll sing, and we'll drink of strong
beer,
As long as the merry summer's day.

III.

Woman. How hard is my doom to wurch![5]
Great is my woe:
Dame Agnes, who lies in the church
With birlet[6] gold,
With gilded aumeres,[7] strong, untold,
What was she more than me, to be so?

---

[1] "Blakied" in C.; from Bailey's "*Blake*, naked."
[2] Nature.
[3] C. has "*mote* bee," and says "the sense of the line is—Would you see everything in its primeval state?"
[4] C. has *asseled*, put for *assoiled*, which is Rowleian for *answered*.
[5] Work.
[6] Bailey has "*Birlet*, a coif or hood."
[7] "Borders of gold and silver, on which was [*sic*] lai

Man. I ken Sir Roger from afar,
Tripping over the lea;
I will ask why the lordès son
Is more than me.

IV.

Sir Roger. The sultry sun doth hie[1] apace his wain,
From every beam a seed[2] of life doth fall;
Quickly heap[3] up the hay upon the plain,
Methinks the cocks beginneth to grow tall.
This is aye like our doom; the great, the small,
Must wither and be forwyned[4] by deathès dart.
See! the sweet floweret hath no sweet at all;
It with the rank weed beareth equal part.
The craven, warrior, and the wise are blent,[5]
Alike to dry away with those they did lament.[6]

V.

Man. All-a-boon, Sir Priest, all-a-boon!
By your priestship, now say unto me;
Sir Gaufrid the knight, who liveth hard by,
Why should he than me be more great,
In honour, knighthood, and estate?

VI.

Sir Roger. Revolve[7] thine eye around this hayèd mee;[8]

---

thin plates of either metal countercharged, not unlike the present spangled laces."—C. But he was simply misled by Bailey's "*Aumere*, a welt, skirt, or border." The true meaning of *aumere* is, however, *a purse*.

[1] Hasten. [2] C. has *seme*, the Latin *semen*.
[3] "Scille;" from Bailey's "*Sciled*, closed."
[4] "*Forwined*, withered."—Bailey. [5] Blended.
[6] C. has "bemente," for *bemoan;* of which *bemen'e* is the past tense. [7] "Attourne;" i. e. turn about.
[8] Meadow covered with hay (wrongly).

Attentively look round the thirsty[1] dell;
An answer to thy barganette[2] here see,
This withered floweret will a lesson tell;
It rose, it blew, it flourished, and did well,
Looking askance upon the neighbour green;
Yet with the 'dainèd[3] green its glory fell,
Eftsoons it shrank upon the day-burnt plain,
Did not its look, whilest it there did stand,
To crop it in the bud move some dread hand.

VII.

Such is the way of life; the loverd's[4] ente[5]
Moveth the robber him therefor to sle[6];
If thou hast ease, the shadow of content,
Believe the truth, there's none more haile[7] than thee.
Thou workest; well, can that a trouble be?
Sloth more would jade thee than the roughest day.
Could'st thou the kivercled[8] of soulès see,
Thou wouldst eftsoons see truth in what I say.
But let me hear thy way of life, and then
Hear thou from me the lives of other men.

VIII.

Man. I rise with the sun,
Like him to drive the wain,
And ere my work is done,
I sing a song or twain.
I follow the plough-tail,
With a long jub[9] of ale.

---

[1] "Chaper" from Bailey's "*Chaper*, dry or thirsty."
[2] "*Barganet*, a ballad, song."—Bailey.
[3] i. e. disdained. [4] Lord's.
[5] Purse, as elsewhere; (wrongly). [6] Slay.
[7] Happy; from Bailey's "*Hailes*, happiness;" a false explanation. [8] Hidden or covered part (wrongly).
[9] "*Jub*, a bottle, a pigg."—Bailey.

But of the maidens, oh!
It needeth not to tell;
Sir Priest might not cry woe,
Could his bull do as well.
I dance the best heiedeygnes,[1]
And foil the wisest feygnes.[2]
On every saint's high-day
With the minstrel I am seen,
All a-footing it away
With maidens on the green.
But oh! I wish to be more great
In glory, tenure, and estate.

IX.

Sir Roger. Hast thou not seen a tree upon a hill,
Whose unlist[3] branches reachen far to sight?
When furious tempests[4] do the heaven fill,
It shaketh dire, in dole and much affright,
Whilst the poor lowly floweret, humbly dight,
Standeth unhurt, unquashèd by the storm.
Such is a picte[5] of life; the man of might
Is tempest-chafed, his woe great as his form;
Thyself, a floweret of a small account,
Wouldst harder feel the wind, as thou didst higher mount.

---

[1] Kersey has "*Haydegines*, a country dance;" but the proper phrase is "to dance the *haye*."

[2] Feints, in fencing. Compare also Bailey's "*Foin*, to make a pass or thrust at one in fencing."

[3] Unbounded, boundless, huge (wrongly).

[4] "Fuired unwers;" from Bailey's "*Fuir*, fury," and a contraction of *unweather*, i. e. tempest, as in Dutch.

[5] Picture (wrongly).

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

I.

N Rudborne[1] bank two pining maidens sat,
Their tears fast dripping to the water clear;
Each one lamenting[2] for her absent mate,
Who at Saint Alban's shook the murdering spear.
The nutbrown Elinoure to Juga fair
Did speak acroole,[3] with languishment of eyne,
Like drops of pearly dew, gleamèd the quivering brine.

II.

Elin. O gentle Juga! hear my sad complaint,[4]
To fight for York, my love is dight in steel;
O may no sanguine stain the white rose paint,
May good Saint Cuthbert watch Sir Robert wele;[5]

---

[1] "Rudborne (in Saxon, red-water), a river near Saint Alban's, famous for the battles there fought between the houses of Lancaster and York."—C.

[2] "Bementinge;" but *bemente* is the old past tense of *bemoan*.

[3] In a low tone; from Bailey's "*Crool*, to growl, mutter, or mumble." There is no such word as *acroole*.

[4] "Dernie plainte."

[5] Well (Scottish).

Much more than death in phantasy I feel;
See, see! upon the ground he bleeding lies;
Infuse[1] some juice of life, or else my dear love dies.

III.

Juga. Sisters in sorrow, on this daisied bank,
Where melancholy broods, we will lament,
Be wet with morning dew and even dank;
Like levin'd[2] oaks in each the other bent,
Or like forsaken[3] halls of merriment,
Whose ghastly mitches[4] hold the train of fright,
Where lethal ravens bark, and owlets wake the night.

IV.

Elin. No more the miskynette[5] shall wake the morn,
The minstrel-dance, good cheer, and morris-play;
No more the ambling palfrey and the horn
Shall from the lessel[6] rouse the fox away.
I'll seek the forest all the livelong day;
All night among the grav'd churchyard[7] will go,
And to the passing sprites relate[8] my tale of woe.

V.

Juga. When murky clouds do hang upon the gleam

---

[1] "Inhild;" from Bailey's "*Inhild*, to infuse, to inspire."
[2] Lightning-struck.
[3] "Forletten;" from Bailey's "*Forletten*, abandoned, forlorn."
[4] Ruins; see Kersey. But why not *niches?*
[5] From Bailey's "*Miskin*, a little bagpipe."
[6] "*Lessel*, a shady bush."—Bailey.
[7] "Chyrche-glebe;" but *churchyard* is clearly meant.
[8] "Lecture."

Of waning[1] moon, in silver mantles dight;
The tripping fairies weave the golden dream
Of happiness, which flieth with the night.
Then (but the Saints forbid!) if to a sprite
Sir Richard's form is lyped,[2] I'll hold, distraught,
His bleeding clay-cold corse, and die each day in thought.

VI.

Elin. Ah! wo-bemoaning words! what words can shew?
Thou polished[3] river, on thy bank[4] may bleed
Champions, whose blood will with thy waters flow,
And Rudborne stream be Rudborne stream indeed!
Haste, gentle Juga, trip it o'er the mead,
To know, or whether we must wail again,
Or with our fallen knights be mingled on the plain.

VII.

So saying, like two levin-blasted trees,
Or twain of clouds that holdeth stormy rain,
They movèd gently o'er the dewy mees,[5]
To where Saint Alban's holy shrines remain.
There did they find that both their knights were slain.
Distraught, they wandered to swoll'n Rudborne's side,
Yellèd their lethal knell, sank in the waves, and died.

---

[1] "Leden;" from Bailey's "*Leden*, to languish;" which, however, makes *leden* an infinitive mood, not an adjective.
[2] Wasted away; cf "*Liposychy*, a small swoon."—Bailey.
[3] "Limed;" from Bailey's "*Limed*, polished."
[4] "Linche;" from Kersey's "*Linch*, a bank, wall causey."
[5] Meads (wrongly).

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.[1]

I.

BESIDE a brooklet as I lay reclined,
List'ning to hear the water glide along.
Minding how thórough the green meads it twined,
Awhilst the caves responsed its muttering song,

[1] The first thirty-four lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett. The remainder is printed from a copy furnished by Mr. Catcott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's handwriting. This poem makes part of a prose work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of painters, carvellers, poets, and other eminent natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his own.

The transaction alluded to in the last stanza is related at large in some prose memoirs of Rowley.* It is there said that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage, proposed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain, from the register of the Bishop of Worcester, that Mr. Canynge was ordained Aco-

* For which see p. 219 below. Part of the present poem is also printed in Barrett's History of Bristol, p. 637.

At distant rising Avon to be sped,
Mingled with rising hills, did shew its head.[1]

II.

Engarlanded with crowns of osier weeds
And wreaths of alders of a bercie[2] scent.
And sticking out with clod-agested[3] reeds.
The hoary Avon shew'd dire semblament,[4]
Whilst blatant[5] Severn, from Sabrina cleped,[6]
Roars flemie[7] o'er the sandès that she heap'd.

III.

These objects[8] quickly bring unto my thought
The hardy champions knowen to the flood,
How on the banks therof brave Ælla fought,
Ælla descended from Merce[9] kingly blood,
Warden of Bristol town and castle-stead,
Who ever and anon made Danes to bleed.

IV.

Methought such doughty men must have a sprite

---

lythe by Bishop Carpenter, on 19th September, 1467, and received the higher orders of subdeacon, deacon, and priest, on the 12th of March, 1467, O.S., the 2nd and 16th of April, 1468, respectively.—TYRWHITT'S *Edition*.

[1] This seems to mean that the Avon's (or else the rivulet's) source was visible in the distance. Cf. note 2, p. 223.

[2] An unexplained word.

[3] "*Aggested*, heaped up."—Bailey.

[4] Appearance; but the right spelling is *semblaunt*.

[5] Noisy. "*Blatant*, barking, bawling."—Bailey.

[6] Named.

[7] Frightened (wrongly); from Bailey's "*Flemed*, daunted or frighted."

[8] "Eynegears;" a coined word, compounded of *eyne*, eyes, and *gear*, tackle.

[9] Mercian.

Dressed[1] in the armour-brace[2] that Michael bore,
When he with Satan, king of hell, did fight,
And earth was drenchèd in a mere of gore;
Or, soon as they did see the worldès light,
Fate had wrote down, this man is born to fight.

V.

"Ælla," I said, or else my mind did say,
"Why are thy actions left so spare in story?
Were I to dispose, there should liven aye
In earth and heaven's rolls thy tale of glory;
Thy acts so doughty should for aye abide,
And by their test all after-acts be tried."

VI.

Next holy Wareburghus filled my mind,
As fair a saint as any town can boast,
Or be the earth with light or mirk y-wrynd,[3]
I see his image walking through the coast;
Fitz-Harding, Bithricus, and twenty mo[4]
In vision 'fore my phantasy did go.

VII.

Thus all my wandering faytour[5] thinking strayed,
And each digne[6] builder rushed upon[7] my mind,
When from the distant stream arose a maid,
Whose gentle tresses moved not to the wind;
Like to the silver moon in frosty neet,[8]
The damoisel did come, so blithe and sweet.

---

[1] "Dote;" probably an error for *Dyght*.
[2] Suit of armour (wrongly).
[3] Covered (wrongly).
[4] More.
[5] Treacherous; but *faytour* is properly a *substantive*.
[6] Worthy.
[7] "Dequaced on." Bailey has "*Dequace* to dash."
[8] Night (Scottish).

VIII.

No broided[1] mantle of a scarlet hue,
No shoe-peaks plaited o'er with riband-gear,
No costly paraments[2] of woaden[3] blue,
Naught of a dress but beauty did she wear;
Naked she was, and lookèd sweet of youth,
All did bewrayen[4] that her name was Truth.

IX.

The easy ringlets of her nutbrown hair
What not a man should see did sweetly hide,
Which on her milk-white bodykin so fair
Did show like brown streams fouling the white tide,
Or veins of brown hue in a marble quarr,[5]
Which by the traveller are kenned from far.

X.

Astounded mickle, there I silent lay,
Still skancing wondrous at the walking sight;
My senses, forgard,[6] could not run away,
But were not forstraught[7] when she did alight
Anigh to me, drest up in naked view,
Which might in some adulterous[8] thoughts abrew.[9]

---

[1] Mistakenly put for *broidered*, i.e. embroidered; *broided* means *braided*, *plaited*.

[2] Apparel.

[3] Dyed with woad; a coined word.

[4] C. has *bewryen*, which means *to conceal*; he means *bewray* or *reveal*.

[5] C. has *cuarr*; he means *quarry*.

[6] "*Forgard*, lost."—Bailey (wrongly).

[7] "*Forstraught*, distracted."—Bailey.

[8] C. has the coined word *ewbrycious*, from Bailey's "*Ewbrice*, adultery."

[9] Brew (wrongly).

XI.

But I not once did think of wanton thought;
For well I minded what by vow I hete.[1]
And in my pocket had a crouchee[2] brought,
Which in the blossom would such sins anete;[3]
I looked with eyne as pure as angels do,
And did the every thought of foul eschew.

XII.

With a sweet semblance and an angel's grace
She 'gan to lecture from her gentle breast;
For Truthès words are in her mindès face,
False oratories she did aye detest;
Sweetness was in each word she did y-wreen,[4]
Though she strove not to make that sweetness sheen.[5]

XIII.

She said, "My manner of appearing here
My name and slighted mindbruch[6] may thee tell:
I'm Truth, that did descend from heavenwere,[7]
Goulers[8] and courtiers do not ken me well;
Thy inmost thoughts, thy labouring brain I saw,
And from thy gentle dream will thee adawe.[9]

XIV.

Full many champïons and men of lore,
Painters and carvellers[10] have gained good name,

[1] Promise; but C. probably intended it to mean *promised*.
[2] Crucifix (wrongly). [3] Annihilate (wrongly).
[4] Disclose or declare (wrongly).
[5] Shine; but it properly means *brightness*.
[6] "*Mindburch* (*sic*), a hurting of worship or honour."—Bailey. Kersey has *mindbruch*. [7] Heavenward.
[8] Usurers; see Bailey.
[9] "*Adawe*, to awaken."—Bailey.
[10] Carvers. Coined; for there is no such word.

But there's a Canynge to increase the store,
A Canynge, who shall buy up all their fame.
Take thou my power, and see in child and man
What very[1] nobleness in Canynge ran."

XV.

As when a cottager[2] on easy bed,
Tired with the labours maynt[3] of sultry day,
In sleepès bosom layeth his deft[4] head,
So, senses sunk to rest, my body lay;
Eftsoons my sprite, from earthly bands untied,
Mingled[5] in arching[6] air with Truth aside.

XVI.

Straight was I carried back to times of yore,[7]
Whilst Canynge swathèd[8] yet in fleshly bed,
And saw all actions which had been before,
And all the scroll of Fate unravellèd;
And when the fate-marked babe appeared[9] to sight
I saw him eager gasping after light.

XVII.

In all his sheepen[10] gambols and child's play,
In every merrymaking, fair, or wake,

---

[1] C. has *troulie*, which is an *adverb*.

[2] C. has *bordelier*; which Bailey rightly explains to mea a haunter of brothels. [3] Many (wrongly).

[4] "*Deft*, neat, handsome, spruce, trim."—Bailey. Thi epithet, as referring to a labourer's head in the fifteent century, is misapplied. [5] "Immengde."

[6] "Flanched;" which means *embowed*, &c. in heraldry see Bailey.

[7] This one line is an unconscious admission of "forgery; it is clearly an oversight.

[8] Wrongly put for *was swathed*. [9] "Acome."

[10] i.e. innocent; from Bailey's "*Sheepish*, faint-hearted simple."

I kenned a scattered[1] light of Wisdom's ray;
He ate down learning with the wastel-cake.[2]
As wise as any of the aldermen,
He'd wit enow to make a mayor at ten.[3]

XVIII.

As the soft downy beard began to gre,[4]
So was the well-knit[5] texture of his lore;
Each day enheeding[6] mickler for to be,
Great in his counsel for the days he bore.
All tongues, all carols did unto him sing,
Wondering at one so wise, and yet so yinge.[7]

XIX.

Increasing in the years of mortal life,
And hasting to his journey into heaven,
He thought it proper for to choose a wife,
And use the sexes for the purpose given.
He then was youth of comely seemliheed,[8]
And he had made a maiden's heart to bleed.

XX.

He had a father (Jesus rest his soul!)
Who lovèd money as his cherished[9] joy;
He had a brother (happy man be's dole!)
In mind and body his own father's boy.

---

[1] "Perpled;" from Bailey's "*Disparpled, Disperpled*, scattered loosely."

[2] Cake made of the finest wheat.

[3] See notice of Canynge.

[4] Grow.

[5] "Well-thyghte;" from Bailey's "*Thight*, well jointed or knit together."

[6] Taking care.

[7] Young.

[8] "*Semeliheed*, seemliness."—Kersey.

[9] "Charie;" from Bailey's "*Charily*, with a great deal of care and regard."

What then could Canynge wishen as a part
To give to her who had made chop[1] of heart?

XXI.

But lands and castle-tenures, gold and bighes,[2]
And hoards of silver rusted in the ent,[3]
Canynge and his fair sweet did that despise;
To change of faithful[4] love was their content.
They lived together in a house adigne,[5]
Of goodly semblance, comely both[6] and fine.

XXII.

But soon his brother and his sire did die,
And left to William 'states and renting-rolls,
And at his will his brother John supply.
He gave a chantry to redeem their souls,
And put his brother unto such a trade,
That he lord mayor of London town was made.[7]

XXIII.

Eftsoons his morning turned to gloomy night,
His dame, his second self, gave up her breath,
Seeking for life eterne and endless light,
And fled good Canynge; sad mistake of Death!
So have I seen a flower in summer time
Trod down and broke, and wither in its prime.

---

[1] Exchange. See Bailey.

[2] "*Bighes*, jewels."—Bailey.

[3] Commonly used by Chatterton to mean *a purse*.

[4] *Change of* means *exchange*. For *faithful* Chatterto has *troulie*.

[5] Worthy, noble (wrongly).

[6] "Of goode sendaument, commilie and fyne." Ther are no such words as *sendaument* or *commilie*.

[7] His brother *Thomas* (not *John*) Canynge was mayor London in 1456.

XXIV.

Next Redcliff church (oh, work of hand of heaven,
Where Canynge sheweth as an instrument!)
Was to my wondering eyesight[1] newly given,
'Tis past to blazon it to good content!
You that would fain the handsome[2] building see,
Repair to Redcliff, and contented be.

XXV.

I saw the mindbruch[3] of his noble soul
When Edward menacèd[4] a second wife,
I saw what Pheryons[5] in his mind did roll;
Now fixed from second dames a priest for life.
This is the man of men," the vision spoke;
Then bell for evensong my senses woke.

---

[1] "Bismarde eyne-syghte." He probably means *deludea* yesight. "*Bismare*, to scoff at."—Bailey.

[2] "Fetyve;" Rowleian for *handsome*.

[3] See stanza XIII above. [4] Threatened (him with).

[5] A word hitherto unexplained, but it is merely a mistake r *pheons*, from "*Pheon*, the barbed head of a dart or rrow."—Bailey. Cf. note 9, p. 169.

To this poem we may add the following *prose* account this extraordinary person, written by Rowley the priest; inted in the Town and Country Magazine for Nov. 1775, the Gentleman's Magazine for Sept. 1777, and republished with several corrections in Southey's edition, vol. iii. 75. A few further corrections have now been made.

An Account of Master William Canynge, written by Thomas Rowlie, Priest, in 1460.

"I was fadre confessor to mastere Roberte and Mastre illiam Canninge. Mastre Robert was a man after his dre's own harte, greedie of gaynes and sparynge of alms

deedes; but master William was mickle courteous, and ga
me many marks in my neede. At the age of 22 years de
ces'd master Roberte, and by master William's desyre h
queathd me one hundred marks; I went to thank mas
William for his mickle courtesie, and to make tender
myselfe to him.—Fadre, quod he, I have a crotchett in
brayne, that will need your aide. Master William, said
if you command me I will go to Roome for you; not so f
distant, said he: I ken you for a mickle learned priest;
you will leave the parysh of our ladie, and travel for mee
shall be mickle to your profite.

"I gave my hande, and he told mee I must goe to all
abbies and pryorys, and gather together auncient drawyin
if of anie account, at any price. Consented I to the sar
and pursuant sett out the Mundaie following for the mins
of our Ladie and Saint Goodwyne, where a drawing o
steeple, contryvd for the belles when runge to swaie out
the syde into the ayre, had I thence; it was done by
Symon de Mambrie, who, in the troublesomme rayne of ky
Stephen, devoted himselfe, and was shorne.

"Hawkes showd me a manuscript in Saxonne, but I
onley to bargayne for drawyings.—The next drawyng
metten with was a church to be reard, so as in form
cross, the end standing in the ground; a long manusc
was annexed. Master Canning thought no workman c
be found handie enough to do it.—The tale of the draw
deserveth relation.—Thomas de Blundeville, a prees
although the preeste had no allowe, lovd a fair mayden,
on her begatt a sonn. Thomas educated his sonn; at s
teen years he went into the warrs, and neer did return
five years.—His mother was married to a knight, and h
a daughter, then sixteen, who was seen and lovd by Thon
sonn of Thomas, and married to him, unknown to
mother, by Ralph de Mesching, of the minster, who invi
as custom was, two of his brothers, Thomas de Blunde
and John Heschamme. Thomas nevertheless had not s
his sonn for five years, yet kennd him instantly; and lea
ing the name of the bryde, took him asydde and discl
to him that he was his sonn, and was weded to his
sistre. Yoynge Thomas toke on so that he was shorne,

"He drew manie fine drawyinges on glass.

"The abott of the minster of Peterburrow sold it me; he might have bargayned 20 marks better, but master William would not part with it. The prior of Coventree did sell me a picture of great account, made by Badilian Y'allyanne, who did live in the reign of Kynge Henrie the First, a mann of fickle temper, havyng been tendred syx pounds of silver for it, to which he said naie, and afterwards did give it to the then abott of Coventriee. In brief, I gathered together manie marks value of fine drawyings, all the works of mickle cunning.—Master William culld the most choise parts, but hearing of a drawying in Durham church hee did send me.

"Fadree, you have done mickle well, all the chatils are more worth than you gave; take this for your paynes: so saying, he did put into my hands a purse of two hundrede good pounds, and did say that I should note be in need; I did thank him most heartily.—The choise drawying, when his fadre did dye, was begunn to be put up, and somme houses near the old church erased; it was drawn by Aflema, preeste of St. Cuthberts, and offered as a drawyng for Westminster, but cast asyde, being the tender did not speak French.—I had now mickle of ryches, and lyvd in a house on the hill, often repayringe to mastere William, who was now lord of the house. I sent him my verses touching his church, for which he did send me mickle good things.—In the year kyng Edward came to Bristow, master Canninge send for me to avoid a marrige which the kyng was bent upon between him and a ladie he ne'er had seen, of the familee of the Widdevilles; the danger were nigh, unless avoided by one remidee, an holie one, which was, to be ordained a sonn of holy church, beyng franke from the power of kynges in that cause, and cannot be wedded.—Mr. Canninge instauntly sent me to Carpenter, his good friend, bishop of Worcester, and the Fryday following was prepaird and ordaynd the next day, the daie of St. Mathew, and on Sunday sung his first mass in the church of our ladie, to the astonishing of kyng Edward, who was so furiously madd and ravynge withall, that master Canninge was wyling to give him 3000 marks, which gave him peace again, and he was admyted to the presence of the kyng, staid in Bristow, partook of all his pleasures and pastimes till he departed the next year.

"I gave master Canninge my Bristow tragedy, for which he gave me in hande twentie pounds, and did praise it more than I did think my self did deserve, for I can say in troth I was never proud of my verses since I did read master Chaucer; and now haveing nought to do, and not wyling to be ydle, I went to the minster of our Ladie and Saint Goodwin, and then did purchase the Saxon manuscripts, and sett my selfe diligentley to translate and worde it in English metre, which in one year I performed and styled it the Battle of Hastyngs; master William did bargyin for one manuscript, and John Pelham, an esquire of Ashley, for another.—Master William did praise it muckle greatly, but advised me to tender it to no man, beying the menn whose names were therein mentioned would be offended. He gave me 20 markes, and I did goe to Ashley, to master Pelham, to be payd of him for the other one I left with him.

"But his ladie being of the family of the Fiscamps, of whom some things are said, he told me he had burnt it, and would have me burnt too if I did not avaunt. Dureing this dinn his wife did come out, and made a dinn, to speake by a figure, would have over sounded the bells of our Ladie of the Cliffe; I was fain content to get away in a safe skin.

"I wrote my Justice of Peace, which master Canninge advisd me secrett to keep, which I did; and now being grown auncient I was seizd with great pains, which did cost me mickle of marks to be cured off.—Master William offered me a cannon's place in Westbury College, which gladly had I accepted but my pains made me to stay at home. After this mischance I livd in a house by the Tower, which has not been repaird since Robert Consull of Gloucester repayrd the castle and wall; here I livd warm, but in my house on the hyll the ayer was mickle keen: some marks it cost me to put in repair my new house; and brynging my chattels from the ould; it was a fine house, and I much marville it was untenanted. A person greedy of gaine was the then possessour, and of him I did buy it at a very small rate, having lokd on the ground-worke and mayne supports, and fynding them staunch, and repayrs no need wanting, I did buy of the owner, Geoffry Coombe, on a repayring lease for 99 years, he thinkying it would fall down everie day; but with a few marks expence did put it up in a manner neat, and therein I lyvd."

ON OUR LADY'S CHURCH.[1]

AS on a hill one eve sitting,
At our Lady's church much wondering,
The cunning handiwork so fine
Had well nigh dazzelèd mine eyne.
Quoth I—some cunning fairy hand
Y-reared this chapel in this land;
Full well I wot so fine a sight
Was not y-reared of mortal wight.
Quoth Truth—Thou lackest knowledging;
Thou, forsooth, not wottest of the thing.
A Reverend Father, William Canynge hight,
Y-rearèd up this chapel bright,
And eke another in the town
Where glassy bubbling Trym[2] doth run.
Quoth I—no doubt, for all he's given,
His soul will certès go to heaven.
Yea—quoth Truth—then go thou home,
And see thou do as he hath done.
Quoth I—I doubt, that cannot be,
I have not gotten markès three.
Quoth Truth—As thou hast got, give almsdeeds so;
Canynges and Gaunts could do no mo.[3]

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[1] From a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's handwriting.—TYRWHITT.

[2] A rivulet joining the Avon below Bristol.

[3] More. This poem, with its imperfect rhythm and abstinence from uncommon words, is far more like an "antique" than Chatterton's more laboured productions.

ON THE SAME.[1]

I.

STAY, curious traveller, and pass not by
Until this handsome[2] pile astound thine eye.
Whole rocks on rocks with iron joined survey,
And oaks with oaks commingled ordered[3] lie.
This mighty pile, that keeps the winds at bay,
Fire-lightning and the murky storm defy,[4]
That shoots aloft into the realms of day,
Shall be the record of the builder's fame for aye.

II.

Thou seest this mastery of a human hand,
The pride of Bristol and the Western land;
Yet are the builder's virtues much more great,
Greater than can by Rowlie's pen be scanned.
Thou seest the saints and kings in stony state,
That seemed with breath and human soul dispand;[5]

---

[1] From a MS. in Chatterton's handwriting, furnished by Mr. Catcott, entitled "A Discorse on Bristowe, by Thomas Rowlie."—TYRWHITT.

[2] "Fetive;" as usual.

[3] "Entremed disponed;" from "*Entremed*, intermingled;" and "*Dispone*, to put in order."—Bailey.

[4] Put for *defies*.

[5] "*Dispand*, to stretch out." The past participle (*dispanded*) is intended.

As 'pared[1] to us appear[2] these men of slate,
Such is great Canynge's mind when 'pared to God elate.

III.

Well mayst thou be astounded; view it well,
Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,
And learn the builder's virtues and his name;
Of this tall spire in every country tell,
And with thy tale the lazy[3] rich men shame;
Shew how the glorious Canynge did excel,
How he, good man, a friend for kings became,
And glorious paved at once the way to heaven and fame.

ON THE DEDICATION OF OUR LADY'S CHURCH.[4]

SOON as bright sun along the skies
Had sent his ruddy light,
And fairies hid in oxlip cups
Till wished approach of night,
The matin-bell with shrilly sound
Re-echoed through the air,
A troop of holy friars did
For Jesus' mass prepare;
Around the high unsainted church
With holy relics went,

[1] Compared. [2] "Enseem." [3] "Lazing."

[4] This poem was given by Chatterton in a note to the Parliament of Sprites, with the remark—"Carpenter dedicated the church, as appears by the following poem, wrote by Rowley." See Barrett's Hist. of Bristol, p. 601.

And every door and post about
With godly things besprent.
Then Carpenter, in scarlet dressed,
And mitred holily,
From Master Canynge his great house
With rosary did hie.
Before him went a throng of friars
Who did the mass-song sing,
Behind him Master Canynge came,
Tricked like a barbèd king;
And then a row of holy friars
Who did the mass-song sound;
The procurators and church-reeves
Next pressed upon the ground.
And when unto the church they came,
A holy mass was sang,[1]
So loudly was their swotie[2] voice,
The heaven so high it rang.
Then Carpenter did purify
The church to God for aye
With holy masses and good psalms,
Which he did therein say.
Then was a sermon preachèd soon
By Carpenter holy,
And after that another one
Y-preached was by me.
Then all did go to Canynge's house,
An interlude to play,
And drink his wine and ale so good,
And pray for him for aye.

[1] Miswritten for *sung*; *sang* is never a past participle in Early English. [2] Sweet (wrongly).

FRAGMENT,

By John, second Abbot of Saint Austin's Minster.[1]

EART of lion! shake thy sword,
Bare thy murdering stainèd hand,
Quash whole armies to the queed,[2]
Work thy will in burly brand.[3]
Barons here on cushions 'broidered,[4]
Fight in furs against the cale;[5]
Whilèst thou in thundering armès
Workest e'en whole cities' bale.
Heart of lion! sound the beme![6]
Sound it into inner lands;
Fear flies sporting in the cleme,[7]
In thy banner terror stands.

---

[1] From Barrett's History of Bristol (p. 641); appended by Chatterton in a note to Rowleie's Ryse of Peyncteynge, with the remark, "This John was the greatest poet of the age in which he lived; he understood the learned languages. Take a specimen of his poetry on King Richard Ist." At this rate, the said "John" ought to have written in English, not of the *fourteenth*, but of the *twelfth* century. Elsewhere he makes Rowley say (Barrett, p. 664)—"John was inducted abbot in the year 1186, and sat in the dies [*dais*] 29 years."

[2] The devil.

[3] Great fury; from Bailey's "*Burly brand*, a huge sword; also great fury."

[4] "Bankers browded;" from Bailey's "*Bankers browded*, cushions embroidered."

[5] Cold.

[6] Trumpet.

[7] Clamour, noise.

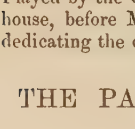
AN INTERLUDE,

Played by the Carmelite Friars at Master Canynge's great house, before Master Canynge and Bishop Carpenter,[1] on dedicating the church of *Our Lady of Redclefte*,[2] hight

THE PARLIAMENT OF SPRITES.

Written by T. Rowleie *and* J. Iscamme.[3]

1. *Introduction by* Queen Mab. (*By* Iscamme.)



HEN from the earth the sun's hulstrèd,[4]
Then, from the floweret's straught[6] with dew,
My liege men make you awhapèd,[5]
And witches then their witchcraft do.

[1] "John Carpenter, bishop of Worcester, who, in conjunction with Mr. Canynge, founded the Abbey at Westbury." See Barrett's Hist. of Bristol, p. 600, where the Parliament of Sprites was first printed.

[2] So; put for *Redcliff*; *hight* means *named*.

[3] "John Iscam, according to Rowley, was a canon of the monastery of Saint Augustine in Bristol. He wrote a dramatic piece called The Pleasaunt Dyscorses of Lamyngeton [printed in this volume, p. 257]; also, at the desire of Mr. Canynge (Rowley being then collecting of drawings for Mr. Canynge), he translated a Latin piece called Miles Bristolli into English metre. The place of his birth is not known."—C.

[4] "*Hulstered*, hidden, retired."—Bailey.

[5] "*Awhaped*, amazed."—Bailey.

[6] "Stretched. I think this line is borrowed from a

Then rise the sprites ugsome[1] and rou,[2]
And take their walk the churchyard[3] through.

II.

Then do the sprites of valorous men
Agleam along the barbèd[4] hall,
Pleasant the mouldering banners ken,
Or sit around in honoured stall.
Our spirits turn their eyes tonight,
And look on Canynge's churchè bright.

III.

In sooth, in all my bismarde[5] round,
(Truly the thing must be bewryen)[6]
In stone or wooden work is found
Naught so fair-welcome[7] to mine eyne
As is good Canynge's church of stone,
Which loudly will proclaim[8] his praise alone.

---

much better one of Rowley's, viz. 'Like kynge cuppes brasteynge wyth the mornynge dew.' The reason why I think Iscam guilty of the plagiary is, that the 'Songe to Ælla,' from whence the above line is taken, was wrote when Rowley was in London collecting of drawings for Mr. Canynge to build the church, and Iscam wrote the above little before the finishing of the church."—C.

[1] Ugly. Bailey has "*Ugsumness*, terribleness."

[2] "*Rou*, ugly, froward."—Bailey.

[3] C. has *letten*, from Bailey's "*Litten*, as *Church-Litten*, a churchyard."

[4] Trimmed, decked with banners; from Bailey's "*Barbed*, bearded like a fish-hook, set with barbs; also shaved or *trimmed*." C. was probably thinking of a *barbed* horse, an heraldic term. Cf. p. 226, l. 10.

[5] Curious.—C. Cf. p. 109, note 1.

[6] Disclosed.

[7] C. has *bielecoyle*, from Bailey's "*Bialacoyl*, fair welcoming."

[8] "Blatauntlie wylle shewe."

IV. *To John Carpenter, Bishop of Worcester.* (*By* Rowleie.)

To you, good bishop, I address my say,
To you, who honourest the cloth you wear;
Like precious bighes[1] in gold of best allay,
Each one doth make the other seem more fair
Other than you,[2] where could a man be found
So fit to make a place be holy ground?

V.

The saints in stone so neatly carvellèd,[3]
They scantly[4] are what they enseem to be,
By fervent prayer of yours might rear their head
And chant out masses to our Virginè.
Were every prelate like a Carpenter,
The church would not blush at a Winchester.

VI.

Learned as Beauclerc, as the Confessor
Holy in life, like Canynge charitable,
Busy in holy church as Vavasour,
Slack in things evil, in all good things stable,
Honest as Saxons were, from whence thou'rt sprung
Though body weak, thy soul for ever young.

VII.

Thou knowest well thy conscience free from stain

---

[1] "*Bighes*, jewels."—Bailey.

[2] "Carpenter dedicated the church, as appears by th
following poem, wrote by Rowley."—C. See p. 225, note

[3] Rowleian for *carved*.

[4] Scarcely. But he means *almost*.

Thy soul her rode no sable 'batements have;[1]
Y-clenchèd o'er with virtue's best adaygne,[2]
A day eterne thy mind doth aye adave.[3]
No spoilèd widows, orphyäns distress'd,
Nor starving priests distract[4] thy nightly rest.

VIII.

Here then to thee let me, for one and all,
Give laud to Carpenter and commendation,
For his great virtues; but, alas! too small
Is my poor skill to shew you his just blation,[5]
Or to blaze forth his public good alone,
And all his private good to God and him is known

IX. *Spirit of Nimrod speaketh.* (*By* ISCAMME.)

Soon as the morn, but newly 'wake,
Spied Night y-storven[6] lie,
On her corse did dewdrops shake,
Then 'fore the sun upgotten was I.

X.

The ramping lion, fell tigèr,
The buck that skips from place to place,
The elephant and rhinocère,
Before me through the greenwood I did chase.

---

[1] This is one of those lines which are past mending. *Rode*, says Bailey, is "complexion," and *abatement* is "a lessening." Also, *have* is Rowleian for *has*. "I take the meaning of this line to be—the complection of thy soul is free from the black marks of sin."—C.

[2] Worth; apparently manufactured from Bailey's "*digne*, worthy." [3] Enjoy.—C. [4] "Ycrase."

[5] Praise. Formed from Bailey's "*Blasours*, praisers."

[6] Dead.

XI.

Nimrod, as Scripture calls[1] my name,
Baal, as fabled[2] stories say;
For rearing Babel of great fame
My name and renown shall live for aye.

XII.

But here I spy a finer rearing,
'Gainst which the cloudès do not fight,
On which the stars do sit, to appearing;
Weak men think it reaches the kingdom of light.

XIII.

Oh! where is the man that built the same,
Dispending worldly store so well?
Fain would I change with him my name,
And stand in his chance not to go to hell.

XIV. *Sprites of Assyrians sing.*

When, to their caves eterne abased,[3]
The waters have no more distressed
The world so large;
But did discharge
Themselves into their bed of rest;

XV.

Then men, besprinkled all abroad,
No more did worship the true God;

---

[1] C. has "as scryptures hyght;" but *hyght* means *is called*.

[2] "Jetted," i. e. devised; from Bailey's "*Jet*, a device."

[3] C. has *abeste*, to which he adds the daring note—"According to Rowley, 'Humbled or brought down.' And Rowleie saies—'Thie pryde wylle be abeste;' Entroductyon to the Entyrlude of the Apostate." But the fact is, that Bailey gives "*Abessed*, humbled or cast down." His *Rowley* is but a pseudonym for *Bailey*.

But did create
His temples great
Unto the image of Nimròd.

XVI.

But now the Word of God is come,
Born of Maid Mary, to bring home
Mankind, his sheep;
Them for to keep
In the fold of his heavenly kingdòm.

XVII.

This church which Canynge he did rear,
To be dispent[1] in praise and prayer,
Men's souls to save
From 'vouring grave,
And purify them heaven-were.[2]

Sprites of ELLE, BYTHRYCKE, FITZ-HARDYNGE, FRAMPTON, GAUNTE, SEGOWEN, LAMYNGETON, a Knight Templar, *and* BYRTONNE. (*By* ROWLIE.)

XVIII. *Sprite of* BYTHRYCKE[3] *speaks.*

Ellè, thy Bristol is thy only care,
Thou art like dragon vig'lant of its good;

---

[1] Used (wrongly).

[2] Heaven-ward (wrongly). C. adds a quotation from the Entroduction to the Enterlude of the Apostate, as follows :—

"Not goulde or bighes wylle bring thee *heaven-were*,
Ne kyne or mylkie flockes upon the playne,
Ne mannours rych, nor banners brave and fayre,
Ne wife, the sweetest of the erthlie trayne."

This was, of course, invented for the occasion.

[3] "An Anglo-Saxon, who in William the Conqueror's time had Bristol."—C. See Barrett's Bristol, p. 205.

No loving dames (too kind) more love can bear,
Nor Lombards over gold more vig'lant brood.

XIX. *Sprite of* ELLE[1] *speaks.*

At once, ye sprites, forsake the swollen[2] flood,
Enjoy a sight with me, a sight full fine;
Well have I vended mine for Danish blood,
Since this great structure greets my wondering[3] eyne.
Ye that have built upon the Redcliff side,
Turn there your eyne, and see your works outvied!

XX. *Sprite of* BYTHRYCKE *speaks.*

What wondrous monument, what pile is this,
That binds in wonder's chain entendèment?[4]
That doth aloft the airy skyën kiss,
And seemeth mountains, joined by cement,
From Goddès great and wondrous storehouse sent.
Full well mine eyes advise[5] it cannot be,
That man could rear of such a great extent
A church so huge yet handsome[6] as we see.
The scattered[7] clouds, disparted, from it fly,
'Twill be, Iwis,[8] to all eternity.

XXI. ELLE'S *sprite speaks.*

Were I once more cast in a mortal frame,
To hear the chantry-song sound in mine ear,

---

[1] The same as Ælla; p. 31.
[2] "Bollen."
[3] "Whaped;" from Bailey's *awhaped*. Cf. p. 228, n. 5.
[4] Intelligence; the understanding. [5] "Arede."
[6] "Bausyn fetyve;" where the former word is Bailey's "*Bawsin*, big, gross;" and the latter a misprint for Bailey's "*Fetise*, handsome, spruce."
[7] "Flemed." [8] Certainly.

To hear the masses to our holy dame,
To view the cross-aisles and the arches fair!
Through the half-hidden[1] silver-twinkling glare
Of yon bright moon in foggy mantles dress'd,
I must content[2] the building to aspere,[3]
Whilst broken[4] clouds the holy sight arrest;
Till, as the nights grow old, I fly the light.
Oh! were I man again, to see the sight!

XXII.

There sit the canons; cloth of sable hue
Adorn the bodies of them every one;
The chanters white with scarfs of woaden blue,
And crimson chapeaux for them to put on,
With golden tassels, glittering in the sun;
The dames in kirtles all of Lincoln green,
And knotted shoe-peaks, of brave colours done.
A finer sight in sooth was never seen.

XXIII. BYRTON'S *sprite speaks.*

In tilts and tournies was my dear delight,
For man and Goddès warfare had renome,[5]
At every tilting-yard my name was hight,
I bear the bell away where'er I come.
Of Redcliff church the building new I done,[6]
And did full many holy place endow,
Of Mary's house made the foundation,

---

[1] "Halfe hulstred;" from Bailey's "*Hulstered*, hidden."
[2] *i. e.* be content.
[3] Look at; falsely formed from Scottish *speir*, to enquire.
[4] "Ishad;" from Old Eng. *shed*, to part.
[5] Renown.
[6] Rowleian for *I did*

And gave a threescore marks to Saint John's too.[1]
Then closed mine eyes, on earth to ope no mo,[2]
Whilst six-month's mind[3] upon my grave was do.[4]

XXIV.

Full glad am I my church was pullèd down,
Since this brave structure now doth greet mine eye.
This building rare, most polished[5] of the town,
Like to the donor's soul, shall never die.
But if, percase, Time, of his dire envỳ,
Shall beat it to rude walls and blocks[6] of stone,
The wandering traveller that passes by
Will see its ruined ancient splendour shewn
In the craz'd arches and the carvelling,[7]
And pillars their green heads to heav'n rearing.

XXV. *Sprite of* SEGOWEN *speaks.*

Deceiving gold was once my only toy,
With it my soul within the coffer lay,
It did the mastery of my life employ,
By night my mistress, and my jub[8] by day.

---

[1] This is what he means; but C. writes—"to Johnes hys toe," which suggests a different idea. Cf. p. 122.

[2] More.

[3] See *Month-minds* in Halliwell's Dictionary.

[4] Done.

[5] "Thys geason buyldynge, limedst of the towne;" from Bailey's "*Geason*, rare," and "*Limed*, polished." Unfortunately, *geason* only means *rare* in the sense of scarce, hard to be bought, dear in price.

[6] "Throckes;" from Bailey's "*Throckmorton*, the Rock moor-town; a Sirname." That is, Bailey takes *throck* to be short for *the rock*, and then Chatterton takes *throck* to mean a *rock* or *rocky mass* generally.

[7] Carving (wrongly). [8] Bottle; from Bailey.

Once, as I dozing in the witch-hour lay,
Thinking how best to filch the orphan's bread,
And from the helpless take their goods away,
I from the skyën heard a voice, which said:
"Thou sleepest; but lo! Satan is awake,
Some deed that's holy do, or he thy soul will take."

XXVI.

At once I started up with fear astound,[1]
Methought in mirk[2] were playing devils fell;[3]
Straight did I number twenty *Aves* round,
And thought full soonè for to go to hell.
I' th' morn my case to a good priest did tell.
Who did advise me to y-build that day
The church of Thomas, then to pieces fell.[4]
My heart expanded into heaven lay;
Soon was the silver to the workmen given,
'Twas best bestowed, a karynte[5] giv'n to heaven.

XXVII.

But well, I wot, thy motives[6] were not so,
'Twas love of God that set thee on the rearing
Of this fair church, Oh Canynge, for to do

---

[1] Astonished. [2] The darkness.

[3] *Fell*, meaning *fierce*, makes good sense; but C. spells the word *felle*, which is copied rather from Bailey's "*Felle*, many," than from Bailey's "*Fell*, fierce, cruel."

[4] Rowleian for *fallen*. See Barrett's Bristol, p. 557.

[5] C. has "a karynte *gave* to heaven," where *gave* is put or *given*, to avoid the cacophony. What a *Karynte* is, it is hard to say. It has been explained by *loan*, but I suspect it means a Lent-offering, from Bailey's "*Karyn*, Lent," an obvious corruption of the Fr. *Caréme*.

[6] "Causalles;" from Bailey's "*Causul*, belonging to a cause."

This polish'd building of so fine appearing:
This church, our lesser buildings all out-daring,
Like to the moon with stars of little light;
And after-times, the beauteous pile revering,
The prince of churches' builders thee shall hight;[1]
Great was the cause, but greater was th' effect,
So all will say who do this place prospect.

XXVIII. *Sprite of* FITZ-HARDYNGE *speaks.*

From royal parents did I have retaining,
The red-haired Dane confessed to be my sire;
The Dane who, often through this kingdom draining,
Would mark his way therethrough with blood and fire.
As stoppèd rivers always rise more higher,
And ramm'd stones by opposures stronger be,
So they, when vanquishèd, did prove more dire,
And for one countryman did threescore sle.[2]
From them, of Denmark's royal blood, came I,
Well might I boast of my gentility.

XXIX.

The pipes may sound and bubble forth my name,
And tellen what on Redcliffe-side I did;
Trinity College should not grudge my fame,
The fairest place in Bristol y-buildèd.
The royal blood that through my veinès slid
Did tinge my heart with many a noble thought;
Like to my mind the minster y-rearèd
With noble carvèd workmanship was wrought;
High at the daïs, like a king on's throne,
Did I take place, and was myself alone.

[1] Call (wrongly). [2] Slay.

XXX.

But thou, the builder of this pleasant place,
Where all the saints in sweet adjunction stand,
A very heaven for its beauteous grace,
The glory and the wonder of the land,
That shews the builder's mind and former's hand
To be the best that on the earth remains,
At once for wonder and delight command,
Shewing how much he of the god retains:
Canynge, the great, the charitable, and good,
Noble as kings, if not of kingly blood.

XXXI. *Sprite of* FRAMPTONE *speaks.*

Bristol shall speak my name, and Redcliff too,
For here my deeds were godly every one,
As Auden's minster by the gate will shew,
And John's at Bristol what my works have done,
Besides another house I had begun.
But mine, compared to this one, is a groffe,[1]
Not to be mentioned or be looked upon,
A very laughing-stock[2] or very scoff.
Canynge, thy name shall living be for aye,
Thy name not with the church shall waste away.

XXXII. *Sprite of* GAUNTE *speaks.*

I did full many reparations give,
And the Bonne-Hommès did full rich endow,
As journeying[3] to my God on earth did live,
So all the Bristol chronicles will shew.

---

[1] A poor thing; suggested by Bailey's "*Grofe*, grovelling."
[2] "Pundelstre;" suggested by Bailey's "*Pundle*, an ill-shaped and ill-dressed creature, as, *she is a very pundle.*"
[3] "Tourynge;" from Bailey's "*Tour*, a journey."

But all my deeds will be as nothing now
Since Canynge has this building finishèd,
Which seemeth to be the pride of Bristow,
And by no building to be o'ermatchèd:
Which aye shall last and be the praise of all,
And only in the wreck of nature fall.

XXXIII. *A Knight Templar's sprite speaks.*

In holy ground, where Saracens defile
The ground whereon our Savïour did go,
And Christès temple make to mosquès vil
[And] words of déspite 'gainst our Saviour throw;
There 'twas that we did our warfarage do,
Guarding the pilgrims of the Christian fay;[1]
And did our holy arms in blood embrue,
Moving like thunder-bolts in drear array,
Our strokes, like levin tearing the tall tree,
Our God our arm with lethal force did dree.[2]

XXXIV.

Large tenures fair, and manors of great wealth,
Green woods, and brooklets running through the lea,
Did men us give for their dear soulès health;
Gave earthly riches for goods heavenly.
Nor did we let our riches useless[3] be,
But did y-build the Temple Church so fine,
The which is brought about so bismarlie,[4]
It seemeth camoys[5] to the wondering eyne.

---

[1] Faith.

[2] Drive; but *dree* properly means to *endure*.

[3] "Untyle," perhaps for "untilled."

[4] Curiously; but it properly means *reproachfully*, as even Bailey knew.

[5] Bailey gives "*Camoys*, bent, or crooked upwards."

And ever and anon when bells ringèd,
From place to place it moveth its high head;
But Canynge from the sweat of his own brows
Did get his gold and raise this beauteous house.

XXXV. LAMYNGETON'S *sprite speaks.*

Let all my faults be buried in the grave;
All obloquies be rotted with my dust;
Let him first carpen that no faults can have;[1]
'Tis past man's nature for to be aye just.
But yet, in soothen, to rejoice I must.
That I did not immeddle for to build;
Since this quaintissed[2] place so glorious,
Seeming all churches joinèd in one guild,
Has now supplièd for what I had done,
Which, to my candle,[3] is a glorious sun.

XXXVI. ELLE'S *sprite speaks.*

Then let us all do jointly reverence here,
The best of men and bishops here do stand,
Who are God's shepherds[4] and do take good care
Of the good sheep He putteth in their hand;
Not one is lost, but all in well-likande[5]
Await to hear the General Bishop's call,
When Michael's trump shall sound to inmost land,
Affright the wicked, and awaken all;
Then Canynge rises to eternal rest,
And finds he chose on earth a life the best.

---

[1] "Wemmes have;" where "wemmes" means *blemishes* (Bailey), and *have* is Rowleian for *hath*.

[2] Finely made; from Bailey's "*Quaint*, neat, fine accomplished." Cf. p. 124, n. 2.

[3] "Cierge;" from Bailey's "*Cierge*, a wax-candle."

[4] C. has *shepsters*, which means sheepshearers.

[5] Well-liking.

ON THE MYNSTER.[1]

(PRINTED WITHOUT ALTERATION.)

I.

ITH daitive[2] steppe Religyon dyghte in greie,
Her face of doleful hue,
Swyfte as a takel[3] thro'we bryght heav'n tooke her waie,
And ofte and ere anon dyd saie,
"Aie! mee! what shall I doe;
See Brystoe citie, whyche I nowe doe kenne,
Arysynge to mie view,
Thycke throng'd wythe soldyers and wythe traffyck-menne;
Butte saynctes I seen few."

II.

Fytz-Hardynge rose!—he rose lyke bryghte sonne in the morne,

---

[1] This poem is reprinted from Barrett's History of Bristol, p. 246. It was said by Chatterton to be translated by Rowley, "as nie as Englyshe wyll serve, from the original, written by Abbot John, who was ynductyd 20 yeares, and dyd act as abbatt 9 yeares before hys inductyon for Phillip then abbatt: he dyed yn M.CC.XV. beynge buryed in his albe in the mynster."—BARRETT.

Chatterton attributed to the same Abbot John the Fragment on Richard I. (p. 227) and the poem entitled "Warre" (p. 266). *The Minster* means the Abbey of St. Augustine, now Bristol cathedral church.

[2] Probably meant for *dainty*.

[3] Arrow.

" Faire dame, adryne thein eyne,
Let alle thie greefe bee myne,
For I wylle rere thee uppe a Mynster hie,
The toppe whereof shall reech ynto the skie;
And wyll a Monke be shorne;"
Thenne dyd the dame replie,
" I shall ne be forelourne;
Here wyll I take a cherysaunied[1] reste,
And spend mie daies upon Fytz-Hardynges breste."

THE WORLD.

[From Barrett's Bristol, p. 629.]

FATHER, SON, *and* Minstrels.

1. *Father.*

TO the world new and its deceitful[2] way,
This coistrel[3] son of mine is all my care;
Ye minstrels, warn him how with rede[4] he stray
Where gilded vice doth spread his mascill'd[5] snare;
To getting wealth I would he should be bred,
And crowns of ruddy gold, not glory, round his head.

[1] Comfortable; see p. 27, n. 1.

[2] " Bestoikenynge;" see p. 34, n. 1.

[3] " *Coistrel*, a young lad."—Bailey. Observe, it is a *substantive*, but here (wrongly) an *adjective*.

[4] Counsel, good advice.

[5] Full of meshes; from Bailey's " *Mascle* (in Heraldry) a short lozenge voided, representing *the mash of a net*."

II.

1 *Min.* My name is Interest, 'tis I
Do into all bosoms fly;
Each one's hidden secret's mine;
None so worthy, good, and digne,[1]
But will find it to their cost,
Interest will rule the roast.
I to every one give laws,
Self is first in every cause.

III.

2 *Min.* I am a faytour[2] flame
Of gleamès[3] melancholy,
Love some call[4] my name,
Some do bename[5] me Folly.
In sprites of melting mould
I set my burning seal;
To me a usurer's[6] gold
Doth not a pin avail;
I prey upon the health,
And from good counsel[7] flee;
The man who would get wealth
Must never think of me.

---

[1] Worthy.
[2] Wandering; from Bailey's "*Faytours*, idle fellows, vagabonds." The true meaning is deceiver.
[3] "Lemmies;" from Bailey's "*Lemes*, lights or flames."
[4] "Behyghte;" which means *promised*.
[5] "Anemp;" from Bailey's "*Nempt*, named."
[6] "Goulers;" from Bailey's "*Goule*, usury."
[7] "Redeynge."

IV.

3 *Min.* I am the Sprite[1] of Pride, my 'spiring head
Must reach the clouds, and still be rising high·
Too little is the earth to be my bed,
Too narrow[2] for my breathing-place, the sky.
Daynous[3] I see the earth beneath me lie.
But to my betters I so little 'gree,
Beneath a shadow of a shade I be;
'Tis to the small alone that I can multiply.

V.

4 *Min.* I am the Sprite of Usury;[4] look around.
The airs about me thieves do represent;
Bloodstainèd robbers spring from out the ground.
And airy visions swarm around my ente.[5]
Oh! save my monies, it is their intent
To nim[6] the red God of my frighted[7] sprite;
What joy can usurers have, or day or night?

VI.

5 *Min.* Vice I am called, on gold full oft I ride,
Full fair unto the sight for aye I seem;
My ugliness[8] with golden veils I hide,
Laying my lovers in a silken dream.
But when my untrue treasures have been tried,

---

[1] "Queede;" but *Queed* means *the* Evil Spirit, viz. Satan himself.

[2] "Hannow;" some blunder.

[3] "*Deignous*, disdainful."—Bailey.

[4] "Queed of goulers," *i. e.* Evil Spirit of usurers; but *usury* is better.

[5] Purse (wrongly).

[6] Steal.

[7] "Fremded."

[8] "Ugsomness."

Then do I shew all filthiness[1] and rou,[2]
And those I have in net would fain my gripe
eschew.[3]

VII.

6 *Min.* I am great Death; all ken me by the
name,
But none can say how I do loose the sprite;
Good men my tardying delay do blame,
But most rich usurers from me take a flight;
Mickle of wealth I see, where'er I came,
Doëth my terror[4] mickle multiply,
And maketh them afraid to live or die.

VIII.

Fa. How! villain Minstrels, and is this your
rede?
Away, away! I will not give a curse.[5]
My son, my son, of this my speech take heed,
Nothing is good that bringeth not to purse.

---

[1] "Horrowness;" from Bailey's "*Horow*, mean, base, slanderous, filthy, beastly."

[2] "*Rou*, ugly."—Bailey. It is only an old form of *rough*.

[3] Escape from; correctly used.

[4] "Ghastness."

[5] *Kerse* is old English for *cress*; hence, "not worth a *kerse*" meant, originally, "not worth a *cress*." It is very improbable, however, that Chatterton knew this. In the last line, he at last deigns to call a purse, a purse; having so often called it an *ente*.

ONE CANTO OF AN ANCIENT POEM, CALLED

THE UNKNOWN KNIGHT OR THE TOURNAMENT.[1]

I.

THE Mattin-bell had sounded long,
The Cocks had sung their morning song,
When lo! the tuneful Clarions' sound,
(Wherein all other noise was drown'd)
Did echo to the rooms around,
And greet the ears of champions strong;
"Arise, arise from downy bed,
For sun doth 'gin to shew his head!"

II.

Then each did don in seemly gear,
What armour each beseem'd to wear,
And on each shield devices shone,
Of wounded hearts and battles won,
All curious and nice each one;
With many a tassell'd spear;
And, mounted each one on a steed,
Unwist, made ladies' hearts to bleed.

---

[1] From the Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies. Chatterton "offered this as a sample, having two more Cantos. The Author unknown." 1769.—SOUTHEY's *Edition*.

III.

Heralds each side the clarions wound,
The horses started at the sound;
The knights each one did point the lance,
And to the combats did advance;
From Hiberne, Scotland, eke from France;
Their prancing horses tore the ground;
All strove to reach the place of fight.
The first to exercise their might—

IV.

O'Rocke upon his courser fleet,
Swift as lightning were his feet,
First gain'd the lists and gat him fame;
From West Hibernee Isle he came,
His might depictured in his name.[1]
All dreaded such an one to meet;
Bold as a mountain-wolf he stood,
Upon his sword sat grim death and blood.

V.

But when he threw downe his asenglave,[2]
Next came in Syr Botelier bold and brave,
The death of many a Saracen;
They thought him a devil from Hell's black den.
Not thinking that any of mortal men
Could send so many to the grave.
For his life to John Rumsee[3] he render'd his thanks,
Descended from Godred, the King of the Manks.

---

[1] Probably alluding to the word "rock."

[2] This word seems here to mean a *glove*; cf. st. xiii. Cf. p. 151, n. 1, and p. 165, n. 3. It looks like a compound of the Caffre *assagai*, or dart, and the Welsh *glaive*, or sword.

[3] *i. e.* John Rumsey was his father.

VI.

Within his sure rest he settled his spear,
And ran at O'Rocke in full career;
Their lances with the furious stroke
Into a thousand shivers broke,
Even as the thunder tears the oak,
And scatters splinters here and there:
So great the shock, their senses did depart,
The blood all ran to strengthen up the heart.

VII.

Syr Botelier Rumsie first came from his trance,
And from the Marshal took the lance;
O'Rocke eke chose another spear,
And ran at Syr Botelier [in] full career;
His prancing steed the ground did tear;
In haste he made a false advance;
Syr Botelier seeing, with might amain,
Felled him down upon the plain.

VIII.

Syr Pigotte Novlin at the Clarions' sound,
On a milk-white steed with gold trappings around,
He couched in his rest his silver-point spear,
And fiercely ran up in full career;
But for his appearance he paid full dear,
In the first course laid on the ground;
Besmear'd in the dust with his silver and gold,
No longer a glorious sight to behold.

IX.

Syr Botelier then having conquer'd his twain,
Rode conqueror off the tourneying plain;
Receiving a garland from Alice's hand,
The fairest lady in the land.

Sir Pigotte this view'd, and furious did stand,
Tormented in mind and bodily pain.
Syr Botelier crown'd, most gallantly stood,
As some tall oak within the thick wood.

X.

Awhile the shrill clarions sounded the word;
Next rode in Syr John, of Adderleigh lord,
Who over his back his thick shield did bring,
In checkee of red and silver shining,
With steed and gold trappings beseeming a king,
A gilded fine adder twined round his sword.
De Bretville advanced, a man of great might.
And couched his lance in his rest for the fight.

XI.

Fierce as the falling waters of the lough,
That tumble headlong from the mountain's brow,
Ev'n so they met in dreary sound;
De Bretville fell upon the ground,
The blood from inward bruisèd wound
Did out his stainèd helmet flow;
As some tall bark upon the foamy main,
So lay De Bretville on the plain.

XII.

Syr John, of the Dale, or Compton, hight,[1]
Advancèd next in lists of fight;
He knew the tricks of tourneying full well,
In running race no man could him excel,
Or how to wield a sword better tell,
And eke he was a man of might:

[1] Surnamed.

On a black steed with silver trappings dight
He dared the dangers of the tourney'd fight.

XIII.

Within their rests their spears they set,
So furiously each other met,
That Compton's well-intended spear
Syr John his shield in pieces tare,
And wounded his hand in furious geir;[1]
Syr John's steel assenglave was wet:
Syr John then to the marshal turn'd,
His breast with mickle fury burn'd.

XIV.

The 'tenders of the field came in,
And bade the champions not begin;
Each tourney but one hour should last,
And then one hour was gone and past.

* * * *

THE FREERE OF ORDERYS WHYTE.[2]

I.

THERE was a Broder of Orderys Whyte,
Hee sonnge hys Masses yn the Nyghte;
Ave Maria, Jesu Maria.
The Nonnes, al slepeynge yn the Dortoure,[3]
Thoughte hym of al syngeynge Freeres the Flowre.
Ave Maria, Jesu Maria.

---

[1] Fury; from Bailey's "*Gere*, frenzy."
[2] From a MS. by Chatterton in the British Museum. First printed in 1803.
[3] Dormitory.

II.

Suster Agnes looved his syngeyng welle,
And songe with hem too the sothen to tell;
Ave, &c.
But be ytte ne sed bie Elde or yynge
That ever dheye oderwyse dyd synge
Than Ave, &c.

III.

This Broder was called evrich wheere
To Kenshamm and to Brystol Nonnere;
Ave, &c.
Botte seyynge of masses dyd wurch hym so lowe,
Above hys Skynne hys Bonys did growe.
Ave Maria, &c.

IV.

He eaten Beefe ande Dyshes of Mows,[1]
And hontend[2] everych Knyghtys House
With Ave, &c.
And beynge ance moe in gode lyken,
He songe to the Nones and was poren agen;
With Ave, &c.

---

[1] Probably a preparation of boiled corn.—Ed. (1842) Bailey has "*Mow*, a sack or heap of hay or corn."

[2] Probably, haunted.

DIALOGUE,

Between Maister Philpot and Walworth, Cockneies.[1]

Philpot.

GOD ye God den,[2] my good neighbour, how d'ye ail?
How does your wife, man! what never assole?[3]

Cum rectate vivas, verborum mala ne cures.

---

[1] From Dean Milles's edition of Rowley, p. 185. Cf. note 5, p. 256.

[2] This salutation, which should be written "God ye good Den," is more than once used by Shakespeare:

In Love's Labour Lost, the clown says,

"God dig you den all." Act iv. sc. 1.

That is to say, "God give you a good evening;" for "dig" is undoubtedly a mistake [or rather a corruption] for "give."

So in the dialogue between the Nurse and Mercutio, in Romeo and Juliet, act ii. sc. 4, the former says,

"God ye good morrow, gentlemen:"

to which the latter replies,

"God ye good den, fair gentlewoman."

And in the Exmoor Courtship,

"Good den, good den:"

which the Glossarist on that pamphlet properly explains by the wish of a good evening; and Mr. Steevens observes on the passage in Love's Labour Lost, that this contraction is not unusual in our ancient comic writers, and quotes the play called the Northern Lass by R. Brome, 1633, for the following phrase:

"God you good even."—Milles.

[3] Answer; from Bailey's "*assoil*, to quit or pardon. answer, or declare."

WALWORTH.

Ah, Master Philpot, evil tongues do say,
That my wife will lyën down to-day:
'Tis not twain months since she was mine for aye.

PHILPOT.

Animum submittere noli rebus in adversis,
Nolito quædam referenti semper credere.
But I pity you, neighbour, if it [be] so.

WALWORTH.

Quæ requirit misericordiam mala causa est.
Alack, alack, a sad doom mine, in fay,
But oft with citizens it is the case;
Honesta turpitudo pro bonâ
Causâ mori, as ancient pensmen says.[1]

---

[1] Mr. Bryant's next argument is drawn from "the many Latin quotations in the story of John Lamington," and he says that "none of these quotations were obvious, and such as a boy could attain to." And I can easily believe that they were *not obvious* to Mr. Bryant, whose studies we know have generally travelled a higher road; but I can say with truth, that I found them in the very first book in which I looked for them. The three former are transposed out of *Cato's Distichs,* and the two others out of the *Sentences of Publius Syrus,* usually subjoined to the *Distichs* in a little volume, which, in many small schools, I believe, is still the first that is put into the hands of learners of Latin after the Grammar. They stand thus in an edition by Boxhornius, L. Bat. 1635.

CATO, Lib. III. Dist. 4.
Quum recte vivas, ne cures verba malorum.
— Lib. II. Dist. 26.
Rebus in adversis animum submittere noli.
— Lib. II. Dist. 21.
Noli tu quædam referenti credere semper.

PHILPOT.

Home news well let alone and Latin too,
For me a memory doth 'gin to fail;
Say, Master Walworth, what good news have you,
Pray have you hearden of the stones of hail?

WALWORTH.

I have, and that it with reddour[1] did 'sail;
Some hailstones were like cherries rege[2] and great,

SYRUS, *Sentent. Iamb.* p. 119.
Mala causa est quæ requirit misericordiam.
Sentent. Troch. v. 3.
Est honesta turpitudo pro bonâ causâ mori.

In Chatterton's transcript of this last line he had originally inserted *est* after *turpitudo;* and he had written *bonay,* (to rime, I suppose, more exactly to *fay*). The blunders in the first line of *rectate* for *recte,* and of *verborum mala* for *verba malorum,* seem to shew that he wrote from memory. They must have been overlooked, I presume, by the Dean of Exeter, who considers all these passages, not as quotations, but as original compositions, and argues, in part, "*from the correctness of the Latin,* that they must have been written at least by a better scholar than Chatterton." It appears, from the testimony of Mr. Smith, that Chatterton had intimated very frequently both a desire to learn and a design to teach himself Latin; and though I do not suppose that he ever made any great progress in that language, I really think that he might have attained to these quotations. With respect to their *pertinency,* and their not being *idly and ostentatiously introduced,* it is scarce credible, I think, that such a medley of quotations, from such a book, should have been huddled together in such a dialogue by any one but a boy, who was proud of displaying the little Latin which he had just acquired. So much for the words which Chatterton is supposed to have been incapable of understanding.—TYRWHITT's *Vindication,* p. 208.

[1] Violence. [2] A mistake for *huge?*

And to the ground there did the trees prevail.
But goodman Philpot, what do you ahete[1]
'Bout goods of Laymingtone, now held by you,
For certain monies' store to you for chattels due?

PHILPOT.

Ah, I have nymd[2] him special; for his wine
Have ta'en at once twelve pounds; for dainty cheer,
Though the same time my wife with him did dine,
Been paid a mark—non-extra of the beer;
But when his sinking purse did 'gin to wear,
I lent him full six marks upon his faie;[3]
And he, poor Custrel,[4] having naught to spare,
Favour'd a clear and now doth run away.
His goods I down at Bristow town will sell,
For which I will get forty shining marks full well.

WALWORTH.

Tide life, tide death, I will with thee go down,
And sell some goods too in brave Bristow town.[5]

---

[1] Propose, or promise to do; probably from Bailey's "*Hete*, promised."

[2] Taken, caught; Old Eng. *nymen*, to take. [3] Faith.

[4] "*Custrel*, a servant to a man-of-arms."—Bailey.

[5] [This poem in Dean Milles's, and in Southey and Cottle's Editions, is made to end at the words "as auntient pens-men sayse." For the remainder—now for the first time published in a collection of Chatterton's works,—the public are indebted to Richard Smith, Esq. of Bristol. I have elsewhere acknowledged the favour of much valuable assistance rendered me by that gentleman.—EDITOR *of Cambridge edition*, 1842.]

THE MERRIE TRICKES OF LAMYNGE-TOWNE.

By Maistre John a Iscam.

I.

RIGOROUS doom is mine, upon my fay,[1]
Before the parent-star, the lightsome sun,
Hath three times lighted up the cheerful day,
To other realms must Lamyngetowne be gone,
Or else my flimsy thread of life is spun.
And shall I hearken to a coward's rede,
And from so vain a shade as life is, run?
No! fly all thoughts of running to the Queed;[2]
No! here I'll stay, and let the cockneys see
That Lamyngetowne the brave will Lamyngetowne still be.

II.

To fight, and not to flee, my sabatans[3]
I'll don, and gird my sword unto my side;
I'll go to ship, but not to foreign lands,
But act the pirate, rob in every tide;
With cockneys' blood shall Thamesis be dyed.
Their goods in Bristol market shall be sold,
My bark the laverd[4] of the waters ride,
Her sails of scarlet and her stere[5] of gold;

---

[1] Faith. [2] Devil. [3] Boots.—B.
[4] Lord. [5] Rudder.

My men the Saxons, I the Hengist, be,
And in my ship combine the force of all their three

III.

Go to my trusty men in Selwood's chase
That through the thicket[1] hunt the burlèd[2] boar
Tell them how stands with me the present case,
And bid them revel down at Watchet's shore,
And saunt[3] about in halkes[4] and woods no more;
Let each adventurous knight his armour brace,
Their meats be man's flesh, and their beverage gore
Hancele, or hanceled[5] from, the human race.
Bid them, like me their leader, shape their mind
To be a bloody foe, in arms 'gainst all mankind.
Ralph. I go my boon-companions for to find.
[*Exit Ralph*

IV.

Lam. Unfaithful cockney dogs! your God is gain
When in your town I spent my great estate,
What crowds of cits came flocking to my train,
What shoals of tradesmen ate then from my plate
My name was always Laymyngetowne the great.
But when my wealth was gone, ye kenn'd me not
I stood in ward, ye laughèd at my fate,
Nor cared if Laymyngetowne the great did rot.
But know, ye curriedowes,[6] ye soon shall feel,
I've got experience now, although I bought it wee

---

[1] "Lessel:" from Bailey's "*Lessel*, a shady bush."
[2] Armed (Bailey).
[3] Saunter (wrongly).
[4] "*Halke*, a corner, valley."—Speght.
[5] Bailey has "*Hanceled*, cut off."
[6] "*Curridow*, a curry-favour or flatterer."—Bailey.

v.

You let me know that all the world are knaves.
That lords and cits are robbers in disguise;
I and my men, the cockneys of the waves,
Will profit by your lessons and be wise;
Make you give back the harvest of your lies;
From deep-fraught barks I'll take the miser's soul,
Make all the wealth of every [man] my prize,
And, cheating London's pride, to digner[1] Bristol roll.

* * * * *

vi. *Lamingtowne, Philpott, and Robyne.*

Lam. Thou sayest, man, that thou would'st go with me,
And bear a part in all my men's emprise;
Think well upon the dangers of the sea,
And guess if that will not thee recradize,[2]
When through the skies the levin-brandè flies,
And levins sparkle in the whited oundes,[3]
Seeming to rise at lepestones[4] to the skies,
And not contented be with its set bounds.
Then rolls the bark and tosses to and fro;
Such dreary scenes as this will cast thy blood, I trow.

vii.

Think, when with bloody axes in our hands,
We are to fight for gold and silver too,
On neighbour's myndbruch[5] life no one then stands.
But all his aim and end is—death to do.[6]

---

[1] Worthier.

[2] Make coward (wrongly).

[3] Waves; from Bailey's "*Oundin*, rising like waves."

[4] Leapfrog (?) There is no such word.

[5] "*Mindburch*, a hurting of honour and worship."—B. But C. makes it an adjective, equivalent to *disregarded*.

[6] C. has "to death's doo," which is nonsense.

Rob. I've thought on all and am resolved to go;
Fortune! no more I'll be thy taunted slave,
Once was I great, now plunged in want and woe.
I'll go and be a pick-hatch[1] of the wave.
Goods I have none, and life I do disdain,
I'll be a victor, or I'll break my galling chain.
I'll wash my hands in blood and deal in death,
Our ship shall blow along with winds of dying breath.

VIII.

Lam. I like thy courage, and I'll tell thy doom,
Thou wilt hereafter[2] a brave captain be;
Go thou to Bristol, stay until we come,
For there we shall, haply, have need of thee;
And for a tight[3] and shapely warehouse see
Wherein to put the chattels we shall bring,
And know if there two cockney knaves may be,
Philpott and Walworth; so report doth sing;
If so, I'll trounce the usurer,[4] by my fay!
There's monies, man, for thee—Ralph! take the things away
Which we from Watchet town have taken now;
In the bark's bottom see the same thou stow.
Ral. Master of mine, I go as you do say.
Rob. And I to Bristol town will haste away.[5]

---

[1] Thief; but see *Pict-hatch* in Halliwell.

[2] C. has "unyere," which gives no sense and not enough syllables.

[3] "Thight;" from Bailey's "*Thight*, well jointed or knit together."

[4] "Gouler;" as usual.

[5] The latter part of this poem, from the line, "And, cheating London pride, to digner Bristol roll," was never printed till 1838; see Cambridge edition, 1842.

SONGE OF SEYNCTE BALDYWYNNE.[1]

(UNALTERED.)

WHANN Norrurs[2] & hys menne of myghte,
Uponne thys brydge darde all to fyghte
Forslagenn[3] manie warriours laie,
And Dacyanns well nie wonne the daie.
Whanne doughty Baldwinus arose,
And scatterd deathe amonge hys foes,
Fromme out the brydge the purlinge bloode
Embollèd[4] hie the runnynge floude.
Dethe dydd uponne hys anlace[5] hange,
And all hys arms were *gutte de sangue*.[6]
His doughtinesse wrought thilk dismaye,
The foreign warriors ranne awaie;
Erle Baldwynus regardedd well
How manie menn forslaggen fell;
To Heaven lyft oppe hys holie eye,
And thankèd Godd for victorye;
Thenne threw his anlace ynn the tyde,
Lyvdd ynn a cell, and hermytte died.

---

[1] From Milles's edition, p. 435. According to Chatterton, this and the following poem were sung when the Bridge at Bristol was completed in 1247.

[2] King of Norway (Milles).

[3] "*Forslagen*, slain."—B.

[4] Swelled.

[5] Falchion or sword.—B.

[6] Drops of blood [rather, bedropped with blood]; an heraldic allusion, suitable to the genius of that age.—MILLES.

SONGE OF SEYNCTE WARBURGHE.

(UNALTERED.)[1]

I.

WHANNE Kynge Kynghill[2] ynn hys honde
Helde the sceptre of thys londe,
Sheenynge starre of Chrystes lyghte,
The merkie[3] myste of pagann nyghte
Gan to scatter farr and wyde:
Thanne Seyncte Warburghe hee arose,
Doffed hys honnores and fyne clothes;
Preechynge hys Lorde Jesus' name,
Toe the lande of West Sexx came,
Whare blaeke[4] Severn rolls hys tyde.

II.

Stronge ynn faithfullnesse, he trodde
Overr the waterrs lyke a Godde,
Till he gaynde the distaunt hecke,[5]
Ynn whose bankes hys staffe dydd steck,
Wytnesse to the myrracle;
Thenne he preechedd nyghte and daie,
And set manee ynn ryghte waie.
Thys goode staffe great wonders wroughte,
Moe thann gueste bie mortalle thoughte,
Orr thann mortall tonge can tell.

---

[1] From Milles's edition, p. 433. He must have used a different copy from that now in the British Museum, as there are 150 variations from it in the spelling.

[2] King Coenwulf (Milles). [3] Dark.

[4] Yellow; from Bailey's "*Blake*, yellow."

[5] Rock; from Kersey's "*Heck*, a rock."

III.

Thenn the foulke a brydge dydd make
Overr the streme untoe the hecke,
All of wode eke longe and wyde,
Pryde and glorie of the tyde;
Whych ynn tyme dydd falle awaie:
Then Erle Leof[1] he bespedde[2]
Thys grete ryverr fromme hys bedde,
Round hys castle for to rynne;
T'was in trothe ann ancyante onne,
But warre and tyme wyll all decaie.

IV.

Now agayne, wythe bremie[3] force,
Severn ynn hys aynciant course
Rolls hys rappyd streeme alonge,
With a sable[4] swifte and stronge,
Movynge[5] manie ann okie wood:
Wee, the menne of Bristowe towne,
Have yreerd thys brydge of stone,
Wyshynge echone that ytt maie laste
Till the date of daies be past,
Standynge where the other stoode.

---

[1] Earl Leofwin (Milles).

[2] Dispatched, turned away.

[3] "*Breme*, chill, bitter, raging."—B.

[4] Sand; French *sable*.

[5] So in the MS. in the British Museum; but Dean Milles has *Moreying*, with the explanation—Rooting up, so explained in the Glossary to Robert Gloucester.—"Mored," *i. e.* digged, grubbed. The roots of trees are still called "mores" in Devonshire.

SANCTE WARBUR.[1]

(Printed without alteration, as being a professed imitation; see the note below.)

I.

IN auntient dayes, when Kenewalchyn King
Of all the borders of the sea did reigne,
Whos cutting celès,[2] as the Bardyes synge,
Cut strakyng furrowes in the foamie mayne,
Sancte Warbur cast aside his Earles estate,
As great as good, and eke as good as great.
Tho blest with what us men accounts as store,
Saw something further, and saw something more.

II.

Where smokyng Wasker scours the claiey bank,
And gilded fishes wanton in the sunne,
Emyttynge to the feelds a dewie dank,
As in the twyning path-waye he doth runne;
Here stood a house, that in the ryver smile[3]
Since valorous Ursa first wonne Bryttayn Isle;
The stones in one as firm as rock unite,
And it defyde the greatest Warriours myghte.

---

[1] From the Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies. It is there entitled—Imitation of our Old Poets. On oure Ladyes Chirch. 1769.—SOUTHEY'S *Edition*, ii. 157.

[2] Keels. [3] Meaning uncertain.

III.

Around about the lofty elems[1] hie,
Proud as their planter, reerde their greenie crest,
Bent out their heads, whene'er the windes came bie
In amorous dalliaunce the flete cloudès kest.[2]
Attendynge Squires dreste in trickynge brighte,
To each tenth Squier an attendynge Knyghte,
The hallie[3] hung with pendaunts[4] to the flore,
A coat of nobil armes upon the doore;

IV.

Horses and dogges to hunt the fallowe deere,
Of pastures many, wide extent of wode,
Faulkonnes in mewes,[5] and, little birds to teir,[6]
The Sparrow Hawke, and manie Hawkies gode.
Just in the prime of life, when others court
Some swottie[7] Nymph, to gain their tender hand,
Greet with the Kynge and . . . greet with the Court
And as aforesed mickle much of land . . .[8]

* * * * *

---

[1] Miswritten *elemens;* but *elems* (a provincial pronunciation of *elms*) is intended. [2] Kissed. [3] Hall.
[4] He means *pennons*. [5] Cages (correctly used).
[6] Tear. [7] Sweet. [8] Unfinished.

WARRE.[1]

By John, seconde Abbotte of Seyncte Austyns Mynsterre.

(Unaltered).

I.

OF warres glumm[2] pleasaunce doe I chaunte mie laie,
Trouthe tips the poynctelle,[3] Wysdomme skemps[4] the lyne,
Whylste hoare Experiaunce telleth what toe saie,
And forwyned[5] Hosbandrie wyth blearie eyne,
Stondeth and woe bements ;[6] the trecklynge bryne
Rounnynge adone hys cheekes which doëthe shewe,
Lyke hys unfrutefulle fieldes, longe straungers to the ploughe.

II.

Saie, Glowster,[7] whanne, besprenged[8] on evrich syde,

---

[1] From Barrett's History of Bristol, p. 654; collated with the original MS. in the British Museum. Chatterton wrote to Walpole, "As you approve of the small specimen of his poetry [p. 227], I have sent you a larger, which, though admirable, is still (in my opinion) inferior to Rowley, whose works, when I have leisure, I will fairly copy and send you."

[2] Sullen (Bailey).

[3] "*Pointel*, pencil or writing pen."—Bailey.

[4] Marks.—C.

[5] Withered (Bailey).

[6] Laments (wrongly); from Bailey's "*Bement*, lamented."

[7] Earl of Gloucester.

[8] Scattered; from Bailey's "*Besprenged*, besprinkled."

The Gentle, Hyndlette, and the Vylleyn felle:
Whanne smetheynge[1] sange[2] dyd flowe lyke to a tyde,
And sprytes were damn'd for the lacke of knelle,
Diddest thou kenne ne lykeness toe an helle,
Where all were misdeedes doeynge lyche unwise,
Where Hope unbarred and Deathe eftsoones dyd shote theyre eies.

III.

Ye shepster-swaynes[3] who the ribibble[4] kenne,
Ende the thyghte[5] daunce, ne loke uponne the spere
In ugsommnesse[6] warre moste bee dyghte toe menne,
Unseliness[7] attendethe honourewere;[8]
Quaffe your swote[9] vernage[10] and atreeted[11] beere.

---

[1] Smoking. [2] Blood.
[3] Shepherds (wrongly). [4] A fiddle.—B.
[5] Compact, orderly, tight.—B. [6] Terribleness.—B.
[7] Unhappiness.—B.
[8] In the direction of honour; cf. Chatterton's *heaven-were*. But C. says, "The place or residence of honour."
[9] Sweet.—B. [10] Sweet wine.—B.
[11] Extracted from corn; from Bailey's *treate*.

A CHRONYCALLE OF BRYSTOWE.

WROTE BIE RAUFE CHEDDER, CHAPPMANNE,

1356.[1]

(Unaltered).

YNNE whilomme daies, as Storie saies,
Ynne famous Brystowe towne
Dhere lyvèd Knyghtes, doughtie yn fyghtes,
Of marvellous renowne.
A Saxonne boulde, renowned of oulde
For Dethe and dernie[2] dede,
Maint[3] Tanmen[4] slone[5] the Brugge uponne,
Icausynge hem to blede.
Baldwynne hys Name, Rolles saie the same
And yev hymme rennome grate,
Hee lyvèd nere the Ellynteire,
Al bie Seyncte Lenardes Yate.
A Mansion hie, made bosmorelie,[6]
Was reered bie hys honde,
Whanne he ysterve,[7] hys Name unkerve[8]
Inne Baldwynne streete doe stonde.
On Ellie then, of Mercyann Menne,

---

[1] From a MS. by Chatterton in the British Museum.
[2] "*Dern*, sad; also barbarous, cruel."—B.
[3] Many.—B. [4] Danish men. [5] Slew (wrongly)
[6] Curiously; but *bismar* means *reproach*.
[7] Died (wrongly). [8] Unengraved.

As meynte[1] of Pentells[2] blase,[3]
Inne Castle-stede made dofull dede
And dydde the Dans arrase.[4]
One Leëfwyne of kyngelie Lyne
Inne Brystowe towne dyd leve,
And toe the samme for hys gode name
The Ackmanne Yate dyd gev.
Hammon, a Lorde of hie Accorde,
Was ynne the strete nempte brede;[5]
Noe greate hys Myghte, so strynge yn fyghte,
Onne Byker[6] hee dyd fede.
Fitz Lupous digne[7] of gentle Lyne
Onne Radclief made hys Baie,
Inn moddie Gronne,[8] the whyche uponne
Botte Reittes[9] and roshes laie.
Theere Radclyve Strete of Mansyonnes meete
In semelie gare[10] doe stonde,
And Canynge grete of fayre Estate
Bryngeth to Tradynge Londe.
Hardynge dydde comme from longe Kyngddomme
Inne Knyvesmythe strete to lyne,
Roberte, hys Sonne, moche gode thynges donne,[11]
As Abbattes doe blasynne.[12]
Roberte the Erle, ne[13] conkered curlle,[14]
Inne Castle-stede dyd fraie;[15]
Yynge Henrie too ynne Brystowe true

---

[1] Many.—B.
[2] Pens.—B.
[3] Blaze abroad.
[4] Pluck up.—B.
[5] Called Broad (Street).
[6] Bickering, war.
[7] Worthy.
[8] Muddy ground.
[9] Sedge.—B.
[10] Gear.
[11] Rowleian for *did*.
[12] Blaze forth, record.
[13] No (wrongly).
[14] Churl.
[15] Fight (wrongly).

As Hydelle[1] dyd obaie.[2]
A Maioure dheere bee, ande I am ne hee,
Botte anne ungentle Wyghte;—
Seyncte Marie tende eche ammie frende
Bie hallie Taper lyghte.[3]

ON HAPPIENESSE.[4]

By William Canynge.

(Unaltered.)

I.

MAIE Selynesse[5] on erthès boundes bee hadde?
Maie yt adyghte[6] yn human shape bee founde?
Wote yee, ytt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,[7]
Or quite eraced[8] from the scaunce-layd[9] grounde,

---

[1] "*Hidel*, a place of protection, sanctuary."—B. It means—as in a sanctuary.

[2] "*Obay*, to abide."—B Hence "made hys 'baie" (above) signifies *made his dwelling*. "To lyne" may be borrowed from Bailey's "*Lynne*, to loiter."

[3] The last four lines seem to mean—A mayor there is, and I am not he, but only a poor wight; may Saint Mary attend each dear friend by the light of holy tapers.

[4] This, and the two following Poems, attributed to Mr. Canynge, are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies.—Tyrwhitt's *Edition*.

[5] Happiness.—B.

[6] Clothed; from Bailey's "*Dight*, dressed."

[7] "*Bestad*, lost."—Kersey.

[8] Erased.

[9] Uneven.

Whan from the secret fontes the waterres dyd
abounde?
Does yt agrosed[1] shun the bodyed waulke,
Lyve to ytself and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

II.

All hayle, Contente, thou mayde of turtle-eyne,
As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene,[2]
To ope the dore to Selynesse ys thyne,
And Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.
Doer of the foule thynge ne hath thee seene;
In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole[3] distresse,
Whoere hath thee, hath gotten Selynesse.

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM.[4]

By the same.

(Unaltered.)

I.

MIE boolie[5] entes,[6] adieu! ne moe[7] the
syghte
Of guilden merke shall mete mie joieous
eyne,
Ne moe the sylver noble, sheenynge bryghte.
Schall fyll mie honde with weight to speke ytt fyne;
Ne moe, ne moe, alass! I call you myne:

[1] Frighted. [2] Displayed. [3] Grievous (wrongly).
[4] A *gouler* is a usurer; from Bailey's "*goule*, usury." See the Promptorium Parvulorum.
[5] Beloved.—B. [6] Purses (wrongly). [7] No more

Whydder[1] must you, ah! whydder must I goe?
I kenn not either; oh mie emmers[2] dygne,
To parte wyth you wyll wurcke mee myckle woe;
I muste be gonne, botte whare I dare ne telle;
O storthe[3] unto mie mynde! I goe to helle.

II.

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte[4] the roddie sunne
A shade of theves eche streake of lyghte dyd seeme;
Whann ynn the heavn full half hys course was runn,
Eche stirryng nayghbour dyd mie harte afleme:[5]
Thye loss, or quyck or slepe, was aie mie dreme;
For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycrase;[6]
For thee I gotten or bie wiles or breme;[7]
Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place;
Botte nowe to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,
I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede[8] must goe.

ONN JOHN A DALBENIE.

By William Canynge

JOHNE makes a jarre boute Lancaster and Yorke;
Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thie worke.

---

[1] Whither.
[2] Coined money (?)
[3] Death (?)
[4] Dress.—B.
[5] Affright.—B.
[6] Break.—B.
[7] Violence.—B.
[8] Devil.—B.

HEREAUDYN.

A Fragmente.[1]

YNGE Hereaudyn al bie the grene Wode sate,
Hereynge the swote Chelandrie[2] ande the Oue,[3]
Seeinge the kenspecked[4] amaylde[5] flourettes nete,
Ensyngynge[6] to the birds hys Love songe true.
Syrre Preeste camme bie and forthe hys bede-rolle drewe,
Fyve Aves and a Pater moste be sedde;
Twayne songe: the on hys Songe of Willowe Rue,
The odher one————

* * * * *

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.[7]

THYS Morneynge Starre of Radcleves rysynge Raie,
A True Man, Good of Mynde, and Canynge hyghte,
Benethe thys Stone lies moltrynge[8] ynto Claie,

[1] From a MS. by Chatterton in the British Museum.
[2] Goldfinch.—B. [3] "*Ouzel*, blackbird."—B.
[4] Marked.—B. [5] Enamelled. [6] Singing.
[7] From a transcript given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett.
[8] Mouldering.

Untylle the darke Tombe sheene an aeterne
Lyghte.
Thyrde from hys Loyns the presente Canynge
came;
Houton[1] are wordes for to telle his doe;
For aie shall lyve hys Heaven-recorded Name,
Ne shalle ytte die whanne Tyme shall be ne moe;
Whan Mychael's Trompe shall sounde to rize
the Soulle,[2]
He'lle wynge toe heaven with kynne, and happie
be yer dolle.[3]

THE ACCOUNTE OF W. CANYNGES FEAST.*

By the same.

THOROWE the halle the Belle han
sounde;
Byelecoyle[4] doe the Grave beseeme;[5]
The Ealdermenne doe sytte arounde,
Ande snoffelle[6] oppe the cheorte[7] steeme,

[1] Hollow.—B. [2] Soul. [3] Their portion.
[4] Fair welcoming, i. e. welcoming kindly; from Bailey's "*Bialacoyl*, fair welcoming."
[5] Appear; see Bailey. [6] Snuff up.
[7] Pleasant. Bailey gives "*Chert*, or *Cheorte*, love jealousy;" also "*Chertes*, merry people." In l. 7, *coyn* is *daintily* (see Kersey); and in l. 9, *Heie* is *they*, and *n* is *naught*.

* This poem is taken from a fragment of vellum, whic Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett as an original. With re spect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in th last line, the name of Rowley is sufficiently known from th

Lyke asses wylde ynne desarte waste
Swotelye the Morneynge ayre doe taste.
Syche coyne thie ate, the Minstrels plaie,
The dynne of angelles doe theie kepe;
Heie stylle, the Guestes ha ne to saie,
Butte nodde yer thankes ande falle aslape.
Thos echone daie bee I to deene,
Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne seene.

---

preceding poems. Iscamm appears as an actor in the tragedy of Ælla, and in that of Goddwyn; and a poem, ascribed to him, entitled, "The merry Tricks of Laymington," is inserted in the "Discorse of Bristowe." Sir Theobald Gorges was a knight of an antient family seated at Wraxhall, within a few miles of Bristol. (See Rot. Parl. 3 H. VI. n. 28. Leland's Itin. vol. vii. p. 98.) He has also appeared as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the Mynstrelles songes in Ælla. His connexion with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter, dated 20th October, 1467, in which he gives to trustees, in part of a benefaction of £500 to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, "certain jewells of Sir Theobald Gorges, Knt." which had been pawned to him for £160.—TYRWHITT'S *Edition*.

It forms one of the MSS. communicated by Chatterton as original, and is preserved with the others in the British Museum.

"It is written with red ink, the letters are perfectly distinct, and the first line is written in the common attorney's text-hand. The parchment appears brown from some liquid that has been applied to it, but for which it is difficult to assign any reason, except to give the parchment a *mistaken* appearance of age. The letters are remarkably legible, and being *red ink*, they could not require oak bark, or any similar composition to render them more so. We must conclude that this brown tint was communicated by Chatterton, but it is singular that he should not have discoloured the *whole* of the surface, as one corner of the parchment discovers its natural colour."—COTTLE'S *Account of Rowley's MSS.*

FRAGMENT OF A POEM BY ROWLEY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE WORKS OF ECCA,[1] BISHOP OF HEREFORD, A.D. 557.

WHEN azure skies are veiled in robes of night,
When glimmering dewdrops 'stound the traveller's eyne,
When flying clouds, betinged with ruddy light,
Do on the brindling[2] wolf and wood-boar shine:
When even-star, fair herald of the night,
Spreads the dark dusky sheen along the mees,[3]
The writhing adders send a gloomy light,
And owlets wing[4] from lightning-blasted trees:
Arise, my sprite, and seek the distant dell,
And there to echoing tongues thy raptured joys y-tell.

* * * *

When Spring came dancing on a floweret bed,
Dight in green raiment of a changing kind,
The leaves of hawthorn budding on his head,
And white primróses cowering to the wind,
Then did the shepherd his long alban[5] spread

[1] An imaginary being. The original text of this poem will be found in the "Historie of Peyncters yn Englande."

[2] Bailey has "*Brindled*, spotted, being of several colours."

[3] Rowleian for *meads* or meadows.

[4] Fly.

[5] Explained by *a large loose white robe*. Bailey has "*Alb* or *Alba*, a white vestment or surplice, used by the priest," &c.

Upon the greeny bank, and dancèd round,
Whilst the soft flowerets nodded on his head,
And his fair lambs were scattered on the ground;
Aneath his foot the streamlet rolled along,
Which strollèd round the vale to hear his joyous song.

FRAGMENT OF A POEM BY ROWLEY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE WORKS OF ELMAR, BISHOP OF SELSEIE.[1]

NOW may all hell open to gulp thee down,
Whilst azure darkness, mingled with the day,
Shews light on darkened pains to be more roune;[2]
Oh! mayëst thou die living deaths for aye!
May floods of sulphur bear thy sprite anon
Sinking to depths of woe! May lightning-brands
Tremble upon thy pain-devoted crown,
And singe thine all-in-vain-imploring hands!
May all the woes that Goddès wrath can send
Upon thy head alight, and there their fury spend!

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[1] Another imaginary being. For the original text, see the "Historie of Peyncters yn Englande."

[2] Explained by *terrific*, perhaps from Bailey's "*Rou*, ugly." It is properly a verb, meaning *to whisper*.

APPENDIX.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MAYOR'S FIRST PASSING OVER THE OLD BRIDGE AT BRISTOL.

A new bridge having been opened at Bristol in September, 1768, the following letter was sent soon after by Chatterton to Felix Farley's Bristol Journal. It is interesting as being the first of the series of pretended discoveries. The original MS. is now in the British Museum, from which this is printed. For the piece as it actually appeared in the Journal, see Wilson's Life of Chatterton, p. 116.

MR. PRINTER,

THE following Description of the Mayor's first passing over the Old Bridge, taken from an old Manuscript, may not be unacceptable to the Generality of your Readers.

Yrs, &c.

DUNHELMUS BRISTOLIENSIS.

On Fridaie was the time fixed for passing the newe Brydge: aboute the time of the tollynge the tenth Clock, Master Greggorie Dalbenye

mounted on a Fergreyne[1] Horse, enformed Master Mayor all thyngs were prepared; whan two Beadils want fyrst streyng fresh Stre, next came a Manne dressed up as follows—Hose of Goatskyn, Crinepart[2] outwards, Doublet and Waystcoat also, over which a white Robe without Sleeves, much like an Albe, but not so longe, reeching but to his Lends; a Girdle of Azure over his left Shoulder, rechde also to his Lends[3] on the ryght, and doubled back to his Left, bucklyng with a Gouldin Buckel, dangled to his Knee; thereby representing a Saxon Elderman. In his Hande he bare a Shield, the Maystrie[4] of Gille a Brogton, who paincted the same, representyng Sainct Warburgh crossynge the Ford. Then a mickle strong Manne, in Armour, carried a huge Anlace;[5] after whom came Six Claryons and Six Minstrels, who sang the Song of Saincte Warburgh; then came Master Maior, mounted on a white Horse, dight with sable trappyngs, wrought about by the Nunnes of Saincte Kenna, with Gould and Silver; his Hayr brayded with Ribbons, and a Chaperon,[6] with the auntient Arms of Brystowe fastende on his Forehead. Master Maior bare in his Hande a gouldin Rodde, and a Congeon[7] Squier bare in his Hande his Helmet, waulking by the Syde of the Horse: than came the Eldermen and Cittie Broders mounted on Sable Horses, dyght with white trappynges and

---

[1] Irongrey (wrongly). [2] Hairy side.—B.
[3] Loins.—B. [4] Masterpiece.—B. [5] Sword.—B.
[6] A little escutcheon on the foreheads of horses.—B.
[7] Dwarf.—B.

Plumes, and Scarlet Copes and Chapeous,[1] having thereon Sable Plumes; after them, the Preests and Friars, Parysh, Mendicaunt and Seculor, some syngyng Saincte Warburghs Song, others soundyng Clarions thereto, and otherssome Citrialles.[2] In thilk manner reechyng the Brydge, the Manne with the Anlace[3] stode on the fyrst Top of a Mound, yree[r]d in the midst of the Bridge; then want up the Manne with the Sheelde, after him the Ministrels and Clarions. And then the preestes and Freeres, all in white Albs, makyng a most goodlie Shewe; the Maior and Eldermen standyng round, theie sang, with the sound of Clarions, the Song of Saincte Baldwyn; which beyng done, the Manne on the Top threwe with greet myght his Anlace into the See, and the Clarions sounded an auntiant Charge and Forloyn:[4] Then theie sang again the Songe of Saincte Warburgh, and proceeded up Chrysts hill, to the Cross, where a Latin Sermon was preeched, by Ralph de Blundeville. And with sound of Clarion theie agayne went to the Brydge, and there dined, spendyng the rest of the daie in Sportes and Plaies, the Freers of Saincte Augustine doeyng the Plaie of the Knyghtes of Brystowe, makynge a greete Fire at night on Kynwulph Hyll.

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[1] "*Chapeau*, a hat."—B.

[2] B. has "*Citriale*, a citron or guitrat;" but Kersey gives "*Citriale*, a cittern or guitar."

[3] Sword.—B.

[4] Retreat.—B.

THE RYSE OF PEYNCTEYNE[1] IN ENGLANDE.

This piece was enclosed in a letter to Horace Walpole, which is here given.

SIR,

BEING versed a little in antiquitys, I have met with several curious Manuscripts, among which the following may be of Service to you, in any future Edition of your truly entertaining Anecdotes of Painting. In correcting the mistakes (if any) in the Notes, you will greatly oblige

Your most humble Servant,

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Bristol, March 25th, Corn Street.

THE RYSE OF PEYNCTEYNGE YN ENGLANDE, WROTEN BY T. ROWLEIE,[2] 1469, FOR MASTRE CANYNGE.[3]

Peynctynge ynn Englande, haveth of ould tyme bin yn ure; for saieth the Roman Wryters, The

[1] Painting.

[2] "T. Rowlie was a Secular Priest of St John's, in this City; his Merit as a Biographer, Historiographer, is great; as a Poet still greater: some of his Pieces would do honor to Pope; and the Person under whose Patronage they may appear to the World, will lay the Englishman, the Antiquary, and the Poet, under an eternal Obligation."*

[3] "The Founder of that noble Gothic Pile, St. Mary Red-

* [All these notes are by Chatterton, and are printed as they appear in the letter.]

Brytonnes dyd depycte themselves, yn sondrie wyse, of the fourmes of the Sonne and Moone wythe the hearbe Woade: albeytte I doubte theie were no skylled Carvellers. The Romans be accounted of al, Men of cunnynge Wytte yn Peyncteynge and Carvellynge; aunter theie mote inhylde theyre rare devyces ynto the Mynds of the Brytonnes; albeytte atte the commeynge of Hengeyst, nete appeares to wytteness yt, the Kystes are rudelie ycorven, and for the moste parte houge hepes of Stones. Hengeste dyd brynge ynto thys Reaulme Herehaughtrie, whyche dydde brynge Peyncteynge. Hengeste bare an Asce ahrered bie an Afgod.[1] Horsa, anne Horse sauleaunte, whyche eftsoones hys Broder eke bore. Cerdyke, a Sheld adryfene.[2] Cuthwar, a Shelde afægrod:[3] whose Ensamples were followed bie the Hyndlettes of hys Troupe, thys emproved the gentle Art of Peyncteynge. Herehaughtrie was yn esteem amongste them: take yee these Saxon Acheuementes. Heofnas[4] an æcced-fet was ybore of Leof, an Ab-

---

clift Church, in this City; the Mecenas of his time; one who could happily blend the Poet, the Painter, the Priest, and the Christian, perfect in each: a friend to all in distress, an honor to Bristol, and a Glory to the Church."

[1] "*Asce*, &c., A Ship supported by a Idol."

[2] "*Adryfene*, an imbossed Shield; being rudely carved with Flowers, Leaves, Serpents, and whatever suited the imagination of the Carver."

[3] "*Afægrod*, a shield, painted in the same Taste as the Carving of the last."

[4] "*Heofnas*, &c., azure, a Plate; which is the signification of æcced-fet."

thane of Somertonne. Ocyre[1] aadod—ybore bie Elawolf of Mercia. Blac[2] border adronct an Stowe aƀellice—the auntiaunte Armourie of Bristowe—a Scelde agrefen[3] was the armourie of Ælle Lord of Bristowe Castle. Crosses in maynte nombere was ybore, albeyt Chiefes and oder Partytiones was unknowen, untille the nynthe Centurie. Nor was peyncteynge of Sheeldes theire onlie Emploie, walles maie bee seene, whereyn ys auntiaunte Saxonne Peynteynge; and the Carvellynge maie be seene yn Imageries atte Keyneshame, Puckil Chyrche, and the Castle; albeyt largerre thane Life, theie be of feetyve Hondiewarke. Affleredus was a Peyncter of the Eighth Centurie, hys dresse bee ynne Menne, a longe alban, braced wyth twayne of azure Gyrdles; labells of redde Clothe onne his Arme and flatted Beaver uponne the Heade. Nexte Aylward in tenthe Centurie ycorven longe Paramentes; wythoute, of redde uponne Pourple, wyth Goulde beltes and dukalle Couronnes beinge Rems of floreated Goulde. Afflem a Peyncter lived ynne the reygne of Edmonde; whane, as Storie saiethe, was fyrst broughte ynto Englande, the counynge Mysterie of steineynge Glasse, of w^ch^ he was a notable Perfourmer; of his Warke maie bee seene atte Ashebyrne, as eke at the Mynster Chauncele of Seyncte Bede, whych doethe represente Seyncte Warburghe to whoes

[1] "*Ocyre*, &c., Or Pomeisy, *aad* in Saxon, was little green cakes offered to the Afgods or Idols."

[2] "*Blac*, &c., Sable, within a Border Undee, a Town walled and crenelled Proper."

[3] "*A scelde*, &c., a shield carved with Crosses."

Honoure the Mynsterre whylome han bin dedycated. Of hys Lyfe be fulle maint accountes. Goeynge to partes of the Londe hee was taken bie the Danes, and carryed to Denmarque, there to bee forslagen bie Shotte of Arrowe. Inkarde, a soldyer of the Danes, was to slea hym; onne the Nete before the Feeste of Deathe hee founde Affiem to bee hys Broder. Affrighte chaynede uppe hys soule. Gastnesse dwelled yn his Breaste. Oscarre, the greate Dane, gave hest hee shulde bee forslagene with the commeynge Sunne; no Teares colde availe, the morne cladde yn roabes of ghastness was come; whan the Danique Kynge behested Oscarre, to arraie hys Knyghtes eftsoones, for Warre: Affiem was put yn theyre flyeynge Battailes, sawe his Countrie ensconced wythe Foemen, hadde hys Wyfe ande Chyldrenne brogten Capteeves to hys Shyppe, ande was deieynge wythe Sorrowe, whanne the loude blautaunte Wynde hurled the Battayle agaynste an Heck. Forfraughte wythe embolleynge Waves, he sawe hys Broder, Wyfe, and Chyldrenne synke to Deathe: himselfe was throwen onne a Banke ynne the Isle of Wyghte, to lyve hys Lyfe forgard to all Emmoise: thus moche for Affiem. Johne[1]

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[1] "This John was the greatest Poet of the Age in which he lived; he understood the learned Languages. Take a specimen of his Poetry, On King Richard I.

Harte of Lyone! shake thie Sworde,
Bare thie mortheynge steinede honde;
Quace whole Armies to the Queede,
Worke thie Wylle yn burlie bronde.
Barons here on bankers-browded,
Fyghte yn Furres gaynste the Cale·

Seconde Abbatte of Seyncte Austyns Mynsterre, was the fyrste Englyshe Paynctere in Oyles; of hym have I sayde in oder Places relateynge to his Poesies; he dyd wryte a Boke of the Proportione of Ymageries: whereynne he saieth, the Saxonnes dydde throwe a mengleture over theyre Coloures to chevie them frō the Weder. Nowe methynkethe steinede Glasse mote nede no syke a casinge, butte Oile alleyne, botte albeytte ne Peyncteynge of the Saxonnes bee in Oyle, botte Water, or as whylome called Eae. Chatelion, a Frenshmane, leorned Oyle Paynceteynge of Abbat Johne. Carvellynge ynne hys daies gedered newe beauties, botte mostelie was wasted in smalle and dribbelet Pieces, the Ymageries beeynge alle cladde ynne longe Paramentes: whan the Glorie of a Carveller shulde bee in ungarmented Imagerie, therebie shewinge the semblamente to Kynde. Roberte of Glowster lissed notte his Spryghte toe Warre ne Leornynge, botte was the Sonne, under whose Raies the flowrettes of the Fielde shotte ynto Lyfe: Gille a Brogtonne was kyndelie norriced bie himme, whoe depycted notable yn Eae. Henrie a Thonton was a geason Depyctor of Countenances; he payncted the Walles of Master Canynge hys Howse, where bee the Councelmenne atte Dynnere; a most daintie and feetyve performaunce nowe ycrasede beeynge done ynne M.CC.I.

Whilest thou ynne thonderynge Armes
Warriketh whole Cyttyes bale.
Harte of Lyon! Sound the Beme!
Sounde ytte ynto inner Londes,
Feare flies sportinge ynne the Cleembe,
Inne thie Banner Terror stondes." [*See* p. 227.]

Henrie a Londre was a curyous broderer of Scarfes ynne Sylver and Golde and Selkes diverse of hue. Childeberte Weste was a Depyctour of Countenances; botte aboove alle was the Peyncter, Johne de Bohunn, whose Worke maie be seene yn Westmynster Halle. Of Carvellers[1] and oðer Peyncters I shall saie hereafter, Fyrst Englyschynge frō the Latynne as to wytte, Peynctynge improveth the Mynde, and smootheth the roughe Face of oure Spryghtes——

For Horace Walpole, Esq.
To be left with Mr. Bathoe, bookseller, near Exeter Change, Strand, London.

HYSTORIE OF PEYNCTERS IN ENGLANDE.

This is a continuation of the foregoing piece. A letter from Chatterton to Horace Walpole ends as follows.

* * * * *

—— offer you some further Anecdotes and Specimens of poetry, and am,

Your very humble and
obedient servt,
THOMAS CHATTERTON.

March 30, —69, *Corn Street, Bristol.*

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[1] "I have the Lives of several Eminent Carvers, Painters, &c., of Antiquity, but as they all relate to Bristol, may not be of Service in a General Historie; if they may be acceptable to you, they are at your Service."

HISTORIE OF PEYNCTERS YN ENGLANDE.

BIE T. ROWLEY.

Haveynge sayde yn oder Places of Paynctеynge and the ryse thereof, eke of somme Peyncteres; nowe bee ytte toe be sayde of oders wordie of Note. Afwolde was a Skylled Wyghte yn laieynge onne of Coloures; hee lyved in Merciæ, ynne the daies of Kynge Offa, ande depycted the Countenaunce of Eadburga, hys Dawter, whyche Depycture beeynge borne to Brightrycke he toke her to Wyfe, as maie be seene at large in Alfridus.[1] Edilwald Kynge of the Northeumbers, understode Peyncteynge, botte I cannot fynde anie Piece of hys nemped.[2] Inne a mansion at Cepenhamme I have seene a Peyncteynge of moche Antiquitie, where is sitteynge Egbrychte ynne a royaul Manner, wythe Kynges yn Chaynes at hys Fote, wiȝ meinte semblable[3] Fygures, whyche were Symboles of hys Lyfe, and I haveth noted the Saxons to be more notable ynne Lore and Peyncteynge thann the Normannes, nor ys the Monies sythence the daies of Willyame le Bastarde so fayrelie stroken as aforetyme. I eke haveth seen the armorie of East Sexe moste fetyvelie[4] depycted, ynne the medst of an auntyaunte Wall. Bott nowe wee bee upon

[1] "This is a writer whose workes I have never been happy enough to meet with."—C.

[2] *Nemped*, mentioned.

[3] *Semblable*, metaphorical.

[4] *Fetyvelie*, elegantly, handsomely.

Peyncteynge, sommewhatte maie bee saide of the Poemes of those daies, whyche bee toe the Mynde what Peyncteynge bee toe the Eyne, the Couloures of the fyrste beeynge mo dureynge. Ecca Byshoppe of Hereforde yn D.LVII. was a goode Poete, whome I thus englyshe:—

Whan azure Skie ys veylde yn Robes of Nyghte
Whanne glemmrynge dewe-drops stounde[1] the Faytours[2] Eyne,
Whanne flying Cloudes, betinged with roddie Lyghte,
Doth on the Brindlynge Wolfe and Woodbore shine,
Whanne Even Star, fayre Herehaughte of nyghte,
Spreds the darke douskie Sheene along the Mees,[3]
The wreethynge Neders[4] sends a glumie[5] Lyghte,
And houlets wynge fro Levyn blasted[6] Trees.
Arise mie Spryghte and seke the distant dell,
And there to echoing Tonges thie raptured Joies ytell.

Gif thys manne han no honde for a Peynter, he had a Head: a Pycture appearethe ynne eache Lyne, and I wys so fyne an Even sighte mote be drawn as ynne the above. In anoder of hys Vearses he saithe,

Whanne Sprynge came dauncynge onne a flowrette bedde,
Dighte ynne greene Raimente of a chaungynge kynde;
The leaves of Hawthorne boddeynge on hys hedde,
Ande whyte Prymrosen coureynge to the Wynde:
Thanne dydd the Shepster[7] hys longe Albanne[8] spredde
Uponne the greenie Bancke and daunced arounde

[1] *Stounde*, astonish. [2] *Faytours*, travellers.
[3] *Mees*, meads.
[4] *Neders*, adders, used here perhaps for glow-worms.
[5] *Glumie*, dull, gloomy.
[6] *Levyn*, lightning.
[7] *Shepster*, shepherd.
[8] *Albanne*, a large loose white robe

Whilest the soft Flowretts nodded onne his hedde,
And hys fayre Lambes besprenged[1] onne the Grounde,
Anethe hys Fote the brookelette ranne alonge,
Whyche strolled rounde the Vale to here his joyous songe.

Methynckethe these bee thoughtes notte oft to be metten wyth, and ne to bee excellede yn theyre kynde. Elmar, Byshoppe of Selseie, was fetyve yn Workes of ghastlieness,[2] for the whyche take yee thys Speeche:

Nowe maie alle Helle open to golpe thee downe,
Whylste azure merke[3] immenged[4] wythe the daie,
Shewe lyghte on darkned Peynes to be moe roune,[5]
O maiest thou die lyvinge Deathes for aie:
Maie Floodes of Solfirre beare thie Sprighte anoune,[6]
Synkeynge to Depths of Woe, maie Levynne brondes[7]
Tremble upon thie Peyne devoted Crowne,
And senge thie alle yn vayne emploreynge hondes;
Maie all the Woes that Godis Wrathe canne sende
Uponne thie heade alyghte, & there theyre Furie spende.

Gorweth of Wales bee sayde to be a wryter good botte I understande not that Tonge. Thus moche for Poetes, whose Poesies do beere resemblance to Pyctures in mie unwordie Opynion. Asserius was a wryter of Hystories; he ys buried atte Seyncte Keynas College ynne Keynsham wythe Turgotte anoder Writer of Hystories. Inne the Walle of thy College is the Tumbe of Seyncte Keyna[8] whych was ydoulven anie, ande placed ynne the Walle albeit done yn the daies of Cerdycke, as appeare

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[1] *Besprenged*, scattered.
[2] *Ghastlieness*, terror.
[3] *Merke*, darkness.
[4] *Immenged*, mingled.
[5] *Roune*, terrific.
[6] *Anoune*, ever and anon
Levynne brondes, thunder-bolts.
[8] "This I believe is there now."—C.

bie a Crosse of Leade upon the Kyste;[1] ytte bee mo notablie perfourmed than meynte[2] of Ymageries[3] of these daies. Inne the Chyrche Wyndowe ys a geason[4] Peyncteynge of Seyncte Keyna sytteynge in a trefoliated Chayre, ynne a longe Alban braced wythe Golden Gyrdles from the Waste upwarde to the breaste, over the whych ys a smaulle azure Coape;[5] benethe ys depycted Galfrydus, M.LV. whyche maie bee that Geoffroie who ybuylded the geason Gate[6] to Seynote Augustynes Chapele once leadeynge. Harrie Piercie of Northomberlonde was a quaynte[7] Peynoter; he lyvede yn M.C. and depycted severalle of Wyndowes ynne Thong Abbeie, the greate Wyndowe atte Battaile Abbeie; hee depycted the Face verie well wythalle, botte was lackeynge yn the moste-to-bee loked-to Accounte, Proportione. Johne a Roane paynoted the Shape to an hayre: he carved the Caste for the Sheelde of Gilberte Clare of thek[8] feytyve performaunce. Elwarde ycorne[9] the Caste for the Seale of Kynge Harolde of most geason Warke; nor has anie Seal sythence bynne so rare, excepte the Seale of Kynge Henrie the fyfthe, corven by Josephe Whetgyfte. Thomas a Baker from Corveynge Crosse Loafes, toke to corveying of Ymageryes, whyche he dyd moest fetyvelie; hee lyvde ynne the

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[1] *Kyste*, coffin.
[2] *Meynte*, many.
[3] *Ymageries*, statues, &c.
[4] *Geason*, curious.
[5] *Coape*, cloak or mantle.
[6] "This gate is now standing in this city, though the chapell is not to be seen."—C.
[7] *Quaynte*, curious.
[8] *Thek*, very.
[9] *Ycorne*, a contraction for *ycorven*, carved.

Cittie of Bathe, beeynge the fyrste yn Englande thatte used Hayre ynne the Bowe of the Fyddle,[1] beeynge beefore used wythe peetched Hempe or Flax. Thys Carveller dyd decese ynn M.LXXI. Thus moche for Carvellers & Peyncters.

John was inducted abbot in the year 1186, and sat in the Deis 29 years. As you approve of the small specimen of his Poetry, I have sent you a larger, which tho' admirable, is still (in my opinion) inferior to Rowley,[2] whose works when I have Leisure I will fairly copy and send you.[3]

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[1] "Nothing is so much wanted as a History of the Antiquity of the Violin, nor is any Antiquary more able to do it than yourself. Such a piece would redound to the Honor of England, as Rowley proves the use of the Bowe to be knowne to the Saxons, & even introduced by them."—C.

[2] "None of Rowley's pieces were ever made Public, being, till the year 1631, shut up in an iron chest in Redcliff Church."—C.

[3] [Together with this document, as from the pen of Rowley, came a further specimen of Abbot John, in the poem on "Warre," inserted at page 266.]

OF THE AUNTIAUNTE FORME OF MONIES,

CAREFULLIE GOTTEN FOR MAYSTER WILLIAM CANYNGE BY MEE THOMAS ROWLEIE.[1]

GREETE was the wysdome of him who sayde the whole worlde is to ne one Creature, whereof every Man and Beaste is a Member; Ne Manne lyveth therefore for hymself but for hys fellow creature. Excellent and Pythey was the sayeing of Mr. Canynge that Trade is the soule of the worlde, but Monie the soule of Trade, ande alasse Monie is nowe the soule of Manie. The age when Metalles fyrste passed for monie is unnoticed: as Oxen and sheepe is thoughten to have beene the moste earlie Monie or Change. Butte ytte is stylle more difficyle to fyx the fyrst tyme of stampeyng ytte. Abrahame is sayde to have yeven Shekylls bie wayght: An Ebrewe Writer saithe that in the Daies of Joshua the Ebrewes enstamped theyre Monies wythe the Symboles of the Tabernacle Vessylles, butte I thynke the fyrste enstampeyng came from Heathenne Ammuletts, whyche were markyd wythe the Image of theyre Idolle, & preests dyd carrie from House to House begginge or rather demaundynge

[1] From Barrett's History of Bristol, p. 37.

offeryngs for theyr Idolle.—The Ebrewes who scorn'd not to learne Inyquytye frome theyr Captyves, and vaynlie thynkynge as in other thyngs to copy other Natyons myghte take uppe thys ensample Ande enstamepynge theyre Monie in the oulde tyme of Josue beyne maie happe one of the Idolatries mentyon'd in holie wrete. Examyne into antiquytie & you wylle fynde the folk of Athens stampyd an Owelette the byrde of Athene, the Sycylyans fyre the Symbole of theyre Godde Vulcanne, theie of Ægypt a couchaunt Creeture wythe a Lyonnes Boddie and a Hawkes heade Symbole of theyre Godde Osyris: Butte to come to owre owne Countrie: Oure fyrste fathers the Bryttons usyde yron & Brasse syngs some round, some shapyd like an Egge: Eleven of these were founde in the Gardenne of Galfrydus Coombe on Saincte Mychaels Hylle, bie theyre dyspositionne in the grounde seemed to have been strunge onne a strynge, & were alle marquede on Insyde thus, *M*. Lykewyse is in Maystre Canynges Cabynet an Amulett of Brytishe Characters peerced at the Toppe. Julyus Cæsarres coynes were the fyrst enstamped Monies usede in Englande: after whomme the Brytonnes coyned as followes. Tenantius at Caer Britoc, Cunobelyne at sundarie places, butte notte at Caer Brytoe. Arvyragus at Caer Brytoe, Maryus at Caer Brytoe, Bassianus at Caer Brytoe. Syke was the multitude of monies bie them coyned upon Vyctoryes and sykelyke that neyther anie Kynge tyll Arthurres tyme coyned quantity of Metalles for anie use nor dyd Arthurre make monie but a peece of Sylverre toe be worne rounde of those

who han wonne Honnour in Batelles. Edelbarte Kynge of Kente was the fyrste Chrystenned Kynge & coyner in Kent, Chaulyn or Ceaulynne of the Weste Saxonnes, Arpenwaltus of the Easte Angles, Ætheldfryde of the north Humbres, And Wulferus of the Mercians. The Piece coyned by the Saxonnes was clepen pennyes thryce the Value of our pennyes. In Adelstanes reygn were two Coyners in Bryghstowe & one at Wyckewarre at which two places was made a peece yclepen twain penny.

Golde was not coyned tyll the tyme of Edwardus but Byzantes of Constantinople was in ure, some whereof contayned fower Markas or Mankas, some two, some one, & some less and more. Robert Rouse Erle of Gloucester had hys mynte at Brystowe & coyned the best monie of anie of the Baronnes. Henrie Secundus graunted to the Lord of Bristowe Castle the ryghte of Coynynge, & the coynynge of the Lord wente curraunte unto the Regne of Henricus the thyrde: the Coyns was onne one syde a Rampaunte Lyonne with ynne a Strooke or bende Sinyster & on the other the arms of Brightstowe.

Eke had the Maioure lybertie of coyneyng & did coyne several coynes, manie of whyche are in mie seconde rolle of monies.—Kynge Henricus sext, offred Maystre Canynge the ryghte of coynynge, whyche hee refused, whereupon Galfridus Ocamlus who was wyth Mayster Canynge and mieself concerning the saide ryghte, saieth, "Naie bie St. Pauls Crosse hadde I such an offre, I would coyne Lead and make ne Law hyndrynge Hyndes takyng it." No doubte (sayde Mayster Canynge) but

you'd dyspend Heaven to gette goulde, but I dyspende Goulde to get Heaven.[1]

PROCLAMATION.[2]

TO all christian people to whom this indented writing shall come, William Canynge of Bristol, merchant, and Thomas Rowley, priest, send greeting. Whereas certain disputes have arisen between the

[1] "This curious account," says the credulous Mr. Barrett, "is an exact transcript from the writing on vellum, which, having all the external marks of antiquity to give it the credit of an original, could not be passed by, however readers may differ in their opinions. If genuine and authentic, it proves,

"1st. That besides the authorities above recited for the Caer Brito of Nennius being the city Bristow, British money was coined here with that name inscribed, though hitherto unnoticed.

"2dly. That coins of Bassianus and others 'have been dolven wythynn its walles,' besides the quantities of coins of other Roman Emperors, which have been found so frequently very near it.

"3dly. That many coins of Saxon Kings have been thrown up, on opening the ground, in the very streets of Bristol.

"From all this the antiquity of the city of Bristol is fully demonstrated."

[2] From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum. We may suppose that Chatterton, as soon as convenient, would have antiquated these documents by the substitution of old words. There are many of the same kind among his MS. of which this and the following may be taken as specimens.—EDITOR (1842).

Prior of St. James, and Johan a Milverton, steward of the Bonnehommes, concerning the Vnity in Trinity, which after many vain arguments asserted to invalidate the Godhead of our blessed Redeemer by him, the said John a Milverton, he hath referred it to our decision, and the said Prior, conscious of the truth, when he maintains that Christ is God, had agreed to the same. As what is above human comprehension can neither be proved nor disproved by human arguments, it is vain for the wit of man to pretend to unfolde the dark covering of the Ark of the Trinity, lest like those of old he be stricken dead and his reason lost by breathing in an element too fine and subtle for the gross nature. But as the said John continues to spread about his detestable heresy of the Unity alone of God, notwithstanding John Carpenter, Bishop of W[orcester], unwilling any man should die for an opinion, gave him his life and liberty, forfeit to the Holy Church; though we William Canynge and Thomas Rowley approve not of invalidating arguments by violence and death, provided a man enjoys his opinion alone; yet when he goes about to persuade others from the right way, and speaks openly of the terrest[r]ial being of Christ, a bridle should be laid on his tongue. The weak and ignorant catch at every thing they understand not; and as the said John as aforesaid doth still continue to preach his heretical notions, we by power to us assigned by the said Bishop of Worcester, command him the said John, on pain of imprisonment, not to teach or preach in public or private till we give him leave so to do. And the said T. Rowley

will on Sunday at St. Mary's Cross in the glebe of St. Mary Redclift deliver a discourse on the Trinity, so far as it shall tend to confute the doctrine of the said John, after the mattin song, and after Evensong the said John shall be at liberty, without fear of imprisonment or other punishment, to answer, and if he can, invalidate the arguments of the said T. Rowley. A copy of his discourse to be given to Mr. Canynge for the inspection of himself, the said T. Rowley, the prior and monks of St. James, and whom it may concern: and whereas thirteen brothers of the order of the Bonnehommes did attack and cruelly beat William Cooke and five other servitors of the Monastery of St. Augustines, because they were such; and John said Bishop of Worcester hath given us William Canynge and Thomas Rowley as Ecclesiastical Knights Templars of Saint John of Jerusalem, power to search into the same and amerce the offenders; we hereby, as well as by a greater deed to which is fixed the mayoralty seal of Bristol, our ecclesiastical seal, and the seals of the principals of St. John's, St. Augustine's, St. James and the Calendarys, do amerce each of the said 13 Monks in the sum of 50 marks, to be given to William Coke and his fellow servants in equal portions. Witness our ecclesiastical seals.[1]

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[1] In the original, nearly every substantive begins with a capital letter, and many words are contracted, as *sd.* for *said.*

DEED OF A FOUNDATION OF AN ADDITIONAL COLLEGE AT WESTBURY.[1]

TO all christian people to whom this indented writing shall come. Thomas Rotheram, under God & the holy Father of the Church, Bishop of the See of Rochester; John Carpenter, Bishop of the See of Worcester; John Booth, Bishop of the see of Exeter; Sir William Canynge, Dean of St. George's College at Westbury upon Trim, and Knight Templar of St. John of Jerusalem; Sir Thomas Rowley, Priest; Prepositor, Chaplain, Chanon, and Knight Templar of St. John of Jerusalem, and John Iscam, chauntry priest. Now KNOW YE, that we, the aforesaid Thomas, John, John, William, & Thomas, having assembled the third day after the feast of Easter, at Westbury, in the house of the said bishop of Worcester, having maturely considered all the circumstances attending such a design, and estimated the expence, have, for the love we bear unto holy Church and all things thereunto belonging, resolved to build a new College to be adjoining to the left wing of the College lately founded by the late John of Worcester and Sir William.—The lands proposed for the said Building, its gardens, cloisters,

[1] From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum. This is another specimen of a piece in its original state, not having suffered transformation into Rowleian English. Cf. note 1, p. 298.

and other outlets, being four acres square, and belonging to Thomas of Rochester, is by him the said Thomas, hereby given to Sir William and Sir Thomas Rowley, intended builders and endowers of the said addittional college.

The said Thomas of Rochester, John of Worcester, and John of Exeter, do absolve Wm. Canynge, father, and Robert Canynge, brother to the said Sir William, from all sins by them committed during their life, as by power of the holy Father of the Church they are enabled so to do. They, the said Sir William and Sir Thomas do give to the building thereof 2000 marks in equal portions, to be paid by William or his heir apparent to the master builders and carpenters emploied in the same: and who shall superintend the whole. John of Worcester, testified by his seal ecclesiastic hereunto set, gives the master or principal for the time being, the priests dues upon holy offerings made in the Easter at the churches of St. Martin and the chancells of Saint Gregory, Saint Mary and Saint Elphage, in the city of Worcester.

John of Exeter gives the Master, witnessed by his seal ecclesiastical, the offerings of three chancels at Teignmouth, three at Exmouth, and two at Exeter, at the choice of the master. John Iscam to be master of the college when finished and to instruct the brethren in grammar, philosophy, and architecture: and for that purpose purchase MSS. relating to the said sciences, at the expence of Sir Thomas Rowley, who will adorn the Boc-hord or library with gilt wood. Also at the expence of T. Rowley, an instrument of the new

invented art of marking letters, to be made and set up there.

The brethren, being Twenty in number, shall be advanced in degrees as they advance in learning, and incorporated with the college of 30 brethren founded by John of Worcester and Sir Thomas, under the same laws acted, be by the same master, John Iscam, governed, who shall receive an additional stipend of 40 marks per annum.

The badge of the College to be a cross, gules, on a field argent; and the brothers, being free-masons, to observe the rules of Canyng's red Lodge. After the death of Sir Thomas Rowley, his estate, now computed 5000 marks, to devolve to the College, to the further emolument of 40 of the most learned brethren. The estates to be purchased with it to lie in Somersetshire; and John Iscam, for himself and his successors, doth promise that the said T. Rowley shall be buried in the Ile near the Chanon's seat in the church of Westbury, with a fair ruby ring on his finger, and over his head a portraiture of his arms, Argent on a chief or, a spur-rowel gules. Sir William Canynge gives at his death 400 marks for the further emoluments of the remaining ten unlearned brethren.

If the settling the new brethren exceed 2000 marks, Sir Thomas Rowley doth hereby covenant to make up[1] the deficiency, and also to furnish the chapel with palls, and the house and refectory with furniture. The master, after the decease of Iscam, to be chosen by the brethren, although not con-

[1] MS. upon

sidered as master till their choice is ratified by the Bishop of Worcester for the time being.

In witness of the truth of the above we have all of us hereunto set our public or private seals, as the law in this case requires, in the 8th year of the reign of King Edward.

1468.

Endorsed,

Hereunto is fastened the ground-plot view, elevation and section of the intended college.

FRAGMENT OF A SERMON.

BY ROWLEY.[1]

HAVYNGE whylomme ynn dyscourse provedd, orr soughte toe proove, the deitie of Chryste bie hys workes, names and attributes, I shalle in nexte place seeke to proove the deeitie of Holye Spryte

[1] This Fragment was printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1782 [p. 177], with this note annexed "The following fragment has been produced as a transcrip from a sermon by Thomas Rowley, Priest, of the fifteenth century. There being little reason, however, to suppos that Chatterton, who apparently forged all [the] other piece attributed to this occult personage, could be the immediat author of such a performance, to learn from whence th ground-work of it was borrowed is the object of the presen insertion. If any person who has leisure and opportunit should happen, in the course of his researches after thing of greater moment, to make such a discovery, and will com municate satisfactory proof of it through the channel of thi Magazine; as a small acknowledgment for his trouble, a se

Manne moste bee supplyedd wythe Holye Spryte toe have communyonn ryghtfullye of thynges whyche bee of Godde. Seyncte Paulle prayethe the Holye Spryte toe assyste hys flocke ynn these wordes,

---

of books chosen by himself, and of three guineas value, shall be at the service of the earliest satisfactory communicator.

The words ascribed to Cyprian are supposed not to belong to that Father. They are taken from a tract, *De Cardinalibus Christi Operibus*, formerly imagined to be Cyprian's, but long since rejected by the best critics, and attributed by Bishop Fell to Arnold of Chartres, Abbot of Beauval, a contemporary and friend of St. Bernard, A. D. 1160. See the citation of Arnold's Works, as printed in the Appendix to Fell's edition of Cyprian, p. 60, *De Spiritu Sancto*."

In the number of the same Magazine for the following month [p. 220] there appeared this solution of the difficulty:—

"Mr Urban, *Wrexham, May* 14.

"I will not be confident that I have discovered the *ground-work* of the fragment enquired after, p. 177; but, if your correspondent consults the latter of two sermons on the *Deity of the Son and Holy Spirit*, by the Rev. Caleb Evans of Bristol, printed for Buckland, 1766, he will find the beginning very similar to the fragment; and also, upon reading the former, that Mr. Evans's proof of the Deity of Chryste is agreeable to Rowley's reference. If, too, he reads p. 72 of the above sermons, Mr. Evans quotes Hermen Witsius, a Dutch divine; the quotation is from his *Exercitationes in Symbolum*. Now, whether Chatterton's inquisitive genius did (as he easily might) understand so much Latin as to dip into Witsius, or might get it translated, it is certain, that the very address to the Spirit, said to be from St. Cyprian, is in the beginning of Exercit. XXIII., and is introduced in almost the same words as in Rowley's fragment. I observe, further, that Witsius has, Sect. XXXII., Rowley's argument, "Seyncte Paulle sayeth yee are the temple of Godde," &c., and speaks of the "personne, giftes, operatyonns, &c. of the Holy Spryte," all which

The Holye Sprytes communyonn bee wythe you. Lette us dhere desyerr of hymm to ayde us, I ynne unplyteynge and you ynn understandynge hys deeite: lette us saye wythe Seyncte Cyprian, *Adesto, Sancte Spiritus, & paraclesin tuam expectantibus illabere cœlitus; sanctifica templum corporis nostri, & consecra inhabitaculum tuum.* Seyncte Paulle sayethe yee are the temple of Godde; forr the Spryte of Godde dwellethe ynn you. Gyff yee are the temple of Godde alleyne bie the dwellynge of the Spryte, wote yee notte that the Spryte ys Godde, ande playne proofe of the personne and glorye of the thryrde personne. The personne, gyftes, operatyonns, glorye, and deeitie, are all ynn Holye Spryte, as bee prooved fromm diffraunt textes of Scrypture: beeynge, as Seyncte Peter sayethe, of the same essentyall matterr as the Fadre ande Sonne, whoe are Goddes, the Holye Spryte moste undisputably bee Godde. The Spryte orr dyvyne will

---

Chatterton might acquire by a very shallow acquaintance with Latin, and indeed most of them by only reading the table prefixed to the Exercitation. I will not say where he got the curious notion, that it will be the peculiar office of the Holy Spirit to "destroye" the "worlde" (perhaps it was Mr. Chatterton's *own*), nor yet whence he had the extract from St. Gregory; but your correspondent will be struck with the similarity, I was going to say, *sameness*, of the supposed Rowley's reasoning, that "the Holy Spryte cannot bee the goode thynges and vyrtues of a man's mynde," with that of Mr. Evans, p. 57-60. Is not the expression, *Deity of the Spirit*, more modern than the fifteenth century? But it is in the beginning of Mr. Evans' Sermon," &c.

"Your's, &c.

"An Enquirer."

of Godde moovedd uponn the waterrs att the creatyonn of the worlde: thys meanethe the Deeitie. I sayde, ynn mie laste discourse, the promyse of Chryste, whoe wythe Godde the Fadre wolde dwelle ynn the soughle of his decyples; howe coulde heie soe but bie myssyonn of Holye Spryte? Thys methynkethe prooveth ne alleyne the personallitie of Holye Spryte, but the verrie foundatyonne and grounde wurch of the Trinitie yttselfe. The Holye Spryte cannot bee the goode thynges ande vyrtues of a manns mynde, sythence bie hymm wee bee toe fast keepe yese goode thynges: gyff wee bee toe keepe a vyrtue bie thatte vyrtue ytt selfe, meethynckes the custos bee notte fytted toe the charge. The Spryte orr Godde ys the auctoure of those goode thynges, and bie hys obeisaunce dheie mote alleyne bee helde. I maie notte be doltysh ne hereticalle toe saie, whate wee calle consyence ys the hyltren warninge of the Spryte, to forsake our evylle waies before he dothe solely leave our steinedd soughles. Nete bee a greaterr proofe of mie argument thann the wurchys of Holye Spryte. The wurchys of Providence bee alleyne the wurchys of Godd, yette bee they the wurchys of the Spryte. Hee createdd manne, hee forslaggen hymm, hee agayne raysedd mann fromm the duste, ande havethe savedd all mankynde fromme eterne rewynn; he raysedd Chryste fromme the deade, hee made the worlde, and hee shalle destroye ytt. Gyff the Spryte bee notte Godde, howe bee ytt the posessynge of the Spryte dothe make a manne sayedd toe bee borne of Godde? Ytt requyreth the powerr of Godde toe

make a manne a new creatyonn, yette suche dothe the Spryte. Thus sayethe Seynte Gregorie Naz. of the Spryte and hys Wurchys: Γεννᾶται Χριστος, προτρέχει· βαπτιζεται· μαρτυρεῖ· πειραζέται· ανάγει δυνάμεις επιτελεῖ συμπαρομαρτεῖ· ἀνέρχεται.[1]

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[1] The Greek quotation from Gregory Nazianzen contains in itself the most unquestionable proof that it was not copied from any MS. of the fifteenth century. It will be allowed, I presume, that Chatterton could only copy the characters which he found in his original. He had not skill enough to vary the forms of the letters; to combine those which were separate, or to separate those which were connected together. We may be certain, therefore, that his transcript (involuntary errors excepted) was in all respects as like to his archetype as he could make it. But his transcript differs totally from all the specimens which I have ever seen of Greek writing in the fifteenth century. It appears to me to have been evidently copied from a printed book.—Tyrwhitt's *Vindication*, p. 207.

Mr. Tyrwhitt annexed a fac-simile of the MS. in Chatterton's handwriting, with the Greek attached, from which any reader can judge for himself. The Greek quotation is from Greg. Nazian. Orat. xxx. v. i. p. 610, edit. Paris 1639. In Chatterton's fragment, the sentence is left imperfect for want of the verb διαδεχέται [at the end].—Editor (1842).

In the present edition, the Greek is printed so as to agree with Tyrwhitt's fac-simile.

EXTRACTS FROM CHAUCER.[1]

BUT great harme was ytt, as it thoughte me,
That on his Skinne a Mormall had he.
Chaucer's charac. Coke.

Rounde was his Face & camisde was his Nose.
Reeve's Tale.

With Buttockes brode & Breastes round & hye.
Ibid.

He galpoth & he speketh thro' his Nose,
As he were in the quacke, or in the Pose (catarrhe). [*Ibid.*]
Sounde of men at labor.

To plaies of miracles and to maryages.
Wyfe of Bathe's Prologue.

Doe come he saied mye minstrales,
And jestours for to tellen us Tales,
Anon yn mine armynge,

---

[1] From a MS. in Chatterton's handwriting in the British Museum.

"These Extracts are worth preserving, as they evidence Chatterton's acquaintance with Speght and Chaucer, and shew that his habit was to transcribe such passages as he afterwards intended to introduce in his works. At the end of the Antiquity of Christmas Games, he has printed two of the above extracts."—SOUTHEY's *Edition*, iii. 376.

Of Romaunces that been reials,
Of Popes & of Cardinauls,
And eeke of love longing.
Rime of Sir Thopas.

With red hatte as usen Minstrals.
Plowman's Tale.

Of all mannere of minstrales
And jestours that tellen tales,
Both of weeping and of Yame,
And of all that longeth unto Fame.
The Third Book of Fame.

Chaucer, when of the Inner Temple, as appears by the record, was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan Friar in fleetstreete.
Speght.

ACCOUNT OF THE FAMILY OF THE DE BERGHAMS,

FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST TO THIS TIME.

Collected from original Records, Tournament Rolls, and the Heralds of March and Garters' Records,

BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

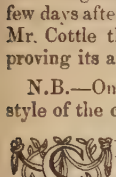
(*Printed, with respect to the references, in the extra form in which Chatterton wrote it.*)

The "De Bergham pedigree" is a tissue of clever absurdities. It was first printed by Mr. Cottle from a MS. in Chatterton's handwriting. Mr. Cottle has some remarks upon it, from which the following note is abstracted.

"Mr. Burgum was a Pewterer of Bristol, and partner with Mr. George Catcott. Chatterton was under some

slight pecuniary obligation to Mr. Burgum, and calling on him one day, when he [Chatterton] was about sixteen years of age, he told him that he had his Pedigree at home, from the time of William the Conqueror, and *informed* him of the many distinguished families to which he was allied. Mr. Burgum expressed a wish to see this pedigree, and a few days after Chatterton presented him with the following." Mr. Cottle then wastes eight pages of small type in disproving its authenticity.

N.B.—Only a few extracts are here given, to show the style of the composition.



IMON[1] de Seyncte Lyze, alias Senliz, married Matilda, Daughter of [2]Waltheof,* Earl of Northumberland, Northampton, and Huntingdon.† He came into England, with Wm. the Conqueror,‡ who after the execution of Waltheof, for high Treason, created him Earl of Northampton in the year of Christ, M.LXXV: by Deed by him granted, it appears he was possessed of Burgham Castle, in Northumberland. He had three Sons, Simon,[3] Nigell de Lea.§ who married Hawisia de Asheton, by whom he had a Son,[4] Normannus, Father of Nigelle de Asheton,[5] Knight, who married ‖ Hester de Haroldstan[6] Com: Pem: whose Son, Harrie de

* Heylin Newbery Crueche.
† Roll of Battle Abbey 7th in order.
‡ M. Par.
§ Ex Stem: fam: de Lee
‖ Ex Stemm. fam. Sir Johan de Lereches.

[1] Per Pale indented, Or and Gules. [2] Argent a Lyon Rampt: Azure: a Chief Gules. [3] Bendy Or and Azure, a Pale Counter-changed. [4] A Cheveron between three Gauntletts. [5] Sable on Fess Argent, an Estoile Gules. [6] 4th; 1st. Or a Chief indented Azure. 2d. Argent a Lyon Rampt: Gules debrused with a frette parted per Pale, Or a Sable, 3dly. Lozengis Argent and Gules; 4thly. Barrie Bendy Or and Sable.

Reigat Anus March 1460 Seagar Norris Camden Guillim Garter March 1460.

* Mss. R. Thoresby, F.R.S.
† Collins.

Orme,* married[1] Sywarda de Castleton, from whom descended [2]Sir Thomas de Ashton,† Knight Lord of Ashton, whose successor was Sir Robert de Asheton, his Son and Heir, a Person of great note: for he was Vice-Chamberlain to Edward 3d, and by that title was in Commission with others, for obtaining

‡ Ashmole's order of the Garter, Page 609.
‖ Collins Thoresby.

a Peace with Charles, King of France.‡ He resided in the West, ‖was Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Admiral of the narrow Seas, also Justice of Ireland in 43 of Ed. 3d and constituted Treasurer of England in 47 Ed. 3d, about which time being in that office

* Mon-Angl. Vol. I.

he was appointed* with John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, King of Castile and Leon, Sir Roger de Beaucamp, and others of the greatest

† Visit de Cant.

quality, Grantees† in Trust of divers manors rents, and reversions purchased in Kent by the King, to enfeoff therewith the Abbey of St Mary le Grace, near the Tower of London. He was afterwards constituted Constable of Dover

‡ Thoresby

Castle,‡ and was in such esteem and favour with that King, that he appointed him one of the Ex:ors of his last Will and Testament. He was continued in favour in the succeeding Reign, and in the 4th of Richard 2d, was

‖ Cotton's Records.

warden of the Cinque Ports.‖ He died the 8th Richard the 2d. * * *

Thomas de Asheton, the Eldest, succeeded to the Inheritance, and with [3]Sir Edmund de

---

[1] Or a Fess Vert. [2] (Omitted in the MS.)
[3] Gules three Cheverons Or.

Trafford, Knight, had a Patent from Hen: 6 in the 24th year of his Reign, for the use of Alchymy and converting other metals.

Per Artem sive Scientiam Philosophiæ operari E E: Metalla imperfecta de suo proprio genere transferre, et tunc ea per dictum Artem sive scientiam in aurum sive argentum perfectum transubstantiare ad omnimodas probationes et examinationes, sicut aliquod Aurum sive Argentum in aliqua minera crescens expectandum et indurandum.[1]

Nom: Mil: Bibi: Cotton

This THOMAS left issue four Sons. 1st. John. 2d. [2]Edward Ashton, of Chatterton in Com: Lanc: in the right of his Wife, the Daughter and Heir of [3]RADCLIFF DE CHATTERTON, of Chatterton, the Heir General of many Families. * * *

Dugdale's Baron: Cotton wids Rot. fin. 9 H. 6.

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[1] By the Art and Science of Philosophy &c. to transmute Metals Imperfect out of their proper kind, and then to transmute them into Gold perfect or Silver, according to all kinds of proofs and examinations, so that some Gold or Silver, growing into some Metal, be expected and harden'd by it. [*This and other translations are in Barrett's handwriting in the MS*].

[2] Argent three Estoiles Sable. [3] 12thly. 1st. Or a Fess Vert. 2d. Gules two bends one Or the other Argent. 3d. Or a Pheon Azure. 4th. Ermine a Lyon Rampt: Gules. 5th. Or a Pale Gules. 6th. Argent a Cross varey Sable and Or. 7th. Argent two bars Argent a border Engrailed Sable. 8th. Gules, a Saltier Argent. 9th. Barry of 6 Argent and Azure. 10th. Or three Lyons passant Sable. 11th. Gules a Fess Checky Or & Az. 12. Or an Annulet 9.6.7. difference.

The first part is written in a book resembling a boy's copy-book. A second book of the same size begins with the following title:—

CONTINUATION OF THE ACCOUNT OF THE FAMILY OF THE DE BURGHAMS,

FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST TO THIS TIME,

BY T. CHATTERTON.

Oral Deeds Writings. Rowley. Oral Turna: Record. Camden's Remains.

Sir John de [1]Burgham, Eldest Son of Sir Alan, is called by Joseph a Brisiworthe, the Floure of Chivelrie. He spent his whole life in Tilting, though he was foiled by [2]Sir Simon de Burton, at Bristol.

[This statement is made to agree with the Life of Bourtonne, prefixed to the poem of The Tournament; see p. 122.

Speaking of a John de Burgham, he has the following].

Bale. Leland Rowley Bale Leland Madox Rowley

This John was one of the greatest Ornaments of the age in which he lived. He wrote several Books, and translated some part of the Iliad, under the Title "Romance of Troy" which possibly may be the Book alluded to in the following French Memoire

---

Acquitaine 1293.

[1] Or Four Crosses Patee purpure between a Checky Cross Argent and Azure. [2] Quarterly 1st. Or a Crescent Azure. 2d. Gules three Barry Wavy Argent. 3d. Azure three Talbot's heads erased between a Fess Or. 4th. Argent an Elm proper.

" Un Lyvre ke parle de quartee principal gestes & de Charles: Le Romaunce Titus & Vespasian: Le Romaunce de Aygres: Le Romaunce de Marchaunce: Le Romaunce de Edmund & Agoland: Le Ribaud, par Monsieur Iscannus: Le Romaunce de Tibbot de Arable: Le Romaunce de Troys."[1]

To give you an idea of the Poetry of the age, take the following Piece, wrote by him (John de Burgham) about 1320.

[Here follow, in the MS. the Poem of the " Romaunte of the Cnyghte," printed at page 192; and the same Poem modernised by Chatterton, printed among the " Acknowledged Poems."]

* * * * *

The Account ends with the words—

by whom he had one Son, John, who lived in the reign of Charles the 2d, and James the 2d.[2]

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[1] A Book which speaks of the four principal actions of Charles: The Romance of Titus [and] Vespatian: The Romance of Aygres: The Romance of Merchandise: The Romance of Edmund & Agoland: The Ribaud, by Mr. Iscamen: [*read* Iscam]: The Romance of Tybbot de Arable: The Romance of Troy, &c.

[2] [Instead of bringing the pedigree down " to this time," Chatterton prudently left off before telling Mr. Burgum the names of his grandfather and father.]

DESCRIPTION OF THE ARMS OF THE CHATTERTON FAMILY.

From Chatterton's MS. in the British Museum.

[The MS. contains nine escutcheons, painted by Chat terton, and described by him as follows. It may be readil understood that the escutcheons, &c., are all purely ima ginary]

CHATTERTON. No. 1.

DESCENDED from Sire de Chasteau tonne, of the House of Rollo, the firs Duke of Normandy, and Eveligina Ghente. Elall, Dreighton, and Syess ton, principal seats of the Chattertons, in Lanca shire. Went to Sir Rich. Molineux, Knight an Banneret, on the demise of Sir Thomas Chatterto Knight and Banneret of Elall, 13 Henry 4th.

No. 2. Syr Syward de Chasteatonne, of Dray cheloe, 3 Wm. 1st. Took this Difference, at th Fortuny of Roene.

No. 3. Saer Baron de Quinsie, Earl of Wir chester, 1207, half-Brother to Syr Nigell de Cha terton, of Dreton.

No. 4. Syr Waleran Chatterton, surnamed I Ghent. 4th Hen: 1st.

No. 5. Eudo de Ellall, took by Assumption a Inescotcheon of Chatterton. 13th Hen: 1st.

No. 6. Vevyan Chatterton, Prior of Ellall Priory, of Assumption.

No. 7. Gualter Baron Fortibus, Cousin to Sir Nigell de Chatterton of Dreton. 2nd Hen: 2nd.

No. 8. Geofry de Placetis, half Brother to Syr Thomas Chatterton, of Ellall, 9th Stephen.

No. 9. Engebram, Baron Chasteau Rivignie, a Norman Lord, Chatterton by Assumption.

OTHER PROSE PIECES.

THE following is a list of some prose pieces, chiefly in disguised and antique spelling, all by Chatterton, but of inferior interest, and therefore not here reprinted. They are here mentioned in the order in which they occur in the third volume of the edition of Chatterton's works, by Southey and Cottle. Many of them first appeared in Barrett's History of Bristol.

The Rolle of Seyncte Bartholomewies Priori.

Turgot's Account of Bristol.

England's Glorye. By Rowley.

Account of Temple Church, Bristol. By Rowley.

Account of Seyncte Maries Churche of the Porte. By Rowley. (This contains the verse Epitaph, printed at p. 273).

Account of the Churches of Seyncte Thomas, Seyncte Peters, Seyncte Phylyppes, All-hallows,

Seyente Marie of Radclifte, Seyncte Johnes, Seyncte Lawrences, St. Marie Magdalene's Chapele (by Rowley, and palpably spurious), Seyncte Stephinis, Seyncte Leonardes, Seyncte Mychaellis, Seyncte Austins, Seyncte Baudwin's, Seyncte Mathyasis. (See Barrett's Bristol.)

Account of Greater Seyncte Johannes. (MS. now in the British Museum). By Rowley.

Imagerie of the Founder of Elles Chapele.

Account of Hardinge. (Barrett).

A Painter's Bill. (MS. in British Museum.)

A Proclamation. (MS. in British Museum.)

Inscription; verses by John Carpenter.

Lyfe of W. Canynge. By Rowley. (Forming the first part of the Account partly printed above, p. 219. MS. in Brit. Museum).

Letters of Rowley and Canynge. (MSS. in Brit. Museum. One of them contains a quotation from "Ælla," stanzas 141 and 142, and gives the reading "stealed" for "steeked;" see note 3, p. 87).

Various Deeds.

Description of Bristol Castle. (MS. in B. M.)

Description of Frome Gate. (MS. in B. M.)

Account of Ælle. (MS. in B. M.)

Observations on a Coin. (MS. in B. M.)

On a Monumental Stone. (MS. in B. M.)

Memoranda. (MS. in B. M.)

LETTER OF MR. RICHARD SMITH TO THE BRISTOL MIRROR.

First printed in 1838, and reprinted in Willcox's edition, 1842; p. 313.

To the Editor of the Bristol Mirror.

Sir,

I SEND to you a lost portion of a piece written by Chatterton. It was the gift of my uncle Mr. George Symes Catcott, in 1782, to the late Mr. Thos. Eagles, who first published the Bristow Tragedy, or the Death of Sir Charles Bawdin (1772). It has lain amongst the papers of the latter gentleman many years, together with other autographs, of which you will probably hear more hereafter. His son, the Reverend and very highly-talented fellow-citizen, John Eagles, has kindly presented it to me. Independently of the history of the sheet, the MS. carries in every line indubitable internal evidence of its parent to all who are acquainted with the hand and the acknowledged productions of the unhappy boy. The lines are written on both sides of a school copy-book. I have searched all the editions extant of Chatterton's works, but I cannot find it; I presume, therefore, that it has never been published. The first portion of the piece, of which this is a part, will be found in "The

introduction to the Discoursynge Tragedy of Ælla, as plaied before Mastre Cannynge, att his howse nempte the Redde Lodge," in the reign of Edward ye Fourth. I copy this extract from the edition of "The works of Rowlie," page 181, as edited by the learned and very Reverend Dean Milles. In that folio may also be seen a figure "carvelled in stone," representing the hero of the piece, one Johannes Lamyngton. It escaped also the researches of the Poet Laureat and Mr. Cottle in 1803, a portion only of the piece (see Chatterton's works, page 148, vol. 2) having fallen into their hands. The late Mr. Thomas Eagles was applied to by the editors, and was a man of too liberal a mind, wittingly to have refused a contribution; it is probable, therefore, that he had mislaid it, or forgotten that he had such a MS. in his possession.

The aforesaid Laymyngstone,[1] for the name is not always spelled the same, was a man of good family, and at one time "a courteous Sir Knight," and fought bravely on several honest occasions; but he took to dissolute courses—in a word he became the leader of a band of pirates, who infested the THAMES, the NARROW SEAS, and the BRISTOL CHANNEL. At length he was captured, and condemned to be hanged; when under sentence of death the poet makes him say—

"A rygourous doome is mynne, upon my faie;
Before the parent starre, the lyghtsomme sunne
Hath three times lyghtened uppe the cheerful daie,
To other realms must Lamyngstone be gonne,

[1] Read *Laymyngetowne*. The letters *s* and *e* have very frequently been confused by Chatterton's editors.

Or else my fleemsie threede of lyffe is spunne.
And shall I hearken to a cowart's reede?
No—flie all thoughts of running to the queede;
No, here I'll stay, and let the Cocknies see
That Lamyngstone the brave will Lamyngstone still bee.

"To fyght, and not to flee, my sabatans
I'll don, and girth my sworde unto my syde,
I'll go to shippe, but not to forayne land,
But acte the Pyrate, robbing everie tyde.
With Cocknies' bloude, Thamysis shall be redde,
My Barque the lavard of the waters rydde,
Her sayles of scarlette, and her stoure of goulde.
My menne the Saxonnes, I the Hengyst bee,
And in my shyppe combyne the force of all the three."[1]

This bravery holds him on during forty lines in Mr. Catcott's manuscript, now before me. There is also "a true, whole, and particular account of his birth, parentage, and education," shewing how, in expiation of his malpractices, he was ordered to build a church, but it is too long for insertion here. Besides, although I have spoken of our hero as a reality, yet there is little doubt that the whole is a fiction by Chatterton; but as even in an ordinary novel the reader feels an interest in the catastrophe, I add that King Henry pardoned him, even after hope had left him.

His propensities were, however, "bred in the bone;" he again hoisted the bloody flag, and finally

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[1] See the piece entitled "The Merrie Tricks of Lamyngetowne;" p. 257. The text here given (reprinted from Willcox's edition) is shamefully incorrect. In the first stanza the seventh line is left out, and in the second stanza the sixth line. In the second stanza the words *redde, rydde, stoure* should be *dyde, ryde,* and *stere.*

perished in a great battle, fighting under the white rose, against the Lancastrians.

It may be well to apprize the reader that Robynne, being determined to join the band of free-booters under Lamyngstone, applies to him to be enrolled; but the latter tried to dissuade him, by depicting the horrors of a pirate's life—with what success the lines will shew.

LAMINGSTONE, PHILPOTT, AND ROBYNNE.

Lam.—Thou saiest, manne, that thou wouldst goe with mee
And bare a parte in all mie mennes empryze,
Thinke well upon the daungers of the sea,
And ghess if that wyll no thee recradize,
When throwghe the skies the levyn-brondie flies,
And levyns sparkel in the whited oundes,
Seemynge to ryse at lepestone to the skies,
And no contented bee with its sette bounds.
Then rolles the barque and tosses too and fro,
Sike drearie scenes as thys will coole thie bloude, I trowe
Thynk, when wyth bloudie axes in our handes
We are to fyghte for goulde and sylver to,
On neighbours myndb[r]uch lyfe no one then standes,
But all his ayme and end is to death's doo.
Rob.—I've thowghte on alle, and am resolved to goe,
Fortune, no moe I'll bee thie taunted slave,
Once I was greete, nowe plans'd in wante and woe,
I'll goo and bee a pick-hatch of the wave;
Goodes I have none, and lyfe I do disdayne,
I'll be a victoar, or I'll break mie gallynge chayne;
I'll washe mie handes in bloude and dele in dethe,
Our shippe shall blowe alonge with windes of dyinge breth

Thus far is the autograph of Chatterton. Upon reference to a copy of the whole piece, now before me, in the hand-writing of Mr. Catcott, I find that which is here subjoined, and which in all proba

bility was upon the next leaf of the copy-book which is now lost.

Lam.—I like thy courage, and I'll tell thy doome,
Thou wilt unyere a brave captaine bee,
Goe thou to Brystowe, staie untylle wee come
For there we shall happlie have neede of thee,
And for a thight and shapelie warehouse see
Whareen to put the chattels we shall brynge,
And know if there two Cocknie knaves may bee,
Phillpot and Walworth, soe reporte doth synge.
If soe, I'll trounce the gouler, bie mie faie,
There's monies, mann, for thee—Ralph! take the things awaie
Which we from Watchets towne have taken nowe,
Yn the barque's bottom see thee same you stowe.
Ralph.—Mastre of myne, I go as you do saie.
Rob.—And I to Brystowe town will haste awaie.

We must now have recourse to Dean Milles's and Cottle's Edition—in the latter, in vol. ii. page 145, will be found a fragment, being a most strange and unaccountable jumble of Latin and English, ending thus:—

Walworth—Quæ requirit misericordiam mala causa est.
Alack! alack! a sad dome mine in fay.
But oft with cityzens it is the case.
Honesta turpitudo pro bonâ
Causâ mori, as auntient pensmen sayse.

Here it breaks off, being from "The first part of Discourse the Second, between Master Walworth and Philpot, Cocknies."

Chatterton's autograph supplies the remainder of the *hiatus*—whether it was *valde deflendus* the reader shall judge; howbeit, at all events, it is a lost sheep driven into the shepherd's flock. Thus it runs:—

Phill.—Home news welle let alone and latyn too,
For mee a memorie doth 'gin to fayle;
Saie, Master Walworth, what gode newes have you,
Praie have you herdeen of the stouns of hayle?

Walw.—I have, and that ytte with reddour did sayle,
Some heutstones were lyke cheryes rege and grete,
And to the grownde there did the trees preveyle;
But goodmanne Philpotte, what dye you ahete
Bowte goods of Laymingtone, nowe holde by you
For certaine monies store to you for chattels due?

Phille.—Ah, I have nymd him specyal, for his wine
Have ta'en attons twelve pounds, for dayntye cheer,
Though the same time mie wyfe wyth hym dyd dyne,
Been payd a mark—non-extra of the beer;
But when hys synkynge purse did 'gin to wear
I lent hym full syx markes upon hys faie,
And hee, poore Custrole, havynge note to spere
Favor'd a cleere and now doth runne awaie,
Hys goodes I downe at Brystowe towne wyll selle,
For which I will get forty shenynge marks full well.

Wal.—Tyde lyfe, tyde death, I wyll withe thee go downe,
And selle some goods too yn brave Brystowe towne.

So much for the autograph—now for a word, by way of tail-piece. All inquiring strangers are surprised to find that, although Bristol gave birth to the boy whose innate talent has rendered him, in spite of all obstacles, a star of the very first magnitude in the galaxy of national bards, yet that the noble library in his native city contains not a single line, or even a word, the actual production of his hand and pen.

This reproach, for so I consider it to be, shall be speedily done away, by presenting to the library the last letter he ever wrote, together with the sketch of the intended pamphlet against Bisho

Newton—also the first 560 lines of the BATTLE OF HASTYNGS — THE TOURNAMENT, OR UNKNOWN KNIGHT, consisting of 110 lines — CRAISH'S HERALDRY, consisting of six pages of his manuscript, on which are emblazoned by him eight shields, never yet published. For the three latter pieces the public have to thank the Rev. John Eagles, who, most liberally, presented the autographs to me a short time since.

As an *avant courier*, I have already presented to the Committee, to be hung up in the room, the sheet concerning LAMYNGSTONE, which being placed between two panes of glass and framed, may be read both sides without any risque of damage.[1]

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[1] The late Mr. George Symes Catcott, who was termed "Rowley's Midwife" (he having first published "The Poems"), was a most laborious collector of all papers, notices, critiques, and paragraphs, from all the publications, newspapers, journals, and magazines, together with a complete list and index; and all these, fifty-seven in number, he has pasted into two large volumes. He has also, with his own hand, copied all the correspondence between himself and the literati of the day. Amongst these are letters from and to Dean Milles, Lord Dacres, Percy of Alnwick, Dr. Glynn, Rev. (afterwards Sir Herbert) Croft, Tyrwhitt, Tilley, Lord Camden, Lord Charlemont, and the celebrated Thomas James Matthias. Now this is nowhere else to be found. The books are now in the possession of Mr. Richard Smith, Senior Surgeon of the Infirmary, who is the nephew of Mr. Catcott. We have reason to believe that the whole, together with Chatterton's autograph letter, and many other things, will be at no very distant period presented to the City Library. This is as it should be.—*Extract from the Bristol Mirror.* [See Catalogue of Bristol (Queen's Road) Library, p. 311.]

Although this communication is longer than I intended, yet I have to hope that your readers will pardon it, especially the admirers of that friendless and talented boy, whose transcendent genius has cast upon "auntiente Brightstowe" a never dying lustre, and an interest to be extinguished only by "the crack of doom."

I remain, &c., yours,

RICHARD SMITH, Surgeon.

38, *Park Street*,
April 27, 1838.

NOTE ON THE ROWLEY POEMS.

From the Cambridge edition, 1842; p. 319.

The following curious parallel to the fictions o Chatterton is extracted from Hallam's *Introductio to the Literature of Europe*, Part I, ch. iii :—

"In the days of our fathers it would have bee necessary to mention as a forgery the celebrate poems attributed to Thomas Rowley. But probabl no one person living believes in their authenticity nor should I have alluded to so palpable a fabricatio at all, but for the curious circumstance that a ver similar trial of literary credulity has not long sinc been essayed in France. A gentleman of the nam of Surville published a collection of poems, allege to have been written by Clotilde de Surville, poetess of the fifteenth century. The muse of th

Ardèche warbled her notes during a longer life than the monk of Bristow; and, having sung the relief of Orleans by the Maid of Arc in 1429, lived to pour her swan-like chant on the battle of Fornova in 1495. Love, however, as much as war, is her theme, and it was a remarkable felicity that she rendered an ode of her prototype Sappho into French verse, many years before any one else in France could have seen it." The forgery is by no means so gross as that of Chatterton.[1]

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[1] For a fuller and more appreciative account of the poems of Clotilde de Surville, see Besant's Early French Poetry, p 288.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

THE principal editions of Chatterton's Rowley Poems are the following:—

A. Tyrwhitt's edition, 1 vol. 8vo. 1777. This went through three editions. To the third of them was added an Appendix, with critical remarks.

B. An edition by Jeremiah Milles, D.D., Dean of Exeter. 4to. 1782.

C. An edition by Robert Southey and Joseph Cottle, 3 vols. 8vo. 1803.

D. An edition issued without any editor's name, but executed by Mr. Willcox, and printed at Cambridge by Mr. W. P. Grant, 2 vols. sm. 8vo. 1842.

The present edition follows the arrangement of the poems in the last of these. I shall often refer to these editions by means of the letters here prefixed to them.

P. 1. Bristowe Tragedie. Printed in A, p. 44; B, p. 328; C, vol. ii. p. 83; D, vol. i. p. 1.

It must be noted that this piece is very different from all the rest, being tolerably free from an affectation of old words. On this account, probably, Chatterton *acknowledged* that is was of *his own composition*. Dean Milles considered it the most authentic piece in the whole collection, and it certainly contains fewer errors than most of them. This

being at once the most authentic piece, and at the same time admittedly of Chatterton's own composition, we thus have, at the very outset, a fair argument against the authenticity of every one of them.

Tyrwhitt has a note, shewing that the poem was probably suggested by the circumstance that Sir Baldwin Fulford, Knt., a zealous Lancastrian, was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of King Edward IV.; A, p. xviii. In Tyrwhitt's edition this poem was "reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's handwriting;" A, p. xviii.

St. 5. *Canterlone* is a misspelling (of Chatterton's) of a real name, *Cantlow* or *Cantelowe*; B, p. 329; C, ii. 88.

St. 12. *Canynge.* William Canynge or Canynges, merchant and mayor of Bristol, in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., was a real person. Chatterton made the most of him. See Memorials of the Canynges' Family, by Geo. Pryce; 1854.

St. 19. *Was* is bad grammar for *were.*

St. 27. *All we.* Should be *all us.* It may be noted, once for all, that Chatterton's errors of this kind are frequently left uncorrected, to show more clearly his use of language.

St. 68. The canons (not friars) of St. Augustine did not wear russet, but black. See Tyrwhitt's "Vindication," 8vo. 1782, p. 102; where also many other pertinent remarks upon this poem may be found.

St. 82. Grammar requires *king's* and *tyrant's.*

St. 85. Grammar requires *brings.*

P. 19. ÆLLA. Printed in A, p. 65; B, p. 157; C, vol. ii. p. 187; D, p. 21.

In Tyrwhitt's edition, we are told that "this poem, with the *Epistle, Letter,* and *Entroductionne,* is printed from a folio MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written, 'Chatterton's transcript. 1769.' The whole transcript is of Chatterton's handwriting."—A, p. xx.

Epistle. I here give the exact forms of the principal words which I have modernized (throughout the first ninety stanzas), excepting only those which are mentioned particularly in the footnotes.

St. 1. Hid, *hylt*—law, *lege*—lay, *lee*. For *tilting-spear* all the editions have *tyltynge-speares* in the plural, but the occurrence of *its* (*yttes*) in the next line shows that the plural form is an oversight.

St. 2. Humble, *lithie*—adder, *nedere*.

St. 3. Studying, *knowlachynge*. The reading *Poring* was suggested by Milles. Tyrwhitt has *To rynge*, which gives no sense.

St. 4. Vivian, *Vevyan*. Dean Milles supplied *And* at the beginning of the last line, which formerly wanted a syllable.

St. 5. Unlearned, *unlored*—in praise, *on laudes*—jesting tale, *yaped fage*.

St. 6. Wastes. This reading (which I prefer) was suggested by Southey. Tyrwhitt has *Waytes*, *i. e.* waits.

Letter to Canynge. St. 1. Painful, *pynant*—loathsome, *wolsome*.

St. 2. Emblazoned, *Emarschalled*.

St. 3. Wit, *rede*—should glance upon, *askaunted oere*—perchance, *percase*. Here Southey refers us to Sidrophel in Hudibras, part 2, c. 3:—

> For having three times *shook his head*
> *To stir his wit up*, thus he said.

St. 4. Graybeards, *graiebarbes*—hath diminished, *amenused*—trivial, *drybblette*—cart-horse, *rouncy*.

St. 5. Amid, *and in* (this alteration avoids making *sheen* a verb)—Make, *doe*.

St. 7. For *itself* Tyrwhitt has *ytts*. The obviously necessary correction is due to Dean Milles. For *are* C. has *ys* in l. 4, in defiance of grammar. Wish'd, *wysche*—happiness, *selinesse*.

Entroductionne. St. 1. Bury, *ynhyme* (i. e. inhume)—rarely, *geasonne*. St. 2. Closed, *seel'd*—taught to speak, *clergyond*.

Ælla. St. 1. Robes, *gites*. St. 2. Pencil, *poyntelle*—choice, *waylde*. St. 4. Hardy, *prevyd* (i. e. proved). St. 5. Blissful, *hallie*—happiness, *selynesse*—Fate having, *Shap haveth*—abate, *emmate*. St. 6. Recompensed, *meeded oute*—vied with, *hathe vyed*—gleams, *lemes*—Still acting, *enactynge*. St. 7. Seated, *deysde* (i. e. at the daïs)—peers, *pheeres*—The while, *Awhylst*—guardest, *wardest*—Lest a

disdainful, *Alest a daygnous*—presents, *offrendes*—turned, *lyssed* (i. e. bounded, according to Bailey)—rewarded, *a-meded*. St. 8. Represent, *corven them*—mighty elephants, *bawsyn olyphauntes*—abate, *amate*—Plucked, *Pyghte*—footstool, *falldstole*. St. 9. Services, *achevments*—brittle, *brutylle*. St. 10. Dispersing, *Besprengeynge*—happiness, *selynesse*—jugs, *jubbes* (taken from Speght's Chaucer, which has "*Jub*, bottel."). St. 11. Come life, come death, *tyde lyfe, tyde death* (where *tide* is shortened for *betide*). St. 12. Shepherd, *shepsterr* (Bailey). St. 13. Leas, *mees*. St. 14. On verdure, *yn dewie* (but this makes *danke* a substantive). St. 15. Once I heard, *I've hearde erste*—Youthful damsels, *Yonge damoyselles*—pleasant, *swotie*. St. 16. Blackbird, *ouzle*—goldfinch and gray morning, *chelandree greie morne*. St. 17. Lustily, *blatauntlie*. St. 21. Come, so coy you must not be, *Comme, and do not coyen be*. St. 22. Man's appeal must be declined, *Botte manne, hee moste bee y-wrynde* (where *ywrynde* is a Rowleian word, generally used to mean *concealed, kept covered*; I give only the *sense* of the passage). It should be remarked that the first line in this stanza is a bold plagiarism from Touchstone's line in "As You Like It," viz. "If the *cat will after kind*." St. 24. Begins—*Bie oure ladie her yborne*, i. e. By Our Lady her born one, or, By Our Lady's born one; a very awkward expression. St. 25. Hinder, *lettè*. St. 27. Cottage, *bordelle* (which means properly a *brothel*)—hour, *clocke*. St. 28. Passing well, *myckle well* (an impossible expression)—torture, *engyne*. St. 31. Thought when once, *thoughtenne whann*—only man's chief solace, *alleyne mannes pleasaunce*—are those of kind, *were made the kynde* (an untranslateable expression). St. 32. Sere, *blake* (from Bailey's "*blake*, naked;" or else, more probably, from Bailey's "*blake*, yellow")—lightning, *levynne*—gleams, *lemes*. St. 33. Fruitful, *fructyle*—heart's delight, *hartys joie* (but *heart* is a feminine noun, forming its genitive in *e*, as *herte*, in Old English)—mingled, *steynced*. St. 34. Hot, *chafe*; from Bailey's "*Chafe*, to make hot." St. 35. First from a useless member they, *Fromme an ynutyle membere fyrste*—Conjoined, *Ywroghte*. St. 36. What angels they, *heie Angeles bee*, i. e. they angels are—quickly, *swythyn*. St. 37. Arbour, *lesselle*; from Bailey's "*lessel*, a shady bush, or a

hovel"—hurried, *harried*; an unauthorized form, clearly coined for the rhyme's sake. St. 38. *Clove pin.* To *cleave the pin* is a feat in archery, viz. to cleave the wooden pin which attached the target to the butt. See "Love's Labour's Lost," iv. 1. l. 138. To cleave the basket means, probably, to cleave the basket-hilt of a sword by another sword; but the genuineness of the phrase may be doubted. Source of comfort, *cherysauncys*; cf. note 1, p. 27. St. 39. Choice, *liefe.* St. 40. Order, *sette*—quickly, *swythynne.* St. 43. Shall drown'd be, *bee dreyncted.* St. 44. Lightning, *levynne*—rovers, *royners* (ruiners). St. 45. Enjoyment unto, *dysportysmente to*—shield, *hylte*—rudely, *groffyshe.* St. 46. Linked, *dented*—for the substance but a ghost, *for a bodykyn a swarthe*—grief, *freme.* St. 47. Moment gain, *honde-poyncte getteth.* St. 48. Uprouse, *upryse*—Invent th' annoyance, *Founde out impleasaunce*—glory, *rennome*—St. 49. Floods, *tydes*—dying, *swarthynge*—soul, *spryte.* St. 50. Ugly, *ugsomme*—intriguing, *entrykeynge*—mortal, *leathall.* St. 51. Know, *kenne*—happiness, *selynesse.* St. 53. Offended, *agylted.* St. 55. Sorrow, *agreeme.* St. 56. Deep hidden, *behyltren*—Fate, *Shappe*—grief too weighty, *tene too doughtie*—flood, *ounde*—tears, *feares* (by an evident slip of the pen, as Tyrwhitt remarks). St. 57. Fair, *blanche*—gems, *bighes*—watch, *warde*—engraved, *ycorne.* St. 58. Torment, *engyne*—Alas, my bursting heart, break, break, *O mie ægroted hearte, braste, braste*—perchance, *percase.* St. 59. Delighted, *enjoyous*—Wrapped, *Hecket*—Painted with skilful, *Depycte with skylledd.* St. 60. Astonished, *Awhaped*—joyousness, *fetyveness.* St. 61. Happy, *Hailie*—terror, *gastness*—scatter wide thy lightning-brand, *dysperpellest thie levynne-bronde*—When withered is my soul, *Whylest mie soulgh's forwyned.* St. 62. Strange, *fremde.* St. 63. Quick, *swythe*—quickly, *swythyn*—surging, *oundynge*—enlighten, *eletten*—heaps, *meynte.* St. 64. Dealt destruction, *treynted noyance*—Through crossing, *Athorowe*—e'en like a fiend, *alyche the Queed*—sounding surge, *dyngeynge ounde*—So have I . . tossed, *So dyd I . . toste* (which is false grammar)—marshy, *morie*—deadly, *lethalle*—is like, *alyche.* St. 65. Needeth, *lacketh* (which reverses the sense)—many more, *meynte of moe*—oft have, *haveth.* St. 66. But 'gainst, *anente*—e'er, *aie*—Have seen thee close, *Haveth*

thee seene—astonished, *aston, and.* St. 67. Still, *bourne.* St. 68. Drops, *gottes*—head would, *heafod*—wolf's keen, *wolfynnes*—smoking, *smethynge.* St. 69. But slide, *aslee*—sad, *doled*—arrow, *takelle.* St. 70. Cursed, *baned*—peer, *pheere*—curs'd, *bante*—loathsome pangs, *wolsome peenes.* St. 71. Heaven's, *Welkyns*—curse, *bane.* St. 72. Disloyal, *Unlydgefull.* St. 73. Resentment, *recendize*—art, *beest*—grovelling, *groffile*—And like, *Alyche.* The use of the word *thee* is bad grammar. St. 64. Cease your contentions, *Blynne your contekions*—frighted, *fremded*—hides, *hele*—sharply, *persante.* St. 75. Trump, *beme*—thou lose, *forgard*—raven's, *choughens.* St. 76. Coward, *creand*—now must turn, *moste atturne*—soldiers on to desperate, *Sabbataneres to deere* (where *Sabbataneres* is put for booted soldiers, and *deere* has been explained to mean *dire*)—upraise, *upryse.* St. 78. Victory, *masterschyppe.* St. 79. Hideous garb, *ugsomme gratche*—swelling blood, *bloode embollen*—counsel, *redynge.* St. 80. Throughout, *athrow*—fate-scourged, *shap-scurged*—aflame have gleamed, *enlowed lemed*—robe, *gyte*—smothered, *storven*—Consume, *Ybrende*—as doth, *alyche.* St. 81. Spoilers, *roynerres*—consuming, *for-weltrynge.* St. 82. Bristol have a thought, *Brystowe havethe thoughtes*—engulfing, *enswolters.* St. 83. Deserts, *ne wayte*—unaccustomed, *unenhantende*—wolves wide-roving, *wolfyns rovynge*—shepherd, *shepsterr.* St. 84. Meteor, *gronfer*—lion-cub, *lyoncelle*—pencil e'er shall write, *poyntelle shalle ywrite*—cause, *gare.* St. 85. Souls, *spryte*—shew, *wrynne*—fate, *shappe*—dexterous, *fetyve*—wolf when, *wolfynne*—unsheath my weapon, *enrone mie anlace.* St. 86. Deadly, *leathal*—master, *loverde.* St. 87. Obscure, *onlyghte*—Shewing, *Brynnynge*—flame, *lowe*—e'en like, *alyche.* St. 88. Pencils, *poyntelles*—valiant, *dernie*—wish that, *wyssen*—verdant, *grened.* St. 89. Weapon, *anlace*—dispersed, *besprenged.* St. 90. Lofty vessels, *spyrynge battayles*—armed, *burled.*

By help of these notes the most critical reader may have a sufficient clue to the character of the alterations which I have ventured upon, even if he has no other edition at hand. It is, however, right to add that in some compositions, such as, e. g. "The Battle of Hastings," where Chatterton's language is less fantastic, the alterations are far fewer and much less important.

St. 93. Shakespeare's Prologue to Henry V. begins with a similar phrase: "Oh! for a Muse of fire!"

St. 99. The expression "like a raven fled" is so unmeaning, that it looks at first sight like an error for "like a *craven*," but it is clear that Chatterton's object was to drag in once more his knowledge of the fact that the Danish standard bore a raven. Cf. st. 83, l. 9, and st. 86, l. 2. Dean Milles argued that Chatterton could not have come by so recondite a piece of knowledge; to which Warton replied that he probably found it in Thomson's Masque of "Alfred," to which "Ælla" seems to have been otherwise also indebted.

St. 106. The burden of the song, as well as this stanza, is imitated from Hamlet, act iv. sc. 5.

St. 115. For "couriers" C. has "couracyers," which he himself explained by "horse-coursers, couriers." The word occurs again in stanza 11 of "The Tournament." It is clear that Chatterton was altogether ignorant of the fact that a *horse-courser* means a *horse-dealer*, just as does also the Old French *couratier* (not *couracier*). A Horse-Courser is one of the characters in Marlow's tragedy of Faustus.

St. 138. Warton remarks how much in the manner of modern tragedy are these spasmodic sentences, adding, "a better scene for shewing the shrug and the start to the greatest advantage never appeared at Drury-lane Theatre."

P. 91. GODDWYN. Printed in A, p. 173; B, p. 279; C, vol. ii. p. 323; D, p. 113.

Tyrwhitt printed it from a MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the handwriting of Chatterton. It was a thin copy-book in quarto, containing also the three "Eclogues." On the first page was the title: "Eclogues and other Poems by Thomas Rowley, with a glossary and annotations by Thomas Chatterton."

Prologue, st. 2. The mysterious word *entyn*, which Chatterton explained by *even*, has been explained, as I now find, by Tyrwhitt, in his "Vindication," p. 178. It turns out that Speght has the word "*Euyn*, even." This was copied by Kersey, but a printer's error converted it into "*Eutyn*, even;" and the word "*Eutyn*," printed as it was in black letter, may easily have been misread by Chatterton as

Entyn. St. 11. For *gather* C. has *gemot*, a word which he repeats in the "Battle of Hastings," (later version), st. 39, with the meaning of *council*. In both places he puts the accent on the *first* syllable. It is clear that he was thinking of the celebrated *witena gemót*, the great "meeting of the wits" or wise men in Anglo-Saxon times.

P. 104. English Metamorphosis. Printed in A, p. 196; B, p. 355; C, vol. ii. p. 351; D, p. 131.

This poem was printed by Tyrwhitt from a single sheet in Chatterton's handwriting, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

The title is clearly imitated from Ovid's Metamorphoseon Liber. I am not aware that the passage in Spenser from which it is evidently taken has been before pointed out. The metamorphoses of Sabrina into the Severn and of King Humber into the Humber are both narrated by Spenser; Chatterton has added that of a giant into the mountain named Snowdon. Beneath the title was written "Booke 1st," and Chatterton made a note to this effect; "I will endeavour to get the remainder of these Poems." But he never "got," i. e. never composed more than what he then transcribed.

St. 1. The word *defs* does not seem ever to have been traced; indeed, it is certain that Chatterton at times invented words entirely out of his own head. But Dean Milles's explanation is really too good to be lost. He thinks that it means a sort of *spirit*, and appeals for a confirmation of this notion to the Promptorium Parvulorum, where occurs the entry "*Deffe nettylle, Archangelus*," which, as he supposes, connects the word *deffe* with an archangel, and therefore with a spirit, or spectre, or fairy. It seems cruel to add Mr. Way's note, viz. that "the plant lamium or archangel, known by the common names dead or blind nettle, in the Promptorium has the epithet *deffe*, evidently because it does not possess the stinging property of the true nettle."[1]

St. 2. Chatterton really has drawn wonderfully upon Bailey's "*Listed*, bounded." In Ælla, st. 7, he has "All

[1] *After* writing this, I found that Tyrwhitt has made a similar remark, in his "Vindication," p. 203.

thie yntente to please was *lissed* to mee," i. e. bounded or confined to me, though I have ventured to substitute the word *turned*, to save the metre and avoid a long note. Again, he has *onlist* for *unbounded*, as explained in note 3, p. 26. But in the present case he passes, by a pun, from *bound* in the sense of *limit* to *bound* in the sense of *leap about*; and enables us to be sure about this by repeating the blunder in the second line of "The Tournament." This is important, because, taken along with other instances, it shows that Chatterton had made for himself a vocabulary in which old words were written against modern ones. He looked out for the word "Bound" in this, and no doubt found the entry "Bounded, *listed*," which is Bailey's "*Listed*, bounded" transposed. But so brief a note did not enable him to know in what particular sense *bound* was to be taken.

St. 8. Cf. Pope's Homer's Iliad, bk. xiii, ll. 28—33.

St. 9. Cf. Milton, P. L. bk. vi., l. 643.

P. 110. A Balade of Charitie. Printed in A. p. 203; B. p. 366; C. vol. ii, p. 360; D, p. 138.

Tyrwhitt printed it from a single sheet in Chatterton's handwriting. It was sent to the printer of the Town and Country Magazine, with the following letter:—

"*To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.*

"Sir,

"If the Glossary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible, the Sentiment, Description, and Versification, are highly deserving the attention of the literati.

"July 4, 1770." D. B."

St. 6. The verb *gallow*, to scare, occurs in King Lear, act iii, sc. 2, l. 44.

Pp. 116, 117, 118. Verses to Lydgate; Songe to Ælla: and Lydgate's Answer. Printed in A, p. 23; B. p. 375; C, vol. ii, p. 177; D, p. 145.

Tyrwhitt printed these three small poems from a copy in Mr. Catcott's handwriting. He afterwards collated his text with a copy made by Mr. Barrett from the vellum MS. which Chatterton declared to be the original. For some account of the variations between these copies, see p. 120.

P. 122. The Tournament. Printed in A, p. 28; B, p. 301; C, vol. ii, p. 57; D. p. 152.

Tyrwhitt printed it from a copy made by Mr. Catcott from one in Chatterton's handwriting. The Vita Burtoni, or life of De Bourtonne, the hero of the Tournament, belongs to it; see p. 122. (For remarks concerning Simon de Burton, see G. Pryce's Memorials of the Canynges' Family.) It will be observed that one of the characters mentioned on p. 126, is "Syrr Johan de Berghamme." In Chatterton's account of the De Bergham family we read: "Sir John de Burgham, eldest son of Sir Alan, is called by Joseph a Brisiworthe, the floure of chivelrie. He spent his whole life in tilting, though he was foiled by Sir Simon de Burton, at Bristol; see p. 312. It thus appears that the "Tournament" is an expansion of the idea contained in the De Bergham pedigree; and we have at the same moment *direct* proof that the poem was Chatterton's rather than Rowley's.

St. 14. The "honour'd shield" probably means the shield which was to be the prize of the conqueror, an idea which is copied from Spenser, F. Q. i, 5. 5.

P. 134. Battle of Hastings; No. I. Printed in A, p. 210; B, p. 33; C, vol. ii, p. 371; D, p. 167.

In Tyrwhitt's edition is the following interesting note;—"In printing the first of these poems two copies have been made use of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's hand-writing—the one by Mr. Catcott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines [stanzas 56 and 57] which are wanting in the former. The second poem is printed from a single copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

It should be observed, that the poem marked No 1, was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton, with the following title: 'Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowlie, parish preeste of St. Johns, in the city of Bristol, in the year 1465.—The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with.' Being afterwards pressed by

Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said that he wrote this poem himself for a friend; but that he had another, the copy of an original by Rowley: and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked No. 2, as far as stanza 52 inclusive, with the following title: 'Battle of Hastyngs by Turgotus, translated by Roulie for W. Canynge, Esq.' The lines from stanza 53 inclusive, were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett's repeated sollicitations for the conclusion of the poem."

To the "Battle of Hastings," Chatterton furnished no glossarial explanations; but, except where he has purely invented words, we can follow him by the help of Bailey and Speght. Both these pieces are, however, tolerably free from hard words, the former especially so; and it has not been found necessary to do more than modify the spelling and make such alterations as are nearly all accounted for in the footnotes. In some passages in the later version, Chatterton occasionally breaks out in his usual complex fashion.

St. 3. Hocktide was on the Monday and Tuesday following the second Sunday after Easter. Chatterton supposes bull-baiting to have been an amusement practised in those days. See the next note.

St. 4. The expression "Your loving wives" looks at first sight like a clumsy way of saying "the loving wives of you;" and so Dean Milles explains it. But Chatterton has let us into the secret by mentioning *Hocktide*; for when Queen Elizabeth visited Kenilworth, in July, 1575, the old Coventry play of Hock Tuesday was performed before her. "It represented a series of combats between the English and Danish forces, in which twice the Danes had the better, but at last, *by the arrival of the Saxon women to assist their countrymen*, the Danes were overcome, and many of them were led captive in triumph *by the women*."—Chambers' Book of Days, i. 499. It thus appears that Chatterton means what he says.

St. 7. Of Afflem we find a notice in Chatterton's "Rysé of Peyncteyne in Englande, wroten by T. Rowleie," which see; p. 284.

St. 9. Imitated from the later version of Chevy Chace, where we find:—

> With such a vehement force and might,
> That his body he did gore;
> The staff ran through the other side
> A large cloth-yard and more.
>
> Bishop Percy's Folio MS., ed. Hales and Furnivall, vol. ii. p. 13.

St. 11. Tosselyn is an error of Chatterton's; he means Josselyn, as pointed out by Tyrwhitt, who expressly says that it is no error of *his*.

St. 12. The reader will find plenty of this kind of description in Pope's Homer's Iliad, books 16 and 17.

St. 13. *Weirs* here mean *mill-dams*. It is copied from Pope's Homer's Iliad, iv. 516. Chatterton's numerous imitations of Pope are well pointed out in Dean Milles's edition; the dean supposed that Rowley read Homer in the original Greek! The dean also made what he could of the historical allusions in this piece; but most of his conjectures are worthless.

St. 30. Tyrwhitt says expressly, at p. 307 of his edition, that instead of *women in men's gear* Chatterton inadvertently wrote *men in women's geer*. Dean Milles and others *silently* correct this. See st. 2, l. 9.

St. 31. For more about Stonehenge see the 2nd version of the "Battle," st. 54. As for "old Tynyan," he is an old British king in Geoffrey of Monmouth.

St. 32. The treachery of Hengist is mentioned in Spenser, F. Q. ii. 10, 66 and 67; in both of which stanzas Stonehenge is also mentioned. From Spenser therefore Chatterton probably copied this.

St. 33. The names of the Norman and Saxon warriors may have been obtained, as Warton points out, from Fuller's Church History, in which "all the rolls and catalogues are drawn together, from Hollinshead, Fox, and Stowe, and comparatively arranged;" Warton's Enquiry, p. 71.

St 45. In the second version, st. 34, the death of Fiscampe is differently narrated.

St. 49. The mention of Hercules shows that Chatterton here copied from Spenser's Muiopotmos, st 9.

P. 157. Battle of Hastings; No. II. Printed after the former version in all the editions; see the note on No. I.

This is not a continuation of the former poem, but a new version. Chatterton begins all over again, but is at the close of his work quite as far from the end of the battle. It certainly is a pity that, instead of wearying the reader with endless repetitions of single combats, in which it is almost hopeless to remember who is meant by *he* in any given passage, he did not go on to describe the death of Harold and the final issue of the day. Both versions are fragmentary, yet both become tedious. For a good popular account of the battle see Freeman's Old English History for Children, p. 329.

St. 5, l. 8. To this line, "Fierce as a river," &c., "Rowley" appended the following mysterious note. "In Turgott's tyme Holenwell braste of erthe so fierce that it threw a stone-mell, carrying the same awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowynge this lefte out o line." Chatterton means to make Rowley say, "In Turgot's time the holy well at Holywell burst out of the earth so fiercely that it overthrew a stone-mill, and carried it away;" and then Rowley criticises Lydgate for leaving out a line. This means that both Rowley and Lydgate translated (the apocryphal) Turgot's account of the battle; but Lydgate left out the line answering to Rowley's "Fierce as a river." Lydgate's translation has perished; it is lucky that Rowley's *more correct* translation has survived.

St. 16. The incidents of Gurth calling the Normans priests, of the monk sent by William to Harold, and other things of the kind, may all be found in Stowe.

St. 25. Cf. Pope's Homer's Iliad, iii. 5.

St. 42. The notion of Conyan taming goats is all sheer invention. It puzzled the critics.

P. 192. The Romaunte of the Cnyghte. Not in A or B. First printed in C, vol. ii. p. 171, from a MS. in Chatterton's handwriting, then in the possession of Mr. Cottle. Printed in D, p. 225. Chatterton's metrical paraphrase was first printed at the same time

P. 195. Eclogues. Printed in A, p. 1; B, p. 389; C, vol. ii. p. 3; D, p. 227.

Tyrwhitt says, "These three Eclogues are printed from a MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the handwriting of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to. with the following title in the first page—*Eclogues and other Poems by* Thomas Rowley, with a *Glossary and Annotations by* Thomas Chatterton. There is only one other Poem in this book, viz. the fragment of *Goddwyn, a Tragedie.*" The first Eclogue is supposed to refer to the time of "the Baron's war;" see st. 2.

P. 208. Elinoure and Juga. Printed in A, p. 19; B, p. 414; C, vol. ii. p. 29; D, p. 241.

Tyrwhitt says, "This poem is reprinted from the Town and Country Magazine for May, 1769, p. 273. It is there entitled, *Elinoure and Juga. Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley, secular priest.* And it has the following subscription: 'D. B. Bristol, May, 1769.' Chatterton soon after told Mr. Catcott that he (Chatterton) inserted it in the Magazine."

A modernized version of this poem, "by W. S. A. aged sixteen," was printed in the Town and Country Magazine for June, 1769; see B, i. 357.

P. 211. Storie of William Canynge. Printed in A, p. 278; B, p. 430; C, vol. ii. p. 125; D, p. 245.

This poem was not furnished with a glossary by Chatterton.

P. 223. On our Lady's Church. Printed in A, p. 275; B, p. 423; C, vol. ii. p. 108; D, p. 257.

The initials T. R. (for Thomas Rowley) were appended to it.

P. 224. On the Same. Printed immediately after the foregoing in the editions.

P. 225. On the Dedication of our Lady's Church.

See the Parliament of Sprites, p. 230, note 2. The original is in the British Museum. Our Lady's Church is the church of St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol.

P. 227. Fragment. Not in A. First printed by Barrett; thence copied into C, ii. 136; D, p. 262.

Compare the poem on "Warre."

P. 228. The Parliament of Sprites. First printed in Barrett's Bristol, p. 600; also in C, ii. 35, and D, p. 265. A portion quoted in B, p. 189.

The original is in Chatterton's handwriting in the British Museum. It was among the earliest of his communications to Mr. Barrett. John Iscam is as apocryphal as Thomas Rowley, and writes in precisely the same manner, with similar spelling and phraseology. For the other worthies, see Barrett's Bristol. Byrton is the Sir Simon de Bourton mentioned above, p. 122. Concerning Segowen, Barrett says (p. 557), "In a manuscript (penes me) the church [of St. Thomas] is said 'to have been very old, and being foullie rent and crased was rebuilden by Segawen or Segovian, a Lumbard gouler or usurer,' but in what year is not mentioned. The words *crased, rebuilden,* and *gouler* leave no doubt as to whence Barrett derived his information, viz. from Chatterton in the disguise of Rowley. For Fitz-Harding, who founded the Abbey of St. Augustine's, now the cathedral church of the Holy Trinity, see Barrett, p. 248; and cf. the poem "On the Minster," printed here at p. 242. Walter Frampton is mentioned as a benefactor in the year 1388 (Barrett, p. 612), but I find no record of his being concerned with the church of St. Auden, Owen, or Ewen, spelt by Chatterton *Owden*; see Barrett, p. 475. For Gaunt Chatterton writes *Gaunts*, probably because there is an edifice called Gaunt's hospital; but the founder's name was Maurice de Gaunte. See Barrett, p. 352. The Knights Templars founded the church of Holy Cross; see "Rowley's" account of it in Barrett, p. 542. As for Lamyngetone, see his "Merrie Trickes," printed in this volume, p. 257.

P. 242. The Mynster. Not in A. First printed in Barrett, p. 246; also in C, ii. 115; D, p. 279. The Minster is the Abbey of St. Augustine, now the Cathedral.

P. 243. The World. Printed in Barrett, p. 629; C, ii. 160; D, p. 281.

A copy of the first 12 lines is now in the British Museum.

P. 247. The Unknown Knight. First printed in 1784; also in C, ii. 164; D, p. 285.

This piece is most interesting, from the fact that many words are *in modern spelling*; it was probably a first draft, intended for future use, but never completed, and never translated into Rowleian. This accounts for its modern appearance.

P. 251. The Freere. First printed in C, ii. 143, from the original MS. in the British Museum; also in D, p. 290.

P. 253. Dialogue. The first four speeches are printed in B, p. 185; C, ii. 145; but the whole poem in D, p. 291. See note 5, p. 256. It is closely connected with the poem next following.

P. 257. Lamyngetowne. The first five stanzas appeared in B, p. 183; and C, ii. 148; but the whole in D, p. 295. See note 5, p. 260; and Mr. Richard Smith's Letter in the Appendix, p. 317.

Concerning Lamyngeton, see Barrett; also Milles, p. 180.

P. 261. Song. Not in A. See B, p. 435; C, ii. 152; D, p. 299.

P. 262. Song. Not in A. See note 1.

P. 264. St. Warbur. First printed in 1784. See note 1.

P. 266. Warre. First printed by Barrett. Also in C, ii 138; D, p. 304.

It first appeared in a foot-note to the text of a piece of Rowley's prose sent by Chatterton to Walpole; cf. p. 292, n. 3.

P. 268. Chronicle. The original is in the British Museum; printed in C, ii. 140; D, p. 305.

In both editions the word *Storie* (which simply means *story* or *history*) is printed by *Stowe*, to the confusion of the rhythm and the bewilderment of readers. But Chatterton must have known better. For Baldwynne, see p. 261 of this volume. Ellie is another spelling of Ælla. The notion of referring such spelling and rhythm as this poem presents to the year 1356, is most audacious.

P. 270. Happiness. Printed in A, p. 286; B, p. 447; C, ii. 117; D, p. 307.

The word *Bestad* clearly means *lost*, as interpreted by Kersey; it is noteworthy that Bailey's interpretation is different, viz. "disposed, ordered, beset, oppressed." *Agrosed* should rather be *agrised*.

P. 271. The Gouler's Requiem and the Epigram on John a Dalbenie, accompany the foregoing poem in all the editions.

P. 273. Heraudyn. Here printed from the original. See also C, ii. 135; D, p. 310.

P. 273. This Epitaph occurs in a fragment of vellum on Seyncte Maries Chyrche of the Porte, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett as an original by Rowley. See Barrett, p. 524. He also gave him a transcript of it, from which the text is printed. It is also printed in A, p. 277; B, p. 427; C, ii. 124 and iii. 288; D, p. 311.

P. 274. This "Accounte" is very interesting, as a facsimile of it can easily be seen in A. B, or C. The facsimile in A, is much the best, as the others are from the same plate, and less sharp. The "original" is so evidently spurious as to be beneath criticism, and, as it contains mistakes of the same character as the rest of the poems, this alone goes far to condemn the whole set. In particular it contains the word *han* for *hath*, a peculiarly Rowleian blunder, found in Rowley *passim*, but in no other writer;

han is *plural*, and can only do duty for *have*. The same remark applies to *ne*, which is common for *not* or *naught* in Rowley, but never means *naught* in Old English. Neither does it in Old English *follow* its verb. The words *Byelecoyle* and *cheorte* are from Bailey. The former word is due to a singular mistake. It so happens that a personage named *Bialacoil* appears in the Romaunte of the Rose. This is bad spelling for the Old French *bel-accuel*, *i. e.* fair reception. Hence *Bialacoil* has been rightly Englished in the glossaries by Fair-welcome or Fair-welcoming. Chatterton, not understanding this, has turned a proper substantive into a common adjective, as though he should say—the grave people appear *hospitable*. Otherwise, we must take it to mean—fair welcome doth befit grave men; only *do* never means *doth*. It is idle to pretend that he miscopied such things from a *true* original; the whole is radically wrong throughout. The same bit of parchment contained the signature Wm. Canynge, and two coats-of-arms, described as "Armes Antyannte toe mee longing." These appear in the fac-similes.

P. 279. This "Description" proves beyond a doubt, that Bailey and Kersey were the books to which Chatterton trusted from first to last. Even the word *fergreyne* was no doubt suggested by Kersey's and Bailey's "Fer-de-moulin, (in heraldry) a bearing, whose figure represents the Iron-ink of a Mill." These *heraldic* words had a particular attraction for Chatterton. It is singular that he should mention the Song of St. Warburgh and the Song of St. Baldwin, neither of which are lost; see pages 261, 262. The occurrence of the word *citriales* is quite sufficient to show to what age the piece belongs. It occurs indeed in Kersey and Bailey, but it is a clumsy error for *citoles*, for which see Chaucer's Knight's Tale, l. 1101. The story of St. Warburgh is taken from the legend of St. Christopher.

P. 282. From the original in the British Museum. A few more words may require explanation. At p. 283 we have *inhylde*, from Bailey's "*Inhild*, to infuse;" *herehaughtrie*, a false spelling of *heraldry*; *sauleaunte* for *saliant*. At p. 284, the usual Rowleian *maynte* for *many* or *much*; and *paramentes* for robes of state (Bailey). On p. 285, we

have an evident piece of fine writing, or poetical prose, with the words *gastnesse* for *terror*, *forslagene* for *slain*, *forfraughte* for *beset*, *embolleynge* for *swelling*, *forgard* for *lost*, all peculiar to Bailey and Rowley. The curious word *emmoise* is simply invented; it means *comforts*, formed from Bailey's "*Emmoised*, comforted." On p. 286, we learn that *water* was formerly called *Eae*; this is not far wrong, for the Saxon word for a stream is *ea*. *Kynde* means *nature* or *natural shape*. *Lissed* is explained by Bailey to mean *bounded*, but wrongly. *Geason* only means *rare* in the sense of *scarce* or *dear in price*, and is therefore wrongly used. *Feetyve* is the usual error for *fetise*, *i. e.* handsome, well-made. *Ycrasede* is *broken*; see Bailey. The last line of the whole piece is an evident parody of the Latin *Ingenuas didicisse*, &c.

A word as to the Saxon words used. The reader may consult Chatterton's own paper on "Saxon Achievements," printed in Southey's edition, vol. iii. p. 89, where he will find the words *aadod* and *afgod* used again. The obvious fact is, that Chatterton borrowed a Saxon vocabulary, probably Somner's or Benson's (see life by Wilson, p. 97) and studied the letter *A* as far as *ahrered*. This enabled him to make use of terms which, arranged in their true order, and rightly explained, are as follows:

Aad or *ád*, a heap. C. makes it a *cake*.
Adronct, drowned. C. uses it wrongly, out of audacity.
Adrifene fatu, embossed vessels.
Æcced fæt, an acid-vat, vessel for vinegar. C. a *plate*.
Æsc, a ship; literally, an ash-tree.
Æsellice, nobly.
Afægrod, coloured, adorned.
Afgod, an idol.
Agrafen, engraven
Ahrered, reared up.

This is an exceedingly strong presumptive proof that Rowley wrote later than the year 1659, in which Somner's dictionary (the earliest) appeared.

Heofnas is merely *heofenas*, the plural of *heofen*, heaven; the nearest approach Chatterton could discover to the sense of *azure*. Bailey explains *Azure* as "the sky or firmament."

The word *use* in the last line on p. 282 should have been printed *ure;* it comes to the same thing, being from Kersey's "*Ure*, use."

P. 287. Hystorie of Peyncters. The original of this piece, as well as of the foregoing, is now in the British Museum. The first part of Chatterton's letter is cut away. Professor Wilson (Life of Chatterton, pp. 172-179,) contends that these letters to Walpole were never sent; but the first one still bears a postmark. Indeed, Walpole complimented Chatterton on his knowledge of Anglo-Saxon, but afterwards basely denied having received Chatterton's communication. Fortunately, the proof against him is conclusive. The second letter is mutilated; this was probably done by Walpole, in order to cut out the last eight lines of Ecca's first stanza, which Chatterton afterwards re-inserted, in a small hand, as well as he could. It is a singular fact that these same lines are scribbled, in Barrett's handwriting, on the back of the first letter. The letters were first printed in Barrett's History of Bristol, p. 639, from the same originals, which were then in Barrett's possession. After his death, they came into the hands of Dr. Glynn, who deposited them in the British Museum. For the three short poems in this letter, see pages 276, 277.

END OF VOL. II

CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO., TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

2293-4

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